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By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

A Poem by Carl Sandburg

SEPTEMBER 2, 1955 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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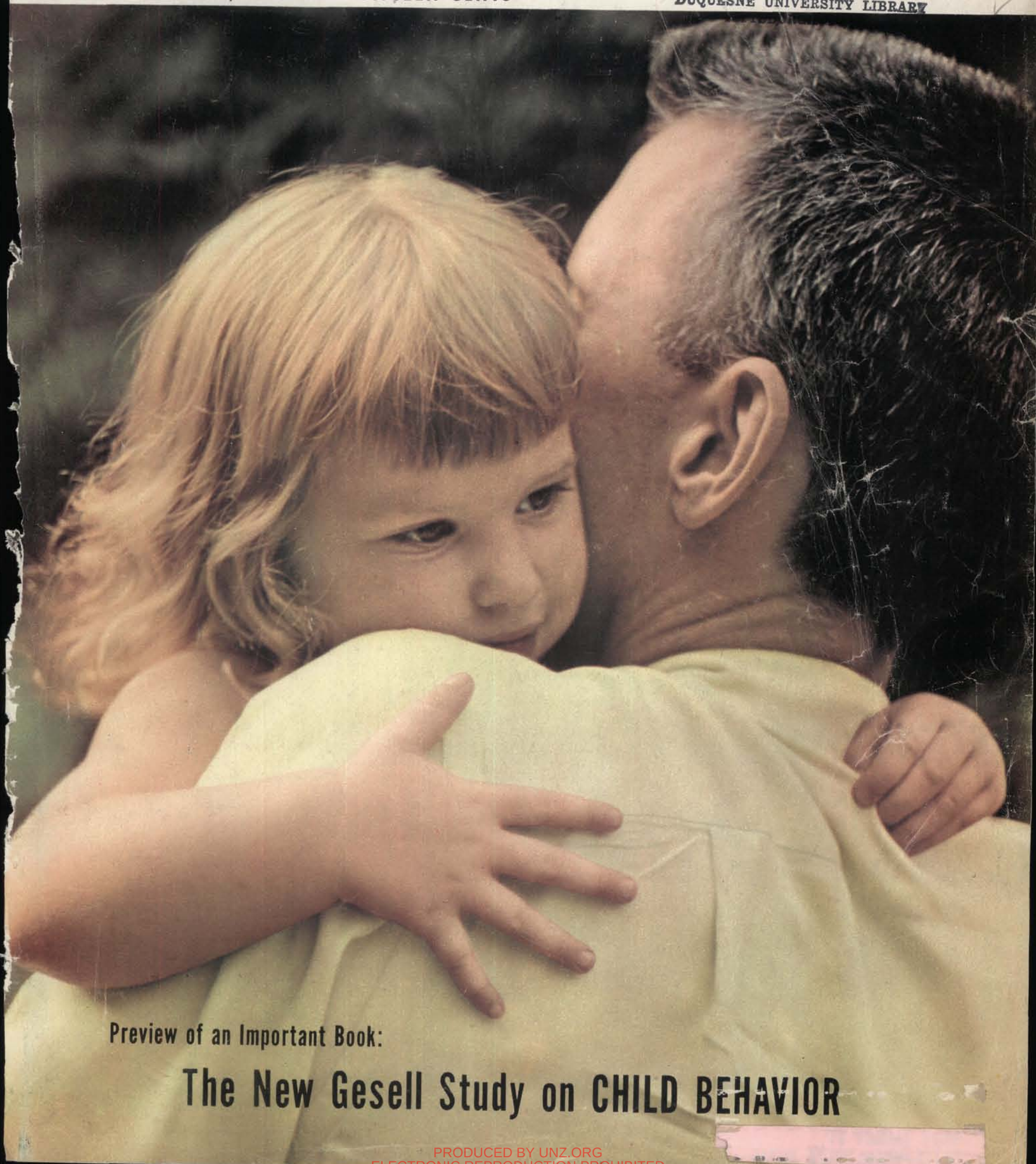

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"Just think! If we didn't have a telephone, Grandma couldn't call up to ask if I had a tooth. And Daddy couldn't talk to us when he's out of town. We couldn't order things in a hurry from the stores. And Mother would be tied down just something awful.

"And suppose one of us suddenly took sick? Or there was a fire? Or a robber, maybe? Well, I don't worry about those things when I see the telephone.

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Collier's

SEPTEMBER 2, 1955

PSALM OF THE BLOODBANK . . . . . Carl Sandburg 24
UP IN EDIE'S ROOM . . . . . Joseph Laitin 26
THE HARRY CAIN "MUTINY" . . . . . L. Edgar Prina 32
DO-IT-YOURSELF MADE EASY 44
WHITTLING CAPITAL OF AMERICA . . . . . Ben Lucien Burman 54
HOW TO STRIKE IT RICH . . . . . Murray Morgan 63
CRAZY GOLF COURSE . . . . . Theodore Taylor 68
A SOLDIER RELIVES ANZIO . . . . . Audie Murphy 72
MYSTERY MAN OF THE RED ARMY . . . . . Harrison E. Salisbury 78

THE NEW GESELL STUDY ON CHILD BEHAVIOR . . . . Jack Harrison Pollack 19

WAKE UP AND GET FAMOUS (The Short Short Story) . . . . . Tom Bradshaw 10
MURDER FISH . . . . . John Kruse 58
THE JOB THAT WOULDN'T WAIT . . . . . Sheila Sibley 65
A HOME FOR HIS WIFE . . . . . John Cunningham 74

SINNERS AND SHROUDS (Second of Four Parts) . . . . . Jonathan Latimer 38

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . . John O'Hara 6
COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 8
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . . Walter Davenport 14
LETTERS 15
NINE O'CLOCK SHADOW . . . . . J. Gordon Holt 70
COLLIER'S COMMENT 82

. . Eve Arnold

Two-year-old Jocelyn Harris leaped into the arms of her father, Dr. William M. Harris—and photographer Arnold had another of the nearly 200 photographs she took on her assignment to illustrate The New Gesell Study on Child Behavior. A selection of the photos appears with the article, a preview of an important book for parents, on pages 19–23. The Harrises are neighbors of Mrs. Arnold and her husband, industrial designer A. F. Arnold, and she snapped the father and daughter during an afternoon's fun behind her home near Port Jefferson, N. Y. Dr. Harris, a physicist at the AEC's Brookhaven Atomic Laboratories and the father of four daughters, has been a close student of earlier Gesell books. Told that the new report calls the typical two-year-old "a loving companion and a real joy," he said: "That is a precise description of little Jocelyn"

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Are you sure your child is ready for school?

Here they come . . . America's youth . . . ready to start or return to school!

Never before in our nation's history have we had such a bumper crop of school-age citizens. In fact, enrollment this year will soar to more than 33 million students, including almost 4 million who will be off to school for the first time.

Has anything been overlooked that might interfere with their physical and mental well-being . . . or that might handicap them in their studies or affect their attendance records?

Fortunately, there is something that all parents can do to make sure that their children are ready for school. They can include a medical check-up on the list of ahead-of-school preparations. A check-up . . . for both youngsters and teen-agers . . . may be the means of correcting unsuspected defects of vision, hearing, posture or general health. Sometimes these defects are at least partially responsible for low grades or emotional troubles.

The physician who has known your child over the years is best qualified to give pre-school medical check-ups because he has a *complete* picture of the child's health. He will also be alert to minor troubles which parents might not notice. Impairments that can be corrected now may avoid more serious trouble later on.

For the child just starting school, it is important that his immunizations against communicable diseases are up to date. In addition to making your child immune to smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus, medical authorities now advise that vaccine lessens your child's chances of getting polio. It is wise to discuss a definite immunization program with your doctor . . . including "booster doses" to renew immunity . . . well before school opens.

During the teen years, when the growing-up process imposes considerable mental and physical stresses, health check-ups are especially needed. Many problems, including those associated with growth and emotional adjustment, often require expert attention. In addition, changes in diet or in habits of play, or sleep, or exercise may be made for the child's benefit.

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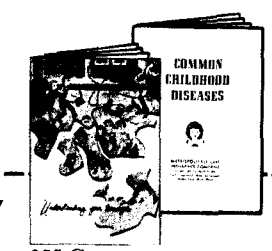

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Also available in Canada!

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

THE NBC-TV show called Wide Wide World got off to a fairly good start, thanks mostly to Mexico. WWW is a sort of television travelogue, with Dave Garroway instead of Burton Holmes, and, in this case, the whole wide, wide North American continent instead of the whole wide, wide world to wander about in. Instead of Balinese maidens (that I, for one, never tire of gazing at), we were shown some North American girls in bathing suits skiing on Mount Hood. For the tiny tinkling cymbals of the temples of Thai (wow! is this man a word-slinger), we were given the trumpets of Louis Armstrong and my buddy, Buddy Hackett. (Buddy, by the way, seems to have dispensed with his old trade-mark, the long handkerchief, and somehow I miss it.) Some of the show had what might be called the kiss of the documentary, which is irresistibly tempting to radio-TV cameramen and writers. There was a touch of The Plow That Broke the Plains, and when we were taken to Stratford, Ontario, for a scene from Julius Caesar, we were not shown anything so common-ordinary as a costumed production. Oh, no. This had to be a rehearsal in sweaters and slacks, with the director interrupting to make suggestions to the actors that seemed to me fairly basic and rather late.

If I may digress—and who's going to stop me?—I am not at all sure that the Stratford people are being well advised in their public relations efforts. Here is a laudable enterprise, this Shakespeare festival, and, I gather, an enormously successful one. The fact that I would not drive fifty miles to see an all-star cast in Hamlet or any other play by the Bard is something I am neither proud of nor ashamed of. Just a fact, boy, that cannot and should not have any effect on the attendance at Stratford. But I went to a movie last year that showed Alec Guinness arriving for work at Stratford and getting acquainted with his fellow players and riding his bike and taking direction from Tyrone Guthrie. It also showed, in a sort of March-of-Time fashion, the carpenters carpentering and the citizens in meeting and their efforts, successful, to persuade Guthrie to run the show. Some of it was all right, but since most of that film was staged and therefore edited, they might have edited out some of the cuteness that afflicted not only that film but the report by WWW.

Nobody really believes that there was any spontaneity or reality to the WWW scenes of directing, so if you're going to do a planned film, why not do it right? I could be wrong about all this: maybe the Little Theater touches were placed there deliberately, to show the world that what Stratford has done, any other town could do. But I suspect that last year's movie and this year's TV had no such intention. If there is one thing the theater, amateur and pro, can do without, it is the no-talent joes in turtle-neck sweaters and ballet slippers who contribute nothing but their falsetto enthusiasm and their worthless time. We now fade out to the music of The Maple Leaf Forever and fade in to the tune of La Cucaracha.

In thanking Mexico for the best part of WWW, I am actually honoring Cantinflas. One of my best friends is Gilbert Roland, and I know I am a disappointment to him because I decline his invitations to go to bullfights. The reason I do not go to bullfights is that I do not like to see an animal get killed or maimed. Have *I* ever killed anything? Yes. I have killed birds and rabbits and squirrels and fish and reptiles. No human beings, so far. Do I think I am being consistent? Hell, no. Who was talking about being consistent? I was only saying what I don't like. But I also can tell you what I do like, and that's the artistry of Cantinflas, who may not be a Belmonte when it comes to footwork and capework and the special passes by which a bullfighter's artistry is measured. But he provokes laughter while taking his life in his hands just as surely as the men with the swords. To put it crudely, it is quite possible that one of these days Cantinflas might be carried out of the ring with a fatal injury and having done the bull no harm. That's never the case with the straight bullfighters: the bull always dies. Sometimes the straight bullfighter dies, too, but he has a sword and Cantinflas hasn't even a 50-cent toejabber. I have no desire to invade the territory of Henry James—was it not?—who has written so truly about bullfighting. I do want to express my admiration for Cantinflas, who risks his life to make people laugh.

AL HIRSCHFELD

NBC's Pat Weaver got the WWW title from a Dartmouth song

The emphatic title Wide Wide World had me wondering why it was chosen. I understood almost immediately why NBC didn't call it *Wide* World. There is, or used to be, a news-photo service by that name, and NBC is not spending $5,000,000 to publicize an outfit that sells still pictures. My next thought was that NBC had been influenced by the title of a current movie called How to Be Very, Very Popular. But I rejected that explanation. I have seen one of the dances Miss Sheree North does in that movie, and I don't think the abandon of the dance is appropriate to the dignity General Sarnoff has assumed. Then I recalled Sylvester (Pat) Weaver, the NBC bigwig who is boss over things like WWW, is a Dartmouth alumnus and Dartmouth has a song with the lines:

... They've gone out from
their alma mater,
Safe at last in the wide,
wide world.

You can bet a gallon of New England rum that that's where NBC got the title.

★ ★ ★

YOU NEVER know where you are going to find the small but significant item. I certainly never thought, for instance, that in tuning in on a news program the other day I would hear two words that tell you just about everything there is to know on the subject of present-day southern California weather. Not only did the two words predict; they seemed also to concede the existence of smog and to make a reluctant admission that that which southern California was most famous for is now something of a rarity.

The weather, the man said, would be *"partly sunny."*

★ ★ ★

I HAVE BEEN TRYING, so far without success, to market a story I have written under a pen name. It should be box office. The property is, I Used to Be a Boy, by Frances Evelyn Tawdry. ▲▲▲

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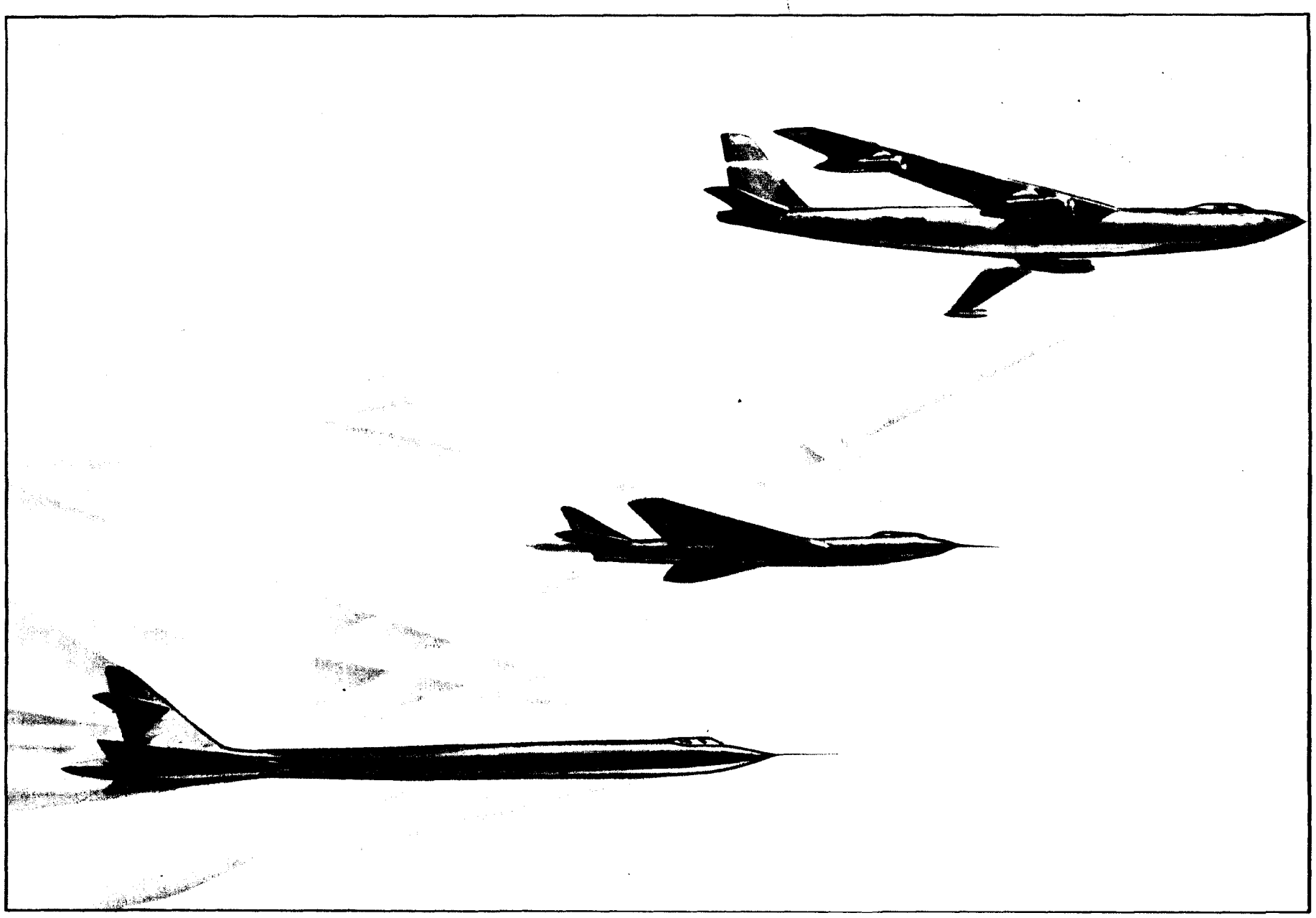

To an artist, the shock waves created by an airspeed of 2100 miles an hour look like this.

What's beyond the sound barrier?

More speed—more heat—more reason than ever for the aviation industry to plan Inco Nickel into its future

At sea level, the speed of sound is about 760 miles an hour—Mach 1.

At that airspeed, the surface temperature of an airplane is in the neighborhood of 200 degrees F.

Beyond that?
. . . look at the picture above. It's an artist's view of the formation of shock waves around planes moving about Mach 2.8—roughly 2100 miles an hour. At that speed, you expect friction-created skin temperatures in the 700-800 degrees F. range.

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Inco-developed Inconel "X" is another.

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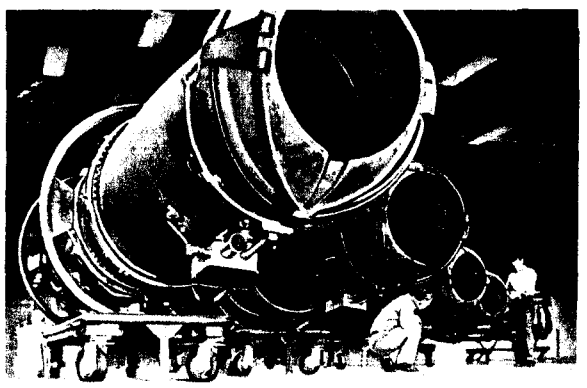
Beyond this? *More speed, more heat, more structural materials problems for the aircraft industry and for Inco High Temperature Research.* For more information on the metal on which so much of this research is centered, write for a copy of "The Romance of Nickel." The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 256d, New York 5, N. Y. ©1955, T.I.N.Co.



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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

WE WON'T try to guess how many thousand parents have picked up a copy of one of Dr. Arnold Gesell's famous books for the first time and had the uncanny experience of reading a perfect description of their own child—good habits and bad—thus discovering with relief that the kid is normal, after all.

The seventy-five-year-old man responsible for these remarkable studies in child behavior (the new book by his two closest associates is previewed on page 19) was born in Alma, Wisconsin, the eldest of five children. His father was a pioneer photographer and his mother a successful elementary-school teacher before her marriage. Young Gesell was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, won a fellowship at Clark University in Massachusetts and took a Ph.D. there. He held jobs as school principal and teacher, camp counselor and psychology professor, but he was a restless seeker of knowledge, and he decided he needed an M.D. He returned to Wisconsin for a year and then four years at Yale, where he received his degree. An assistant professor of education in the Yale Graduate School, in 1911, he began his study of the growth of children.

Dr. Gesell admits that he has learned a lot from his own son and daughter, who are now grown and married and, in fact, have presented him with what he calls "a fine series of grandchildren," from seventeen down. To him, they are just grandchildren. He says, "We have never permitted any scientific preoccupations to cast a baleful veil over us!"

★ ★ ★

EDIE'S room is off limits to most of us ordinary mortals (page 26). Not to photographer Gene Trindl, who spent the better part of 18 days and some 90 hours taking pictures of the glamorous habituées of this undeniably fascinating place.

"My first shock," he reports weakly, "came when designer Head nonchalantly ordered lovely Carol Ohmart to take off her clothes. Fortunately the disrobing took place in another room. Goggle-eyed, I sat in on fittings for Mitzi Gaynor, Doris Day, Grace Kelly, Deborah Kerr and Jane Wyman, to name a few.

"One of the important props I used in shooting the story were the dressmakers' dummies exactly duplicating the forms of well-known actresses. I came away with a liberal education in at least one respect: I knew who was padded and who wasn't.

"But the girls needn't worry; their secret is safe with me."

★ ★ ★

MANY people don't recall that Harrison Salisbury had a profound knowledge of modern Russia before he went to Moscow in 1949 as The New York Times representative there. As foreign news editor of the United Press, in 1944 he made an eye-opening, eight-month tour of the battlefields and arsenals of the country. On his return he wrote a series of Collier's articles on his observations, later expanding them into his first book, Russia on the Way.

His five-year Times assignment in Russia ended last summer, shortly after a long trip through Siberia. He came back and wrote a series for his paper which won him a Pulitzer prize, and which was published in book form as American in Russia.

"I won't go back," he says. "I've discovered that they've formed a low opinion of me for what I wrote."

But *we* haven't.

★ ★ ★

JOHN KRUSE is a rugged, thirty-five-year-old Englishman, educated at Harrow, who fought as a captain in an Indian Infantry Brigade in the Middle East and Italy during World War II. He has driven trucks for a living, wrecked vehicles for scrap with a 14-pound sledge hammer, photographed children, laid sewer pipe, drawn cartoons, and in 1947 earned the equivalent of eight bucks a week doing odd chores for a British movie maker.

He had to smuggle nylons, tobacco and liquor across from Ireland to supplement that last salary, but the film job led him to become a topflight cameraman, and he went to such places as Madeira to work on the movie Moby Dick and to Ceylon for Outcast of the Islands. He now writes scripts for British television and considers himself "a complete fanatic" on spear-fishing, a fact which becomes abundantly clear as you read his thriller in this issue, Murder Fish.

★ ★ ★

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN recently began a series of lectures on his books and adventures, and in his opening talk at the dignified Brooklyn Academy of Music, to illustrate a point he sang a hillbilly song with all the proper nasal intonations:

"I have the worst voice in America," he reports, "but for some reason my rendition brought down the house. My lecture agent was scouting me from the audience, and now he has added to all my contracts the tantalizing phrase 'with song and mandolin.'

"The Ozark story (page 54) had a direct effect on my lectures, too. I now start out by doing a little whittling—the 'nervous' type, as they labeled it in the Ozarks." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

ELSIE UPTON

Burman (r.) talks with John Holt of Mt. Judea, Arkansas, who delivers mail in the Ozarks from horseback

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Wake Up and Get Famous

By TOM BRADSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE LUDLOW

SEEING a pal of yours lying quiet and pale on a hospital bed is something of a jolt. Add to the scene the sobbing of his blonde girl friend and you got yourself a bona fide situation.

"Take it easy, Lilly," I said to my pal's girl friend. "It may not be as bad as we think. Philip is a pretty tough individual."

I guess those weren't the right lines. Lilly had been crying before I spoke, but when I finished she really turned loose the tears. Not that I blamed the kid. Philip didn't look good, not good at all. But who would after getting bounced off the fender of a taxicab and landing right on his head?

"Take it easy, baby," I said again, for lack of further inspiration. And then, leaving Lilly sobbing softly, I drifted out into the corridor and looked up the doctor handling Philip.

"Give it to me straight, Doc," I said. "I can take it. What are the odds on the boy's recovery?"

The doctor gave me a funny stare and looked for a minute like he was trying to cover up a laugh. I didn't get it, but then he said, "Oh, Mr. Peterson is going to pull through. Barring unforeseen complications, he should be out of the hospital in ten days or two weeks as good as new. It wasn't too bad a concussion."

"Gee, that's great, Doc," I said. "Will he be able to work on schedule?"

"What sort of work does he do?"

"He's a brass man," I said. "Plays trumpet in Cornie Cornelli's band. Not the best in the world, but he makes a living—with a little help from me. I'm his agent."

"Well," the doctor said, "outside of giving him an occasional headache, perhaps, I don't see any reason why music should hamper Mr. Peterson's recovery."

I hurried back to Philip's room and told Lilly the good news. She was so pleased she let me buy her dinner—at the most expensive restaurant in town. Not that I minded much, because Lilly was a beautiful kid.

I couldn't figure out at the time—and it has puzzled me on occasion since—what she saw in Philip, just a fair trumpet hand in a second-string dance band around town. He was a quiet country boy who couldn't play a note without the music in front of him. He wore horn-rimmed glasses because he couldn't see farther than his future seemed to stretch.

Lilly and I went over to talk to Philip every day, since the doctor wouldn't let the boy do any reading or watch the television set we had rented for him. . . .

Then came a day when Lilly and I just happened to meet at the hospital entrance; I stopped on the way through the lobby and bought the kid some newspapers and magazines. Philip had given me

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*Pronounced Mō-Lay

the word by phone that the lid was off on reading.

He seemed as glad to see us as usual, but his face really lighted up when he spotted the bundle under my arm. "Toss me the papers," he said. "I haven't read a racing chart for over a week."

The light went out of his eyes as soon as he opened the first tabloid. "Hey, Harry," he said accusingly, "what's the idea of bringing me a bunch of Russian newspapers? If that's your idea of a joke . . ."

Lilly and I looked at each other. The guy was holding a copy of the New York Daily News, and that sheet has been printed in the President's English as long as I can remember.

"I don't get you, kid," I said. "What do you mean, Russian papers?"

"Look at this gibberish," Philip said. "If that isn't Russian, I'll eat it. The words don't mean anything."

I took a gander at the page he was turned to. I never got beyond the sixth grade, but even I could read every word of it.

The next twenty-four hours were a nightmare for all concerned. I ran for the doctor and told him it looked like our boy had had something jarred loose that the medics hadn't noticed up to then. Poor Lilly was convinced Philip was off his rocker for good, and, of course, all this didn't make Philip feel any better.

The doctor—and a couple of friends he called in—made a raft of tests, and finally they came up with the answer. The knock on the head had done something to Philip's brain or his optic nerves. Everything he looked at came up backward.

And the worst of it was they said there wasn't anything they could do about it—except to send him home and wait. There was an off-chance the trouble might clear itself up—or he might stay mixed up the rest of his life.

Not being able to read his favorite columns in the newspapers was a bad enough blow, but that was the least of it. Lilly was worried sick Philip's feelings toward her might change if she no longer looked the same to him. And then there was his music.

Philip wouldn't even touch his trumpet, and he had a full-scale relapse when he discovered all his sheet music looked backward to him too.

I WAS really worried about him, and Lilly and I agreed to drop by his apartment at least once a day to make sure he didn't get any funny ideas. Eleven days after he came out of the hospital, I was strolling toward his place, enjoying the nice weather, when I spotted a crowd gathered on the sidewalk in front of Philip's rooming house.

I started to run, wondering what the kid had done to himself. But then something about the mob on the sidewalk struck me as peculiar. It was all kids in their teens. And they weren't acting like a crowd outside a house of disaster. Some of them were dancing and the rest were keeping time with their hands.

All of a sudden the music hit me. It was coming out of an open second-floor window—Philip's window. It was the lousiest trumpet I ever heard. Hardened though I was to music in almost any form, this was the worst. Agent or not, I couldn't see anybody listening to the boy play like that—but there were those bopsters flipping all over the place.

"Philip," I shouted, when I'd fought my way into the house and up to his room, "what happened, boy? What're you doing?"

He finished out the number and put down the trumpet. Then he said, "I don't know, Harry. I just decided to try my hand a little while ago. It didn't sound too good, but I kept playing—and then you came in."

We experimented the rest of the afternoon. He played and I looked out the window at the kids in the street. No matter how awful his playing sounded to me, it kept sending the crowd in front of the house. I finally hit on the idea of following the music as he played; and just as I suspected, he was playing everything backward—each staff from right to left instead of vice versa.

PHILIP'S life was strictly out of Hans Christian Andersen after that. He went back with Cornelli's band and it didn't take long for the word to spread that a new Gabriel had been born. The public took to him like kids to candy. They packed every hall and theater he appeared in. They screamed and fainted and rioted in the streets trying to get close to him.

And through it all Philip managed to keep his head. He put his foot down when it was suggested the name of the band ought to be changed to give him top billing over Cornelli. The boy was a real sweetheart from way back. He even saved his money in a manner unusual for Broadway—said he wanted to buy a farm someday, get away from the bright lights and settle down with Lilly. Not even the crowning event of his career—a solo concert at Carnegie Hall—affected his hat size.

It was a great moment for all of us, the night he walked out on stage. Philip never played worse—that is, the crowd never liked him better. But at the climax, just as he reached for one of the highest notes I ever heard come out of a trumpet, it happened.

I saw him stagger like someone had hit him, and the note he was trying to hit screeched down, down, down. The audience didn't catch on right away, but when he went into his next number—the last one on the program—it wasn't the same at all. The magic was gone and the paying customers just sat there.

As soon as he came off stage, I rushed up to Philip and asked him what had happened.

"I don't know exactly, Harry," he said, "but when I tried for that high note, something in my head popped—and I just couldn't play crazy any more. I could *play* backward, but I didn't *feel* it that way any more."

I pulled a Racing Form out of my pocket and shoved it at him. "Quick, Philip," I said, "take a gander at this. Is it Russian or English?"

It was English.

Well, that's the story. Philip retired on his savings, bought a farm upstate and settled down there with Lilly.

But right now I'm off to catch a train. I got a telephone call from Lilly a little while ago. She didn't make much sense—wanted me to come up as soon as I could. She said something about Philip falling off a tractor on his head.

—TOM BRADSHAW

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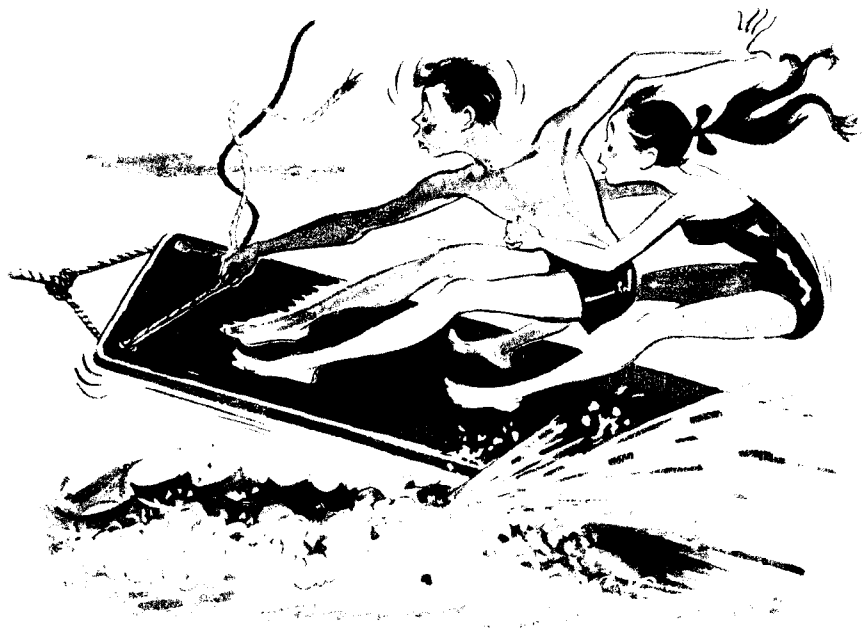

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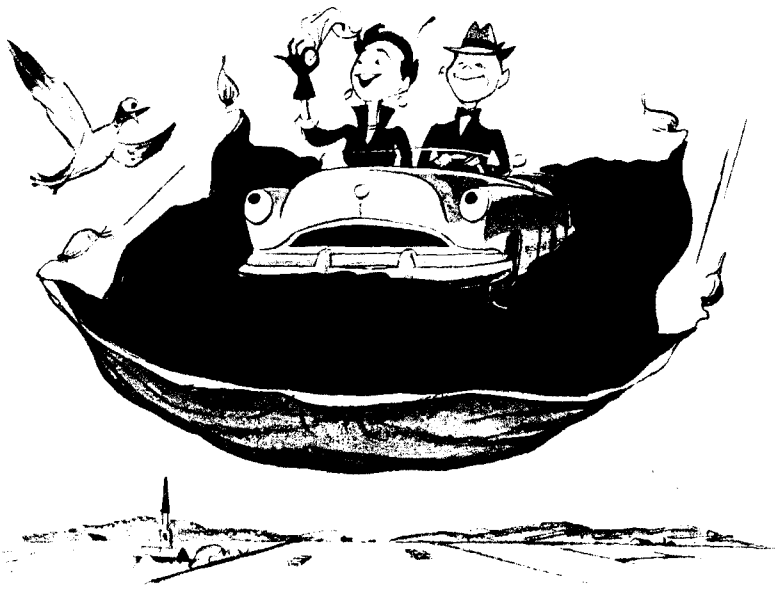

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Every so often, incredible as it seems, we bump into something we don't understand. This letter from Mrs. Edna Dillarhyde, of Anaheim, California, for example. She wants to know what columnists do when they have to write a column and have nothing to say. What's that got to do with writing a column, Mrs. Dillarhyde?

★ ★ ★

With understandable pride, the University of Nevada announces that six of its students minoring in drum-majoring have made the latest edition of Who's Who in American Baton Twirling. Of course this is not a notable percentage of the 747 of our country's 125,000 accredited students of drum-majoring thus honored, but probably no other college demands such twirling virtuosity. (The roulette roll, for example, and the faro flip.)

IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

In a most successful effort to help old 48 keep his vast international audience up to date, Mr. Herb Harris, in Yokosuka, Japan, sends us the latest news from the Yokohama Country and Athletic Club as recorded in the Nippon Times: "A track and field meet to elect officers will be held on Saturday." Slowest man was heavily backed for treasurer, no doubt.

★ ★ ★

We haven't been able to find out what happened in that man hunt by the Miami, Florida, police. All we know is that all state law-enforcement agencies were alerted to be on the lookout for a car and hold the occupants for vagrancy. Described the car, too: a 1955 Cadillac, air conditioned, white-walls.

★ ★ ★

The Alabama State Senate has decided to let the populace in on it. It has authorized televising of its deliberations. In the nick of time, however, the words "at the discretion of the presiding officer" were appended to the resolution. Our man in Birmingham says this reservation was hastily added after the Senate was reminded that a fully informed people can't always be trusted.

★ ★ ★

Diligent inquiry reveals that the United States Department of Agriculture gets even more mail than old 48 does. But not, of course, as interesting or important. We got to discussing this with a USDA man, who showed us one from a lady in Idaho: "Will you please send me information on ridding the house of aunts." He produced another: "Is there a leaflet on making soap from waist fats?" Still another: "I would like to no who was our first President of the United States and when his first term began." All very intelligent and useful questions, we told the USDA man. Not a triviality in the lot.

★ ★ ★

Much more intricate problems come to this desk, however, and all are promptly and authoritatively answered. For example, this query from a lady (we'd imagine) in Montana: "I would like to know what kind of clothes a woman should wear for her second marriage—sport or formal." Answer: Semiformal. Get gay gradually. Getting married does not become a sport until the fourth wedding.

★ ★ ★

We visited the Perfect Alibi Café in New York to find out whether Mr. Bob Sylvester of the New York Daily News had his facts right. He had. There's a time clock in the place. Customers who have been having trouble at home convincing the family that they hadn't been trifling, get cards on which their

names are printed. They ring in and when leaving ring out, taking their cards home with them to prove they weren't anywhere else.

★ ★ ★

We regret to report that the bill requiring all tavern keepers in Wisconsin to take loyalty oaths failed to get through the legislature. Trouble with the proposed legislation, we've been told, was that it did not make clear to whom the taverner should be loyal—the country or the customer.

★ ★ ★

The man didn't look any too well, Mr. Ward Spaniel reports. When asked about it the other day, in Tucson, Arizona, he told Mr. Spaniel that it was due to his efforts to keep young. "Strange," said Mr. Spaniel. "Not at all," replied the faded one. "There's eight of them." ▲▲▲

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LETTERS

A Perfect Fit

EDITOR: Thank you for what Richard Donovan wrote about me and the House of Dior (That Friend of Your Wife's Named Dior, June 10th). Everything he says is true and, even more, amusing. I compliment him because I know the difficulties he encountered. So much has been written about the subject that his talent is truly required in order to interest the readers . . .

CHRISTIAN DIOR, Paris, France

Lightning Strikes Out

EDITOR: Alfred M. Lansing's article on Lightning (July 8th) is misleading. He denies that you should turn off electrical appliances because they invite lightning, and he adds: "If a bolt is going to hit your radio, it'll do so regardless of whether it's turned on." . . . Unplug radio and TV sets during thunderstorms because dozens of them have been damaged when lightning came in on the power lines.

EDWARD A. LACY, Cookeville, Tenn.

It makes no difference whether electrical appliances are turned on or off during a thunderstorm. Do not unplug radio or TV sets, however. Because the sets are usually not grounded when unplugged, a lightning charge will jump to something that is grounded, which may mean lightning inside the house.

. . . Last week during a storm, "something" struck a tree, hit the telephone wire to our house, knocked a hole in the cement foundation, followed the telephone wire into the house, followed the steel rim around the kitchen table, burning the cord of an iron lying on it, which was not connected, and finally went out the back entrance by the yard light. . . . Could this "something" be lightning?

MRS. CHARLES ARNETT, Hershey, Nebr.

. . . Several people have told me lightning rods attract lightning. Can you give me an answer on this?

WALTER E. BUSH, Elyria, Ohio

Lightning rods do not attract lightning to a house. They conduct the lightning from the ground to the clouds overhead via a wire which runs outside the house. Do not buy a lightning rod without a ground wire.

Switched Hitter

EDITOR: "You can fool some of the hitters all of the time" but you can't fool an old sports writer into believing that Warren Spahn was pitching to Bobby Morgan in that picture in the July 22d issue. If that isn't Richie Ashburn, I'll eat the entire issue page by page. Come to think of it, you have a very digestible magazine anyway.

CHARLIE MOREY, Associated Press, New York, N.Y.

We'll eat our words—and from the other side of the plate. That was Ashburn, a left-handed hitter, not Morgan, who bats right. The picture was miscaptioned by the photo service which provided it, and the error went through us. So far 10 other readers, from Texas to Brooklyn to Canada, have noted we batted out of order.

Spahn pitching, Ashburn batting

American Doctrine

EDITOR: Concerning your editorial, Integration: An American Doctrine (Collier's Comment, July 22d), there never has been any question regarding Negro and white children being in the same classroom or being seated on adjacent benches. Negro and white children should not be seated on the same bench. There will always be an aisle, visible or invisible between the Negro and the white. No Supreme Court ruling will be able to erase this.

CHAN SCROGIN, Tyler, Texas

. . . Way back in the late 1850s such stuff brought on an unholy slaughter . . . Even old phony Abe stated in his Charleston, Illinois, talk September 18, 1858, that he was against "Negroes living with whites on social or political equality . . ."

G. S. P. HOLLAND, Miami, Fla.

Dis-appointment?

EDITOR: I always read Appointment with O'Hara first. I must admit Mr. O'Hara's books shock me, but I like his column.

LAURA B. FINK, Harrisburg, Pa.

. . . I suggest that Appointment with O'Hara be eliminated. His writing is practically a vacuity and reflects unfavorably upon the high standards of the magazine. His principal thought appears to be impressing the reader with the number of celebrities he knows by their first names, leaving most of us decidedly unimpressed and bored . . .

TIGNER OGLETREE, Zurich, Switzerland

Information Please

EDITOR: Congratulations on your informing editorials, which are what folks need who are limited in time for study of conditions for themselves.

MRS. M. MCDUFFEE, Hollywood, Fla.

Great for the "inner" spaceman
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CURTISS Butterfinger Chips
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Dip candy bars Saf-T-Pops Fruit Drops and Mints

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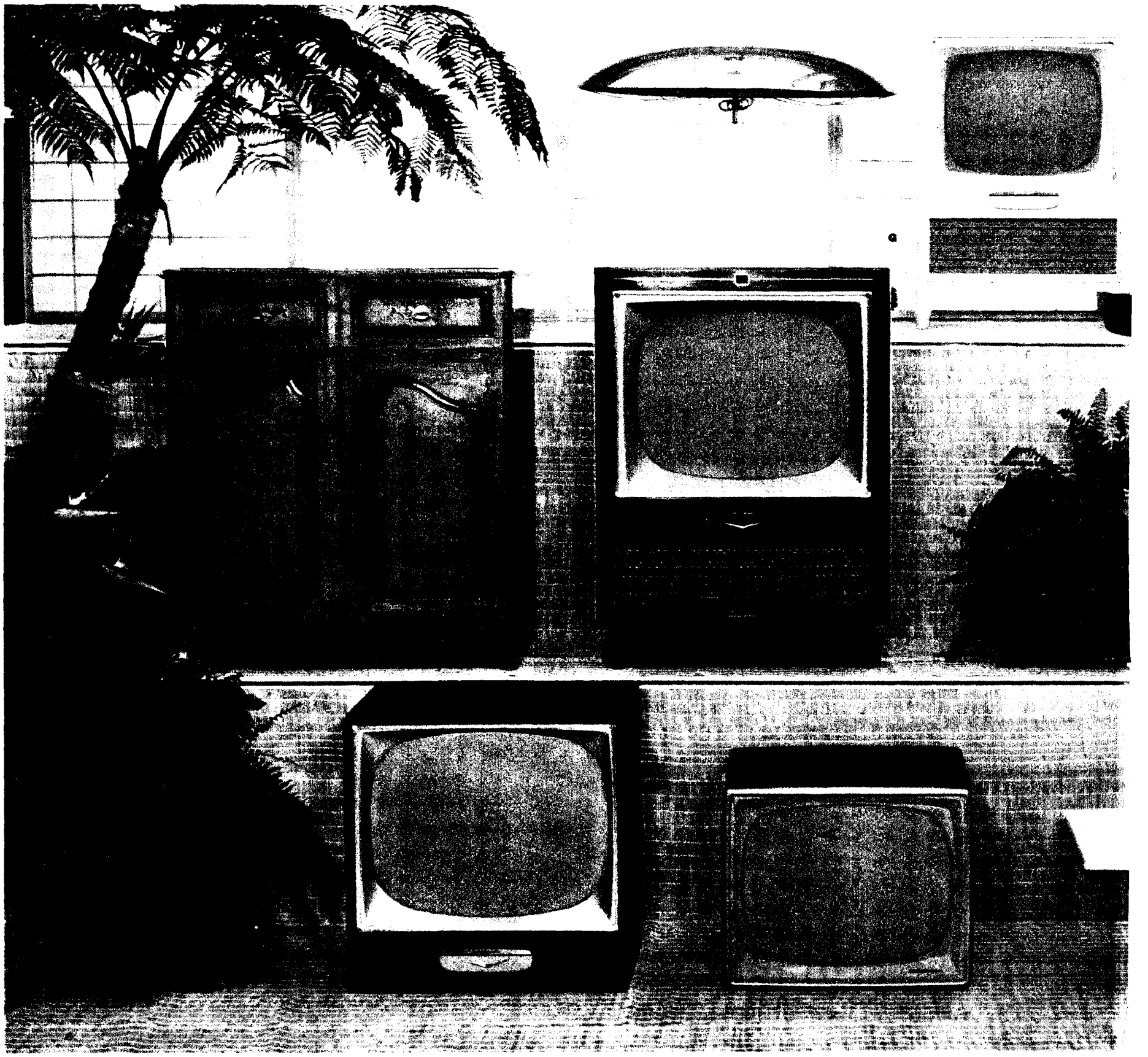
RCA Victor announces the

WITH THE NEW "UN-MECHANICAL LOOK"



A. 24-in. *Wayland* (24T6142) $249.95. **B.** 21-in. *Headliner* (21T6082) $199.95. **C.** 17-in. *Thrifton* (17S6022) $149.95. **D.** 24-in. *Winthrop Deluxe* (24D679) $500. **E.** 24-in. *Everest Deluxe* (24D655) $349.50.

More—far more—for your money at every price level—$149.95 to $500

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Everywhere the "Un-Mechanical Look" catches your eye. This TV is fine furniture—not mere equipment. In sleek table models like the compact 17-inch *Thrifton* at $149.95 and the 21-inch *Headliner* at $199.95, you see nothing but a fine picture and a luxurious cabinet.

Now you move on to wonderfully low-cost 2-speaker swivel sets—"Big-Wheel" rollarounds—luxurious "low-boys." Imagine the Provincial 24-inch *Winthrop Deluxe* in your living room! Or the exotic

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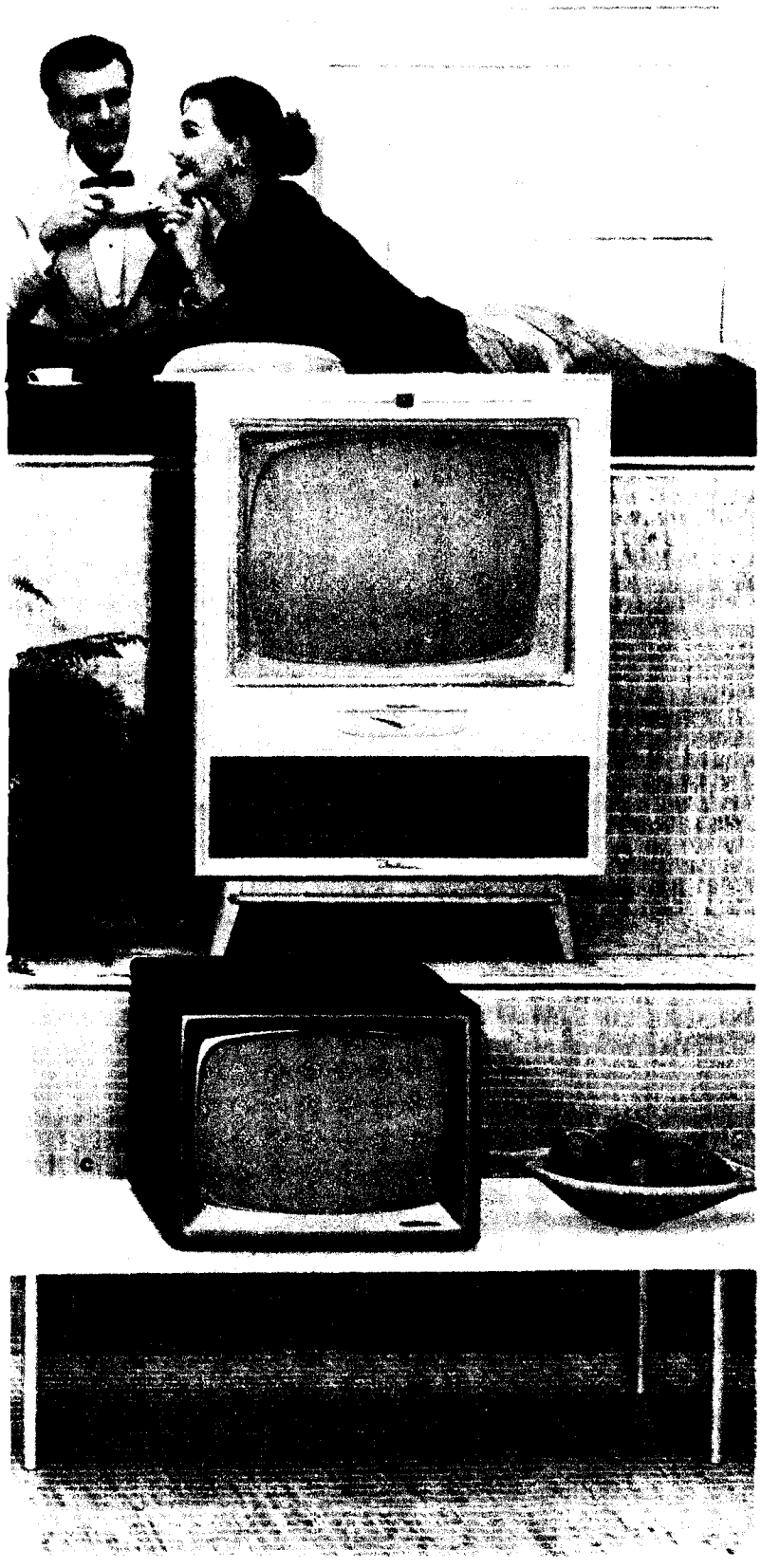
Big Change in Television

—TV'S FIRST COMPLETE RE-STYLING



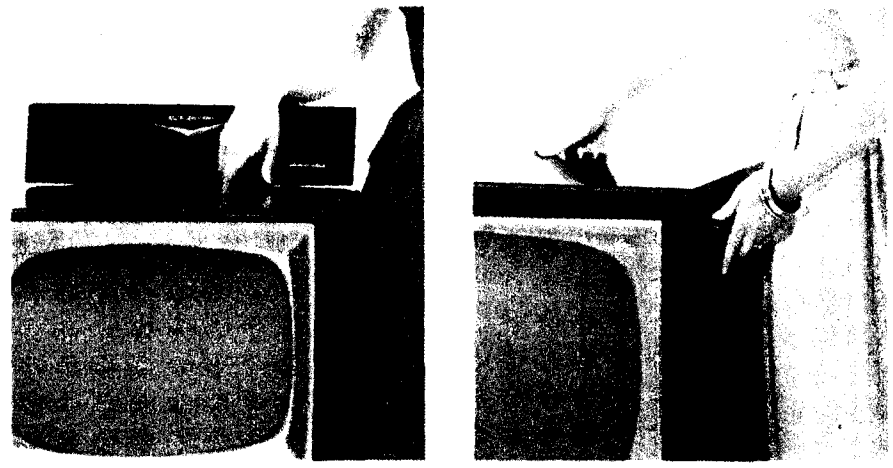
F. 21-in. *Rittenhouse Deluxe* (21D648) $339.95. **G.** 21-in. *Gladstone* (21T635) $279.95.

swivel-base *Rittenhouse Deluxe* with its cabinet of *two* prized woods!

In every RCA Victor set, you see Big Changes in styling . . . and Big Changes in performance, too! New "High-and-Easy" Tuning that lets you dial standing up—Balanced Fidelity Sound—*$500 picture quality* in sets as low as $200.

Best of all, prices are unbelievably low for RCA Victor quality! Never before have you been able to pick from such a wide range of models, finishes and prices. For the happiest shopping of your life, make a date to see your RCA Victor dealer *soon!*

SEE THESE 7 MAJOR ADVANCES IN STYLING, PERFORMANCE AND VALUE!



1 **New "High-and-Easy" Tuning**—in 3 convenient types! Dial *standing up* . . . watch the picture as you dial. (Left) "Hidden Panel" Tuning on most table models. (Right) "High-Side" Tuning for consoles. "Up-Front" Tuning on full-door sets.

2 **New "4-Plus" Picture Performance!** Only RCA Victor gives you all four "plus" factors for TV's finest picture in sets as low as $200:

(1) 100% automatic gain control for constant signal regulation.

(2) "Sync" stabilizer that kills interference jitters.

(3) 7% extra brightness.

(4) 33% extra contrast.

3 **New "Front Window" Channel Indicator!** King-size channel numbers illuminated in window near screen.

4 **New Balanced Fidelity Sound!** Re-creates the *entire range of sound* sent out by the television networks.

5 **Eight New Swivel Models!** New "Big-Wheel" rollarounds, too! Here is television that moves and goes places!

6 **Prices down as much as 18%!** And as much as $100 more value per set than in previous comparable models!

7 **The "Un-Mechanical Look"** in many new woods and finishes! This TV is fine furniture, never mere equipment.

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The New Gesell Study on CHILD BEHAVIOR

By JACK HARRISON POLLACK

Why are most children angels at two, terrors at four, darlings at five? What can parents do about it? Here is a preview of a new book by the Gesell Institute. It charts the ups and downs of childhood—the "good-behavior" years and the "bad." Even more important, it contains the first specific advice ever given parents by the Gesell experts on how to deal with children when they reach the difficult stages

Dr. Arnold Gesell, 75, is still active at the New Haven, Conn., institute bearing his name

WHEN little Johnny throws a temper tantrum or gets into something he shouldn't, many a harried parent takes out a well-thumbed volume to find out whether the child is really misbehaving—or just acting his age. The volume? Chances are it's one of the famed "Gesell books"—The First Five Years of Life, Infant and Child in the Culture of Today, or The Child from Five to Ten.

Probably no group in history has exerted more influence on the rearing of children than seventy-five-year-old Dr. Arnold Gesell, founder of the Yale Clinic of Child Development, and his associates. For 44 years they have been observing, testing, studying, charting and reporting on the behavior of American children—first at the Yale clinic and, since 1950, at the Gesell Institute of Child Development in New Haven, Connecticut. Their books, although written for educators, have become best sellers; few conscientious parents of children today have not been influenced by them.

But the Gesell books stopped short of giving specific advice. The authors mapped the emotional and behavior patterns of children from birth through ten years of age, yet—as scientific researchers—refrained from telling parents how to deal with the problems of childhood. They told the ages at which children could be expected to be difficult, and how and why—but gave no suggestions as to what parents should do about it.

Now that gap is being filled. Two of Dr. Gesell's closest collaborators—Dr. Frances L. Ilg, director of the Gesell Institute, and Dr. Louise Bates Ames, its research chief—have just written a book for parents entitled Child Behavior. It is scheduled for publication by Harper & Brothers on September 21st.

Child Behavior confirms and elaborates on the Gesell experts' previous findings that children really are predictable, that they behave the way they do because they follow well-defined growth patterns from infancy through adolescence. They move from hill to valley to another hill—and their progress can be charted fairly accurately. In short, if a child is an angel at two, swears at four, obeys at five and lies at six, he is probably just growing up in a normal way.

But in Child Behavior, Drs. Ilg and Ames have done far more than just trace these year-to-year peaks and valleys of behavior. They go on to advise parents how to deal with the stage-to-stage crises in their youngsters' lives. "We never approached child development so directly from a problem viewpoint before," they say. "Some parents believe that when we describe unattractive behavior as being typical of a given age, we mean that there is nothing they should do about it. . . . Far from it!"

The coauthors have worked closely with Dr. Gesell for the last 23 years. (Dr. Gesell is now research consultant of the institute bearing his name.) Dr. Ilg, a pediatrician, and Dr. Ames, a psychologist, also collaborated in writing Infant and Child in the Culture of Today and The Child from Five to Ten, and they conduct a daily syndicated column on child behavior published in some 50 newspapers. Not all their knowledge comes from observing thousands of children of other parents; both are mothers themselves.

In presenting their latest findings, Drs. Ilg and Ames give this important warning: when they describe the typical behavior of, say, a five-year-old

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2½ yrs.

3 yrs.

Stages in childhood development, as posed by neighborhood youngsters in Port Jefferson, N.Y.: At two and a half, child is apt to be difficult . . . At three, child is more reasonable and usually can be talked into picking up toys . . .

child, that does not mean that all five-year-olds behave that way all the time. Some children are slower in development, some faster. Every child has not only his own rate but his own pattern of growth, depending on his body type, environment and temperament—the keys to his individuality.

Yet nearly all children—even those a year behind or a year ahead in their mental, emotional and social development—go through the basic cycles of behavior. If you are a parent, it is more important for you to recognize these rhythms of growth, to know that calm is usually followed by storm (and vice versa), than to expect your child to fit into a specific timetable.

The new Ilg-Ames book treats comprehensively all ages from birth through ten years, telling parents how to deal with each stage of the child's development. Since it obviously would be impossible in a single magazine article to cover fully every age, this summary of the Gesell Institute's latest book will concentrate mainly on the so-called problem years —when the child is least responsive to discipline.

Drs. Louise Bates Ames (l.) and Frances Ilg, authors of the book, watch children at play

From infancy through two years, a child's problems are fairly basic—sleeping, feeding, learning to walk and talk, getting acquainted with his parents and his surroundings. By the time he reaches his second birthday, he is relatively well-adjusted and a loving companion. In fact, the two-year-old behaves so well that parents often fall into the trap of expecting steady improvement from there on. But that illusion is shattered as the child reaches . . .

TWO AND A HALF YEARS

At two and a half, the child enters what is sometimes called the "imperial stage"—because he behaves like a Roman emperor. Domineering and demanding, he is rigid, inflexible, wanting exactly what he wants when he wants it. He must give the orders, make the decisions. If he decides, "Me do it myself," nobody can help him. If he decides, "Mummy do," Daddy can't substitute.

Yet it is almost impossible for the two-and-a-half-year-old to make a clear-cut choice and stick to it. He says: "I will—I won't," "I want it—I don't want it," "Go out—stay in." Endlessly, he shuttles back and forth between opposite extremes.

He also stubbornly resists new ideas. If you read him a story before bedtime yesterday, he wants to hear the same one tonight. Because putting a two-and-a-half-year-old to bed can raise havoc in a household, it is wise to keep bedtime rituals as simple as possible. Don't give him a chance to demand that a complicated schedule be followed.

The nap is a real problem at two and a half years. Tie the door to his bedroom, if necessary, say Gesell experts, but be sure that the child can't climb on the window ledge. Because rocking now often reaches a peak, it's a good idea to pad the crib heavily. Put a soft rug under it and make sure the crib is screwed together tightly so that it won't creak.

Working around these rigid behavior characteristics is usually more successful than trying to meet them head on. Try to streamline all routines, make the decisions yourself and avoid situations where the child takes over. Avoid giving the child choices except when it doesn't matter, as when you ask: "Do you want the red one or the blue one?" Avoid questions which can be answered "No." For example, don't ask: "Can you hang up your coat?" Ask: "Where does your coat go?" Use suggestive words and phrases such as "you forgot," "needs," "has to have," "it's time to," as well as face-saving commands like "How about—?" or "Let's—"

Your patience and willingness to use endless techniques will help you get through this difficult period. So will a little humor. If your child angrily shouts, "No, no, no," you can laughingly reply, "Yes, yes, yes." On unimportant matters, of course, you can bow to your tyrannical little emperor with, "Certainly, your majesty!"

THREE YEARS

At three, things quiet down, briefly. Less rigid and demanding, the typical three-year-old says "yes" just as easily as he formerly said "no." Because this is a "me-too" age, you can often get him to do something by citing another child who is doing it "right." You can reason with him, too, by challenging, "Let's pick up the toys so we can have more room to build after dinner."

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. . . At three and a half, the child often becomes insecure again; he may stumble, fall, suck his thumb excessively . . . At five, most children are on their best behavior . . .

Some three-year-olds get out of their beds when the family is asleep and wander around the house in the middle of the night. This probably does very little harm if you make sure that outer doors are locked and if dangerous or valuable things inside the house are locked up. Tying the child's door loosely with a bell attached will give the necessary warning that he is up as he attempts to open his door. He should be allowed his excursion to the icebox, to the bathroom or wherever he had planned to go. He may wish to look at a book for a while. He will settle down much more quickly after his needs have been satisfied.

More problems are ahead, though, as the child approaches . . .

THREE AND A HALF YEARS

At three and a half the child is insecure again, and his parents have their hands full.

The three-and-a-half-year-old has poor co-ordination. He may stumble, fall and have a fear of heights. A child whose hand and arm movements until now have been strong and firm may suddenly draw with a thin, wavery line. A child who has never done so before may now begin to stutter. He may also complain that he "can't see" or "can't hear." Temporary crossing of the eyes at this age worries many parents. Tensional outlets are now exaggerated. The child may blink his eyes, bite his nails, pick his nose, exhibit facial or other tics, suck his thumb excessively.

Whining is at its peak. Many mothers threaten their whiners with, "If you don't stop that whining, I'll spank you!" But the best way to treat whining is to prevent it. No matter how much time you may be giving to your child, if he whines he probably needs more attention, explain Drs. Ilg and Ames. He may need someone to play with, to be helped to play more creatively or constructively, or to have his day planned differently. He may need more rest or more frequent snacks, or more interesting things to fill his life. A chance to attend nursery school can often reduce whining. Patience is what the whiner needs from those around him.

The three-and-a-half-year-old also cries and frequently asks: "Do you love me?" Or he complains: "You don't love me." Very demanding with adults, he often commands: "Don't look," "Don't talk," "Don't laugh." Extremely jealous, he demands an adult's exclusive attention.

This new behavior may express itself only temporarily and lightly in some children, for a considerably longer period and more markedly in others. Certain by-products of behavior started at this period—such as stuttering—may continue longer than they should.

But if you know in advance that all this insecurity, uncertainty and in-co-ordination are normal for three and a half, it will help considerably. It can help instill in you the patience to give your child the extra affection and understanding he needs.

An even more exasperating age than three and a half, however, is . . .

FOUR YEARS

The four-year-old is out of bounds in almost every direction—probably more so than at any other age. He hits, kicks, throws stones, breaks things, runs away. Loud, silly laughter alternates with fits of rage. "You make me so mad," he often exclaims.

Verbally, four is out of bounds, too. His profane language shocks his parents. ("Where did he hear such awful language?") The four-year-old not only uses such words incidentally but dwells on them and rhymes them amid much silly laughter. But the less attention you pay to this habit, the more quickly it disappears.

The typical four-year-old is defiant of parents, swaggering and boastful. Even threats of severe punishment have little chastening effect. The line between fact and fiction is very thin for him. He may not actually tell lies; it's just more interesting that way. Learn to enjoy his imaginings.

Naturally, you must set limits and have a good deal of firmness in dealing with your four-year-old. Remember, though, that this out-of-bounds behavior is a necessary part of his development. You can use tricks and adventure with him, like saying, "Let's *skip* out to the dining room." Moreover, you can use his awakening interest in numbers to motivate him as, for example, challenging, "Can you get your clothes off by the time I count ten?" Giving whispered commands is also effective.

The four-year-old needs to be allowed to test himself. For example, you can let him ride up the street on his bicycle within expanding limits. Let us hope there are neighbors whom he can visit and notify you of his visit. Similarly, he needs to be allowed to run ahead on a walk and to wait at the next corner. If permitted such initial expansion, he is surprisingly responsive. The reins of control can be held loosely, but there are always times when they need to be pulled up short and sharp.

An excellent way to help the four-year-old get over his fear of the dark is to let him keep a small flashlight under his pillow. Just having the flashlight there is often enough, even though he may never use it.

FOUR AND A HALF YEARS

At four and a half, the child begins to pull in from his out-of-bounds ways. He tries to differentiate between real and make believe and doesn't

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7 yrs.

6 yrs.

. . . At six, many children are violently emotional, demanding, unadaptable . . . Seven is a withdrawing, absorbing age, in which children frequently prefer to be alone. Seven-year-olds would rather write with pencil than soft crayon . . .

get so lost in pretending as he did at four and three and a half when he was a cat, a carpenter or Davy Crockett. Nevertheless, he can become quite confused as he tries to straighten out what he pretends, what happens on TV and what is real.

This is a "catching-up" age for many children, especially boys who have been slow in motor or language development. It can also be an age of rapid intellectual growth. In many ways, the four-and-a-half-year-old is improving his control and perfecting his skills.

FIVE YEARS

Five is an even better age. "He's an angel," sigh many mothers of five-year-olds. "He's almost too good," some fathers worry. But docile five is followed by a tumultuous . . .

SIX YEARS

Six-year-old behavior is reminiscent of the stormy two and a half. The seething child, in constant conflict, is violently emotional. "I'll kill you!" is one of his favorite threats when angry. He may suddenly hug his Mommy and say, "I love you!" and the next minute burst out with "I hate you!" The outburst may result from his mother merely moving one of his belongings out of its usual place. Mother is no longer the center of his world and he takes everything out on her. Whatever is wrong, Mother gets blamed. The added maturity in the six-year-old often brings a drive toward independence which expresses itself in "No, I won't. Try and make me!"

Like Two and a Half, Six is very rigid, negative, demanding and unadaptable. Such a thing as peanut butter may be his new-found passion in life. Fighting is natural; music lessons are not. It is difficult for a six-year-old to accept criticism, blame or punishment. He has to be right, has to be praised, has to win. If he loses, tears and accusations flow forth that the others are cheating. Ironically, it is the six-year-old who is more apt to be cheating and even stealing.

You can make it easier for him—and yourself—by realizing that he is having a difficult time within himself as well as in his relations with others.

Some six-year-old children's trouble stems from being overplaced in school. In the Gesell investigators' experience, the average girl needs to be fully six, the average boy does better if he is closer to seven before starting first grade. Much harm is done by entering a child in first grade too soon just because he is "so smart," or "just a month under the required age."

Bypass as many unhappy incidents as you can. And wherever possible, get outsiders in to help carry through daily routines because the six-year-old is at his worst with Mother. Fortunately, Six is at his best with Father. A visit to the doctor's or dentist's office is far more successful with Father than Mother. An inventive, farsighted father won't wait until mother and child are embroiled before lending a hand. He'll step in before that occurs, saving wear and tear on everybody.

Although not nearly as aggravating as at six, a child still has plenty of difficulties to overcome at . . .

SEVEN YEARS

Seven is a withdrawing, absorbing age. Preferring to be alone, the child wants a room of his own where he can retreat and protect his belongings. Though he sometimes seems to be deaf, he hears what he wants to hear. To show his dissatisfaction with life, the facial expressions of a seven-year-old may curl downward in a permanent pout. Seven's complaint, "I wish I were dead," is typical and shouldn't be taken too seriously.

Whatever he does at this age, he does endlessly. For example, if he becomes a good reader, he is a chain reader. He is generally a great television watcher and radio listener. Because the seven-year-old often demands too much of himself but is not always able to complete his tasks, he needs to be helped to define stopping points. He has his good days and his bad days; his high-learning days and his forgetting-everything days. An alert teacher will shift her intellectual fare on these different days. And a wise mother will keep her child at home if his bad day starts the minute he gets out of bed, as it often does.

At times, Seven feels that people are against him, that they don't like him, that they are picking on him. Even his parents are unfair, and he may threaten to run away. Seven is a great worrier, and he's afraid of being late for school. He now likes to write with hard lead pencils instead of making loose, sloppy strokes with crayons.

He is greatly concerned with himself, how others treat him and his place in the world. He hates to be interrupted. And his things need to be protected, taken away from younger brothers and sisters. Don't usurp his place at the dinner table, even for guests.

Parents of a seven-year-old should steer a delicate course between being reasonably sympathetic with their child's many complaints and yet not taking them too seriously (headaches, though, should be investigated). Seven's teacher isn't nearly as unfair as he reports her to be. And his brothers, his sisters and other children aren't anywhere as wicked as he claims they are.

Because the seven-year-old starts to obey, then gets detoured, you can get best results by warning

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9 yrs.

10 yrs.

. . . At nine, child is often extremely independent and resists too much "bossing" by his parents . . . From parents' viewpoint, ten is one of the nicest ages of all. Child obeys easily and naturally

him in advance, reminding him when the time comes and checking to see that he doesn't get off the track along the way.

EIGHT YEARS

By contrast, the typical eight-year-old is exuberant, expansive, buoyant. In this stage—what might be called a Henry VIII stage—the child talks with his mouth full of food and eats too much.

Nothing seems too difficult for him. But he often overestimates his ability. The burst of energy with which he tackles new tasks is frequently followed by failure, discouragement and even tears. Yet this doesn't stop Eight from enthusiastically starting something new—tomorrow.

The eight-year-old needs to be protected both from trying to do too much and from excessive self-criticism when failing. If he begins something well but ends it poorly, you can help him from having too great a feeling of failure. Plan with him toward the future when he will carry through better or not set himself such impossible tasks.

Though the eight-year-old often argues before carrying out a parental request, he finally obeys with an "If you insist." Remember that Eight prefers to work for an immediate cash reward rather than simply for the sake of helping. Many want just a hint or cue, not full directions, which they consider babyish.

Eight is ready for a good two-way relationship. Now concerned with what people think as well as what they do, he has more to offer than he did earlier, but he expects more of people in return. With Mother, especially, the eight-year-old wants and demands a close, understanding relationship. Though this excessive demand may be something of a drain on a busy mother's time and spirit, a mother who can and does respond to it will be amply rewarded. A good mother-child relationship may well pave the way for other successful personal relationships in the future.

The child undergoes still another change at . . .

NINE YEARS

The nine-year-old lives more within himself and prefers to withdraw from the family circle. It is usually the peak age for the comic-book passion.

He is often extremely independent. He considers himself quite a man of the world and resists too much "bossing" by his parents. Actually, the average nine-year-old tends to be much more interested in friends than in family.

Though Nine courts adults for what they can do for him (expeditions, excursions, shared interests), he is much less interested than he was earlier in the relationship itself. Therefore, it is important not to impose yourself on the child of this age. He needs to have his independence respected.

If you are giving your nine-year-old too many orders and he is rebelling, just check to be sure that they are really essential—and that you're not just trying to convince yourself, and your child, that you still have the upper hand.

If left to himself and his friends, and treated like the mature person he considers himself, he displays remarkable self-reliance. Nine can be an age of perfecting skills, of solid accomplishment. However, Nine tends to be more of a worrier than was Eight. He wants to get good school marks, worries that he may fail, and is upset by failure and low grades. He may be particularly disturbed now if he has to be kept back, and that is one reason why any error in grade placement should ideally be adjusted before the fourth grade.

Nine often complains that his home and school tasks are "too hard," especially when he has an unpleasant task to perform. His eyes hurt when he has to study. His hands hurt when he has to practice the piano. His stomach aches if he has to sweep the floor or clean the yard.

All of these complaints should be respected within reason but should nevertheless be recognized for what they are—Nine's way of meeting an unpleasant situation. As a rule, they aren't really dangerous physical ailments. Gradually, though, the complaints, worries and rebellion diminish as the child approaches the peaceful age of ten.

TEN YEARS

From the parents' viewpoint, ten is one of the nicest ages. The child obeys easily and naturally and gains status in his own eyes by his obedience. His parents' word is law and he cheerfully obeys it.

Ten is not only satisfied with parents, family and teacher but with the world in general. Pleased with life, he finds it easy to enjoy himself. He is friendly to people and expects them to be friendly to him. Never again, after ten, will you as a parent receive the same wholehearted and unreserved acceptance of your actions and motives as you do from your ten-year-old boy or girl.

* * *

Summing up their new study, Drs. Ilg and Ames say: "Much of the so-called 'badness' in children is actually immaturity. Remember, there is a 'good' side even to the so-called 'bad' ages. Try to discover the good while at the same time you smooth over the bad."

And, despite all their scientific findings at the Gesell Institute, the two doctor-mothers point out that the prime requisites for successful parenthood are the same as they have been since Adam and Eve—patience, love and common sense.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EVE ARNOLD

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And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.
The Acts XVII:26

PSALM OF THE

DAN WEINER

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BLOODBANK

By CARL SANDBURG

Scarlet the sunset, crimson the dawn,
Rising moongold red curves
through the night
to sinking moongold red.
Poppy red a singing woman's lips.
Ruddy red the blush of true love's rose.
Fleeting the flash of a birdwing red.
Red the cardinal's hat.
Red the Communist flag.
Token red the corpsman's right sleeve cross.
Red the emblem cross
of surgeon, nurse, ambulance,
of hospital tent and ship—
crimson blood streams poured
together and together
blended into one likeness,
mingled in mute communions,
Catholic in flow with Protestant,
Nordic in flux with Negro.
Scoffers, sinners, deniers, in strength and rest
from blood of Christian believers.
Help and quiet to Christian believers from blood
of thieves, harlots, blasphemers.
Deep, oh deep, brother,
Deep, oh deep, sister,
The scarlet and crimson,
The human bloodbank red.

BOB BAGBY

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BILL AVERY

Edith Head (left) drapes model for Jeanmaire

Oscar winner Edith Head is more than Hollywood's first lady of fashion. She's a friend, confidante and adviser of the stars—and their favorite hideaway is . . .

Up in Edie's Room

By JOSEPH LAITIN

LIKE a destroyer whose sonic detector has just picked up the ping of an enemy sub, an office just inside the Paramount movie studio's main gate suddenly went on alert. A window lookout had spotted a certain glamorous actress bearing straight for the fitting room of chief fashion designer Edith Head, who has dressed a generation of stars from Clara Bow to Grace Kelly.

The actress charged up the carpeted stairway, brushed past the receptionist and pushed open the door to the vacant dressing room. Impatiently, she crushed out a half-smoked cigarette and paced the floor. Out of nowhere appeared a diminutive woman with ink-black bangs and dark glasses.

For an instant, Edith Head stood leaning against a wall in a far corner of the room, calmly measuring the voltage of the situation. Sensing her presence, the actress whirled around—but before she could open her mouth, Miss Head went into action.

"Pull your tummy in," she snapped. "Throw your shoulders back. Your posture, darling, and your temper keep getting worse." Taken aback, the actress froze in her steps. Before she could recover, Miss Head took her by the elbow, gently guided her to the couch, and inquired in a softer voice: "Now, what have they done to you, my dear?"

The actress wilted. "Oh, Edie. The producer is stupid and unreasonable." She wept. "That beautiful black dress you made for me—he won't let me wear the white ermine tails with it."

Edith patted the star's hands reassuringly, picked up the phone and asked for the producer. "This is Edith Head," she purred. "I'd like to get a new dress to replace the one with the ermine tails. It shouldn't take more than $1,000 . . . Oh, then you don't object that much to the ermine tails? . . . Yes, I'll tell her . . ."

The actress threw her arms around the designer. "Edie, I love you," she gushed, then swept out of the room. Another crisis had been neatly nipped up in Edie's room, the studio crossroads where the actress's vanity, the producer's pocketbook, the director's story and Edie's artistry meet for a showdown.

Edith Head, six-time winner of Oscars for costume designing, is Hollywood's first lady of fashion. As Paramount's chief costume designer since 1938, she dresses many of filmdom's leading actresses from mantilla to moccasin. She works her own particular brand of magic in a combination office and fitting room graced by six golden Oscar statuettes, table lamps whose bases are wood carvings of the female form, mirrored walls, a hobbyist collection of miniature sewing machines—and a hot plate for making coffee.

Edie's room in Paramount's wardrobe building has become a fa-

Left: Actresses often drop in on Miss Head, Paramount's chief costume designer, to grab a cup of coffee. Here's Rosalind Russell, in hillbilly costume that she wears in The Girl Rush. Right: Edie makes adjustments in curvaceous Anita Ekberg's costume for new Martin and Lewis movie, Artists and Models

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Top: Danny Kaye tries on armor designed by Edie for his role in The Court Jester. Left: Newcomer Carol Ohmart gets star treatment at fitting for playsuit. Right: In Edie's workroom are these dress forms of actresses—a sight once described by Cary Grant as "awe-inspiring." Edie prefers to dress stars in person, "on the hoof"

Edie's room used to be off limits for men —and Danny Kaye wishes it still were

vorite hideaway for the stars, and studio telephone operators usually ring her extension when they can't locate an actress on the set. There the stars go for a "coffee break," advice to the lovelorn, a chance to let their hair down and relax.

Audrey Hepburn is among the more frequent callers. She has a secret passion for fashion designing, so each day when Audrey's in Hollywood, Grace Sprague, a sketch artist, prepares dozens of likenesses of the pert little actress which Edie calls "Little Audreys." Then, for hours, Audrey will curl up in a corner and sketch clothes on the figures. After she has clothed them all, she will seek approval from Edie and her chief assistant designer, Pat Barto.

Another regular visitor is Grace Kelly. Cool and reserved in public, Miss Kelly likes to kick off her shoes, make herself at home and chat girl-talk with Edie. Like Audrey, she'd rather take her noontime meal in Edie's room than in the studio commissary. Over a sandwich and coffee one day, she complained to Edie that in the studio commissary she is badgered by newspaper columnists. "They're always asking the same question—why are men attracted to me?" she reported.

"Why don't you tell them perhaps it's because you're a girl?" suggested Edie.

Fledgling stars and lesser players get the same loving care and attention from Edie. Recently, Shirley MacLaine, a pixy-like newcomer co-starring with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in the new Hal Wallis production, Artists and Models, had spent long, arduous hours in Edie's room being fitted for a bat costume. Irritable from fatigue, twenty-one-year-old Shirley plumped down in a chair, bat wings and all, and announced: "If I'm going to play a bat, I should know something about bats. Am I a mammal or a reptile, and how do I have my babies?"

Startled seamstresses looked uneasily at their boss, who had been observing the proceedings with her arms folded. "That's the first reasonable request made of me today," said Edie. Whereupon, she called the research department and obtained the desired information—much to Shirley's astonishment and delight. The fitting continued with everybody in high spirits.

Newcomers aren't always that easy to handle. A recently arrived TV actress from New York—whom we shall call Karen—showed up in Edie's room one day for her first fitting. Pretty, talented, intelligent and mildly Bohemian in her attire, Karen was determined not to let Hollywood mold her into a svelte glamor girl even if it cost her a movie career.

Edie eyed her visitor's loose charcoal suit, the straw handbag and the shoes that sprouted flowered buckles. But before she could give her verdict, the actress spoke up: "Miss Head, I'd like to make it clear to you . . ." Edie interrupted gently: "Stand up, Karen, like a good little guinea pig. Let me see . . . about five feet six . . . 16 shoulders . . . 10 hips . . . all problems. But there are lots of girls around the country with the same problems and they'll be looking to you for guidance on what to wear, Karen. You may even bring back the broad-shouldered look."

The young actress's eyes flashed. "Miss Head, I'll not let you . . ." But Edie was busy penciling on a sketch pad. "You should wear something like this," Edie said, ripping off the page and holding it up for Karen to see. Karen stared at it, obviously not displeased.

"Now, Karen, I don't like to discuss one actress in front of another, but I'll make an exception this time," Edith went on. "There was an actress here not long ago who had a beautiful face like yours. The actress had a very simple formula—never do anything to distract from her face. Her name was Bergman, Ingrid Bergman, and she. . . ."

An assistant interrupted; some sketches needed an immediate okay. As she carefully checked them one by one, Edie continued to expound on the virtues of simplicity in dress. "As I see it, you're the kind of girl who gets lots of diamonds and you're the kind of girl who keeps them, but they should be put into a little box and never taken out."

As Edie talked, her eyes on the sketches, the actress surreptitiously slipped off her wrist a heavy bracelet and slid it into her pocket; one hand poked into her purse and emerged bare of rings; the other hand casually

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

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moved up to cover the brooch at her neck—and when the hand came down the brooch was gone. Edie abruptly put aside the sketches and leaned forward. "Yes, Karen," she said softly, "and that bag and those shoes have got to go, too."

Edie excused herself and left the room. The young actress quickly walked over to the dressing-room table, picked up the sketch paper with her new silhouette, glanced at it for a moment, and with a fleeting smile tucked it into her purse. She had, without realizing it, just joined the thousands of actresses who worship the seams of Edie's gowns.

But, as Edie readily concedes, her clothes sense is by no means infallible. Recently, a young actress under studio contract was to attend her first big Hollywood party. She came to Edie for help on a busy afternoon, and the designer put in a call to the wardrobe department. Original clothes used in Paramount pictures are kept there for use (after alterations) in later movies and for loan out to actresses for personal appearances. Edie fixed up her visitor with Grace Kelly's coat from Rear Window and a dress Audrey Hepburn had dazzled Humphrey Bogart with in Sabrina.

Next morning, three grim-faced Paramount executives marched into Edie's room with the young actress in tow. "Miss Head, you've got to do something about this girl," one of the executives said, and the other two nodded gravely. "We saw her at the party last night and it was disgraceful the way she was dressed." Turning to the crestfallen actress, he added sharply: "Remember, the studio has a big investment in you. Hereafter, you see Edith Head before you go to an important party." The girl simply said: "Yes, sir. I will."

The error, of course, was a classic one in the clothes business—the right clothes on the wrong woman. But that actress can have anything she wants from Edith Head as long as she lives.

Not all stars, either, fully appreciate Edie's talents. For reasons of her own, Paulette Goddard insists on bringing her own designer with her when she makes a picture at Paramount.

A mecca for most of Paramount's actresses, Edie's room was off limits to male actors until last year. (The sole exception was Bing Crosby, an old friend of Miss Head. Bing is color-blind, and he got into the habit of having Edie check him out, colorwise, before he went on the set.) She formerly confined her designing to women's gowns and costumes, leaving the male actors to others. But when White Christmas, starring Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, came along, she handled all the costuming in the picture—and she has been following that precedent ever since. Now Jerry Lewis, Cary Grant and Donald O'Connor are familiar faces up in Edie's room.

Most males, having once trod this erstwhile forbidden ground, are likely to return on some pretext. Not Danny Kaye, though. He regards Edie's room with the same affection most people reserve for the dentist's chair. His fittings for White Christmas and, more recently, The Court Jester were traumatic experiences. "Danny just doesn't suffer gracefully," Edie says.

Kaye's role in The Court Jester called for costumes that required lengthy fittings. Some of the costumes were skintight, which meant that Edie had to streamline Danny's underclothes. Danny rebelled, appealing to the producer to rewrite the script to save him from "sheer torture." The producer gave him much sympathy; Edie gave him short shrift. "Oh, quite fussing," she told him. "Women go through this all the time."

Her Husband Has a Couple of Oscars of His Own

Edie works at her job almost 24 hours a day, but still manages to maintain a gracious Mexican-style home and keep happy her two-Oscar husband, Wiard Ihnen, distinguished in his own field of set designing. Although Miss Head dresses in subdued homespun suits at the studio (so that she will be unobtrusive when a star sees her in the mirror during a fitting), around the house she goes in for loud reds and yellows with complete abandon. "I love to look like a Spanish omelet," Edie says.

During her spare time, Edie is catching up with some unfinished business. Two college degrees—a B.A. from the University of California and an M.A. from Stanford—were hers before she ever set foot in a studio. She was teaching languages at the Hollywood School for Girls and preparing for her Ph.D. when she decided that creative design was more in her line. She began going to art school at night and soon bluffed her way into a part-time job at Paramount as a sketch artist. In 1938, she became the first woman to be head designer of a major Hollywood studio. But she hadn't forgotten her early quest of a doctorate; she recently began getting together material for a thesis that would entitle her to the degree.

Edie won her first Oscar in 1949. It was for The Heiress, which starred Olivia de Havilland. The following year, as though to make up for lost time, Hollywood awarded her two Oscars—one for the color film Samson and Delilah, with Hedy Lamarr, and (on loan to 20th Century-Fox) another for the black-and-white All about Eve, with Bette Davis. In 1951, A Place in the Sun, with Elizabeth Taylor in the feminine lead, brought Edie her fourth Oscar. The fifth and sixth statuettes were for two Audrey Hepburn pictures—Roman Holiday in 1953 and Sabrina in 1954.

Edie doesn't rest on her laurels, though. She's always busy on her next movie, and she must think years ahead so as not to be caught with her styles down. But anticipating style changes is only one of her problems. After reading a script and conferring with the director on scene-by-scene action, she figures out how much money the character portrayed can afford to spend on a wardrobe. In The Bridges at Toko-ri, she first established the salary of Grace Kelly's movie husband, the Navy lieutenant played by Bill Holden. Then she estimated his probable income as a civilian. Keeping in mind his service pay and probable savings before he entered the service, she set about designing an appropriate wardrobe for his wife.

In Rear Window, the problem was different. Director Alfred Hitchcock credits Edie with playing a vital role in the picture by designing clothes for Miss Kelly which helped establish the conflict on which the story was based. Miss Kelly's role was that of a typical New York clothes-minded girl of sophistication, good taste and money. "The rough-and-tumble news magazine photographer, played by James Stewart, felt she was too much of a piece of Dresden china for him," Hitchcock explained, "and the clothes Edith designed for her told the story."

In the musical Anything Goes, Edie designed clothes for Jeanmaire that would show she is a woman of taste who knows how to dress for man appeal. In one shipboard scene, the French dancer is determined to make Bing Crosby fall in love with her. She manages a date and dresses for a romantic walk on the moonlit deck, but Bing's technique of discouraging her is to give her a fast workout in the ship's gym. "That dress looked ethereal," Edie says, "but it could go ten rounds."

The way in which Edie tackles a new actress and a new picture was demonstrated recently when an "unknown" named Carol Ohmart reported to her. Carol, who hopes to crash through the star barrier with her forthcoming movie, The Scarlet Hour, was sent up to Edie's room with a note from her director: "Dress this girl like a star."

In the movie, Carol's first, she plays the role of a wife who murders

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Director Alfred Hitchcock and star Grace Kelly (center) look over dress designed by Miss Head for actress to wear in To Catch a Thief. Grace is frequent visitor in Edie's room

For years Edie has dressed stars, but she's never seen a perfect figure

her husband and gets mixed up in a jewel robbery with her lover. "I asked her to walk around the room," says Edie. "I couldn't identify her with any Hollywood type, so I knew I'd have to start from scratch. I noticed that Carol looks like a cat and moves like a cat—so I simply dressed her like a cat in a skintight tawny beige dress made of jersey and fur." Commented a studio executive who went up to Edie's room for an appraisal of Carol: "One look at her and you feel ten vertical scratches down your back."

The climate up in Edie's room changes with the visit of every star. Joan Fontaine, who often brings her two young daughters along, lends a touch of domesticity; Jeanmaire sparks it with spontaneity and warmth: Mitzi Gaynor radiates gaiety and the exuberance of youth; Marlene Dietrich infuses the atmosphere with her own special brand of Continental sophistication; Anita Ekberg, Sweden's answer to Marilyn Monroe, charges the air with Scandinavian sex appeal; Barbara Stanwyck manages to generate a feeling of awe, genuine warmth and good-fellowship, all at the same time. Bette Davis's visits are always memorable; Edie says she conducts the fittings like a bank president.

"Bette walks in here like a small, disciplined cyclone," she says. "You don't discuss details with Bette. She shows you how she is going to play the part—how she is going to throw herself on the bed, sit on the desk or whirl around and walk out in a huff. 'That,' says Bette, 'is the way I want the clothes to act.' "

Despite the surface turmoil up in Edie's room, she usually has things more or less under control. But there are days when she fervently wishes she'd never left schoolteaching. Not long ago, an urgent call came from one of the sets. A dance scene was being shot, and Edie had designed a loose-fitting sunsuit for the star, not aware that it was to be used in an acrobatic ballet rather than a simple dance routine. During the first take, the director was startled to see that when the dancer moved, the sunsuit didn't. The production was held up while Edie, under forced draft, forged a rugged dance costume that only *looked* like a fragile sunsuit.

But this incident was nothing compared to the crisis that occurred two days later on the Ten Commandments set. Cecil B. de Mille had suddenly ordered the cameras to stop rolling as Nina Foch, playing the Pharaoh's daughter, emerged dripping wet from the "Nile" bearing a basket containing the baby Moses. With the dress clinging to her body, Miss Foch's personality came through as never before. While hundreds of extras and highly paid technicians stood idle, de Mille urgently summoned Miss Head. Her face fell in dismay as she observed Miss Foch; the dress even looked flesh-colored. When a dress is slated for submersion, the usual procedure is to test-dunk the material beforehand; in this case, Miss Head had deemed it unnecessary because the script merely said Miss Foch would "wade" into the river. "How should I know," Edie said later, "that Mr. de Mille's idea of wading is what I call deep-sea diving?"

Despite such emergencies, the only recorded time Edie lost her aplomb was some years ago when Mae West was trying on a new gown. Mae was at the exact midway point between taking off her old dress and putting on the new one, when two overalled studio electricians walked unannounced into the dressing room looking for the fuse box. Miss West greeted them warmly and said she'd be glad to help them look for it. Miss Head was not so cordial; she threw them out. After that, Edie installed a spring lock on the door to her sanctum.

In the Workroom—Where the Torsos Are Kept

Down a long corridor from Edie's office-fitting room is her workroom. A visitor lucky enough to get in is greeted by the sight of bustling activity and a profusion of white cotton-fiber torsos, some near workbenches and others huddled in a corner. Cary Grant once described this forest of molds of the stars' figures as awe-inspiring. The torsos bearing the legends "Gertrude Berg," the motherly actress who became famous as Mrs. Goldberg on radio and TV, and "Mae West" stand out together in mute camaraderie. Also prominent is "Jane Russell," providing sharp contrast to nearby "Grace Kelly" and "Audrey Hepburn." "Marlene Dietrich" evokes no surprise except for a fleeting thought that her beautiful legs are missing. The mannequins are used for fittings when the star herself is unavailable, but Edie prefers that the actresses come in personally. "There's no substitute for dressing them on the hoof," she says.

In all the years Edith Head has been draping the world's most luscious figures, she has never seen a perfect one. While the architectural defects of the average actress are usually minor, the movie camera magnifies them and so they must be dealt with on a high-priority level. One typical problem is the glamorous actress who is a little too well-equipped for sitting on uncushioned seats. For her, Edie always used to resort to the traditional solution: a full-flared, billowy skirt.

But one day a director balked. "I'm tired of having her look like an open parachute or something you put over a boudoir telephone," he complained. Pressed for a new answer to an ancient problem, Edie found a clue in women's dresses of a hundred years ago. She designed a slim, pale-beige chiffon dress, went out and bought two yards of taffeta ribbon in a darker beige color, about eight inches wide, cut it in two so that each piece would reach down to the hemline. Then she fixed the tails to the dress near the small of the back with an ordinary safety pin, tucked under so it wouldn't show. It was so effective that the actress, a well-known glamor girl, brought in one of her own dresses, a white linen gown, and Edie affixed to it two bright scarlet streamers. She started a fad around Hollywood, even with actresses who had nothing to hide.

Like most other women, glamorous actresses, with all their riches, beauty and fame, have their man problems, and they often turn to Edie for advice. One stunning young star visited Edie on the pretext of wanting to borrow a hat but soon began pouring out her heart. The girl, whose face was gracing many a current magazine cover, had tumbled for a wealthy young playboy who was giving her the offhand treatment.

During this heart-to-heart talk, Edie learned the actress loved to wear casual, college-type clothes on dates, with almost no make-up. Unlike many other actresses, she hated to be "on stage" in her personal life. Edie urged her to switch to costumes dripping with glamor, just like she wore in her films. "This boy obviously wants to be seen with a movie queen and you're letting him down," Edie told her. "If you want him, you're going to have to be on stage every minute you're out with him."

The actress's entire personal wardrobe was revamped under Edie's guidance—and she got her man.

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Generally, however, Edie urges simplicity in dress for a girl in courtship, at least until the girl figures out her beau's tastes. "When it comes time to meet the family, don't look like a clotheshorse and don't look too sure of yourself," she says. "At all costs, avoid wearing a competitive dress—one that his mother or sister will wish she had." Above all, Edie says, girls should be careful to dress as though they were interested in a proposal, not a proposition: "Your dresses should be tight enough to show you're a woman and loose enough to show you're a lady."

Miss Head believes strongly that if a woman wants to dress effectively, she must learn to be as coldly objective about her figure as an actress is. No punches are pulled in Edie's fitting room: she and a star will discuss the actress's figure as impersonally as though they were assessing the merits and drawbacks of a headless and anonymous dressmaker's mannequin.

Edie feels it is hard to give clothes advice without seeing the individual, but she does have a few simple rules about color and line. She has learned there is nothing more fatal than trying to disguise weight with tight clothes, and that the lighter the color, the larger the woman wearing it will appear. She rarely uses more than two colors at the same time because it becomes distracting. In fact, she is an advocate of the use of three shades of the same color—for example, a dark brown dress or suit with beige and cocoa accessories.

"If you are short and stocky, don't wear flared skirts," Edie adds. "If you are very tall and thin, use tunics, peplums and fullness. The main thing is to hide your defects and to remember that the simpler the line, the plainer the color, the more ease of fit in the dress or suit, the better you will look in it."

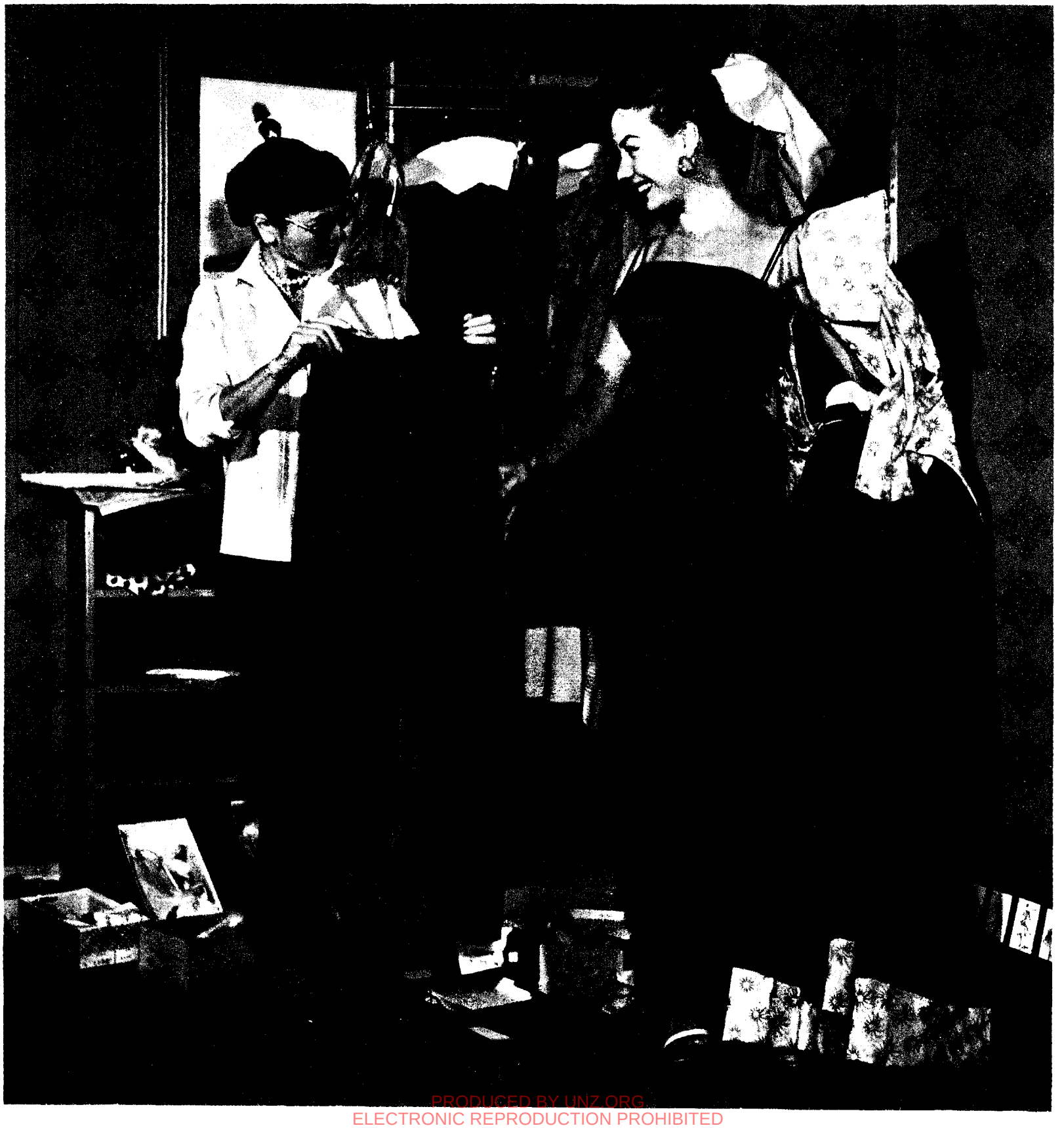
Although she has won more Oscars than any other costume designer, Edie is modest about her accomplishments and claims to be a better diplomat than designer. "In any one building on New York's Seventh Avenue, there are 20 designers better than I," she says, "but they wouldn't last a day in Hollywood."

Slightly tongue in cheek, she sums up her contribution this way: "Within the limitations set by the story, the actress's figure, the censor, good taste, the budget, the color expert, the set decorator, the sound technician, the cameraman, the director and my own creativeness, I simply give the actress what she wants. And I don't try to cram anything down her throat."

But tact and skill alone do not account for Edie's popularity with Paramount's actresses. Olivia de Havilland says Miss Head's big secret is that "she knows when the lionesses need to be fed."

"Surely," says Olivia, "one of the reasons she has all her limbs, no scars and six Oscars is that she knows just the right moment to produce a chicken sandwich." ▲▲▲

Miss Head, who has six Oscars, shows Mitzi Gaynor the wardrobe she designed for the star's role in a forthcoming movie



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GEORGE TAMES

Former Senator Cain, now an Eisenhower appointee to the Subversive Activities Control Board. Picture was taken at his home

The Harry Cain "MUTINY"

By L. EDGAR PRINA

Once rated a Senate archconservative, this Republican amazed all Washington by suddenly launching a bitter attack on the Eisenhower security program. Here's why he did it

WHEN former Senator Harry Pulliam Cain took the oath as a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board two years ago, no one—including himself—could have predicted the astonishing change in his thinking on security matters that would follow, nor the swirling behind-the-scenes controversy it would set off.

Here was a right-wing, pro-McCarthy Republican before he left the Senate, a defeated one-termer, in January, 1953. Here was a die-hard supporter of the late Robert A. Taft's Presidential ambitions being "taken care of" by the victorious Eisenhower administration. (Cain told me that Taft had urged him to take an administration post "so the President would have at least one conservative near him.")

A bookmaker on politics would have given heavy odds that the vigorously anti-Communist Cain, one of the few politicians who did not jump on Ike's band wagon even after it was thundering toward the White House, would have diligently attended to his new $15,000-a-year job and done nothing to irritate persons in higher authority.

The bookmaker, as everyone knows by now, would have lost a bundle. Last January 15th, Cain spoke to the archconservative Fifth Congressional District Republican Club in Spokane in his home

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WIDE WORLD

IN 1949, AS SENATOR, Cain said ex-Gov. Mon Wallgren (above) of Washington was "soft on Communism." Cain now deeply regrets his attack, which he says was not justified. Wallgren had been up for a government post. He didn't get it

IN 1955, AS SACB MEMBER, Cain defended Wolf Ladejinsky, who after being cleared by the State Department had been dropped as security risk by the Agriculture Department. Ladejinsky later was hired by Foreign Operations agency

UNITED PRESS

state of Washington. This turned out to be the opening salvo in what has become known as the Harry Cain Mutiny.

The former senator, wise in the ways of publicity, personally put copies of his speech into the hands of reporters for the Washington Star and the Post before flying West. The next day both newspapers carried front-page stories in their big Sunday editions. Washington officialdom did a mass double-take.

Harry Cain, the man who had used Communism as a personal political weapon in the campaign that vaulted him into the Senate in 1946 and then used it again to block confirmation of Mon C. Wallgren, a nominee of President Truman, had now delivered a scorching attack on the administration's employee security program—the program designed to rid the government payroll of Communists, subversives and security risks of all kinds. He called it unfair, too severe and a threat to the rights of American citizens. He demanded reforms.

Close friends and even his wife had tried to dissuade him from speaking out.

"I told him it was the wrong speech at the wrong time and in the wrong place," Mrs. Cain said. "I thought it would ruin him politically." But as her husband boarded the plane for Spokane, she withdrew her objections and wished him luck.

If there were some who didn't believe what they read, Cain banished all doubts on March 18th in a speech in Washington, D.C., before the National Civil Liberties Clearing House. This time, in addition to criticizing the security program, he blasted the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations and called for its prompt liquidation.

"The problem," as he later put it in a letter to Attorney General Herbert Brownell, "remains that of taking action in ways to better protect individuals from unintended oppression."

In taking this view, the fast-talking, leather-lunged Republican got a lot of support. Organizations like Americans for Democratic Action and the CIO Communications Workers Union, which had been fighting the same fight for a long time, were astonished and delighted to find Cain on their side. Newspapers which had been editorially critical of the administration security program were quick to praise the former senator. Approval was not confined to the left of center. Condemnation of the security setup had come from groups of every political coloration, and now conservatives of both major parties were among those cheering Cain's stand.

Three members of the United States Supreme Court have voiced approval of Cain's crusade: Chief Justice Warren and Justices Frankfurter and Burton. Warren congratulated Cain warmly at a recent Congressional Club party. Frankfurter pumped his hand enthusiastically upon meeting him with Raymond Brandt, a correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, at the spring dinner of the Gridiron Club, and told him that he was making one of the "most constructive contributions" to American political life in a long time.

Burton wrote a letter in his own hand to the former senator. Referring to the Spokane speech, entitled Can Freedom and Security Live Together?, he said:

"It is the best statement I have seen on this subject. I have read it with interest, pleasure and profit. It deserves wide attention. It reflects an informed, competent understanding of this vital and sensitive problem.

"Its fearless, objective and constructive treatment of the subject is as refreshing and impressive as it, unfortunately, is rare."

Cain's Role in the Ladejinsky Case

There were other persons, however, who were less than enchanted by Cain's outspokenness—particularly when he helped lead the chorus of condemnation inspired by the administration's handling of the Ladejinsky case. Wolf Ladejinsky, a land-reform expert, was held to be a security risk by the Department of Agriculture after having been cleared by the State Department. Finally, the Foreign Operations Administration, after a new evaluation of the files, gave him a clean bill and hired him—but not before the administration had been sharply criticized by the press and many individuals . . . including Cain.

When the SACB member returned to the capital after his Spokane speech, he received two telephone calls from the White House. One was from Maxwell Rabb, the President's adviser on minority group problems. "Harry, why didn't you let us screen that speech?" Rabb asked.

"Max, because I wanted to give it," came the unabashed reply.

The other call was from Sherman Adams, The Assistant to the President and "coach" of the Eisenhower "team." He asked Cain to stop by his office.

"He gave me unshirted hell," the forty-nine-year-old Washingtonian asserted. "I tried to explain the merits of my criticism of the security program, but he snorted: 'To hell with the merits. You understand this problem better than I do, but this is a team and you're expected to play on it.' "

If Cain has been an irritant to some of the White House entourage, he has been unadulterated poison to the Justice Department. One high official there, when asked to comment on the former senator's Spokane speech, said to me:

"Has Cain got any friends left in the administration? He never discussed his criticisms with anyone in the department before he teed off on us. He should have fought his battle within the administration. If he lost, and still felt deeply about it, he should have resigned. Then he would have been perfectly free to belt us to his heart's content."

Are Security Risks Cain's Affair?

The official then made a point the department has been making ever since—that Cain is speaking outside his field of responsibility. "For him to be talking about the employee security program is like a guy who has been delivering babies all his life suddenly performing a delicate brain operation," he commented. The official went on to explain what many persons do not understand about our complicated internal security system—that is, that members of the Subversive Activities Control Board do not hear employee security risk cases. Cain's job on the board is to help determine whether the Attorney General is correct in alleging that an organization is a Communist front.

Administration officials were somewhat hesitant at the outset to comment publicly on Cain's activities—probably in the hope he would stop rocking the boat. For several months the only direct quote was from William F. Tompkins, assistant attorney general in charge of internal security. He told a Senate subcommittee pointedly that Cain "has no responsibilities" under the employee program.

Later, Brownell took a more direct approach—right in Cain's old bailiwick. Talking to newsmen after a recent speech in Seattle, the Attorney General said that Cain and others should be "responsible" and "get their facts straight."

Brownell reportedly informed a group of Republican leaders in Seattle that Cain did not have the foggiest notion of what the security program was all about and that he was one of the most disruptive influences in the administration. In view of these statements by Tompkins and Brownell, Cain tells this story with particular delight:

A former government attorney in search of another federal job was having security trouble. He went to Cain. During their discussion, Cain asked him who sent him over. "Why, ———— of the Justice Department," the man replied. "He said if anyone could help me it was you, because you knew a lot about the program and were interested in helping individuals." The official he named is one of Tompkins' chief assistants!

Cain's attack on the subversive list, which came after his talk with Adams, showed the futility of trying to put pressure on him to be quiet, but Brownell nevertheless invited his nemesis to meet him for a Dutch-uncle discussion April 1st. Tompkins joined the talks, which lasted three hours.

Cain had prepared a critique of the entire security program. But, says Cain, Brownell concentrated on Cain's criticism of the subversive list. He told his caller that he had been embarrassed and disturbed by his speeches which, he said, dealt publicly with matters outside the jurisdiction of the SACB. He wanted to know what Cain intended to do or say about the security program and the list in the future.

The former senator, who himself is not insensitive to criticism, thought the matter over for a few days and then wrote a 10-page letter to Brownell. It is doubtful whether the Cabinet officer has ever been spoken to more bluntly.

Although Cain had told Brownell he would not want to stay in his post if he lost the confidence of higher officials—he told Adams the same thing in January—he wrote that he had "no immediate intention of resigning." Then he began swinging.

"I am not convinced you appreciate the vast difference between your public pronouncements and the lack of achievement (in combating Communism) that follows . . .," he declared. After chiding the Attorney General for his "failure to prosecute

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After his turnabout, Cain was rebuked by Sherman Adams . . .

. . . but Chief Justice Earl Warren offered congratulations

your cases" before the SACB "more energetically," Cain said he had not been on the board long when "it became distressingly apparent that something was organically wrong in your department." One indication, he said, was that the board didn't have enough work to do. He continued:

"The threat of Communist subversion and infiltration is either real, as you constantly say it is publicly, or it is more fanciful than real, as this board's workload might indicate."

A new tack was taken by Brownell in the wake of the Cain letter. He directed Tompkins to meet with his severest critic for a series of basic discussions on the security program. The two spent more than 10 hours together in three meetings. When the talks were concluded May 10th, Cain felt confident he had convinced Tompkins that at least two important improvements should be adopted at the earliest time. He wrote Adams an optimistic note to that effect.

The first proposal was one that Tompkins already had been considering: to allow department heads to keep an employee on the job at least until his case has been heard. At present, the employee must be suspended without pay before he may be granted a hearing. The second was that the government should provide counsel for its civilian jobholders in security cases, just as it does for its men in uniform in courts-martial.

Cain was hoping to get a reply from Tompkins on what the Justice Department planned to do, at a meeting scheduled for May 16th. The meeting never took place. Tompkins said he needed more time. Cain still is waiting.

Meanwhile, the "mutiny" roared on. In a major address before a B'nai B'rith convention May 23d at Kiamesha Lake, New York, Cain assailed the subversive list anew and cited examples of the extreme uses to which it was being put by some state and local officials and vigilante groups.

Some administration leaders now seem ready to try a third approach to the Cain problem—a "let-him-bark" attitude. They comfort themselves with the thought that the security program is virtually up-to-date, with all but a few of the 2,300,000 federal employees screened; that no controversial cases are likely to arise because of the close scrutiny each problem case gets and that, anyway, the whole issue arouses little public interest outside Washington.

GEORGE TAMES

Harry Cain, at home with wife Marge and their two children: Harry III, 17, and Marlyce, 12

Harry Cain, on the other hand, plans to carry on his campaign. Being something of a fatalist, he says he is not worrying about whether he will be reappointed or given a new post by the White House when his SACB term ends in August, 1956.

He's so sure he's right, he feels the bitter voices in the administration now ranged against him will ultimately join him in sweet harmony.

"As a matter of fact, there are some people in the administration who agree with me now. As for the others, it is only a matter of time before they understand that we are working for the common good," he said. Then after a moment, he added: "I want to stay in the administration and keep doing this. But if I'm wrong, and I'm no longer wanted, then how can I bow out at a better time?"

Because of a certain amount of misunderstanding, Cain likes to make two things clear in connection with his current efforts:

He has not become, in his own words, a "liberal." His switch is confined to the one issue of internal security and individual liberties. He emphasized to me that were he back in the Senate he would be voting as a conservative on most domestic and foreign-policy matters.

He does not favor a weaker security setup. He wants the present one to be "fair as well as firm."

"If a security officer has charges that can stand up, then I'm on his side," he says. "I am still as anti-Communist as I have always been—only I know a little bit more about it now."

An Administration "Problem Child"

Some people are convinced the administration does not know how to handle Cain. Although he has been the most outspoken of all the inside-the-administration critics of administration policies he is not as vulnerable as some have been. The others could be summarily dismissed; there is some question whether that is true of SACB members. The board is a creation of Congress, and is independent and quasi-judicial. The President appoints the members with the advice and consent of the Senate. The law states that the President may remove a board member for only one or both of two reasons: malfeasance in office and neglect of duty. The Cain Mutiny hardly lends itself to either charge.

I asked Chairman Thomas J. Herbert, an Eisenhower appointee and ex-governor of Ohio, about his next-door neighbor's performance on the SACB.

"Harry Cain is doing a fine job on the board," Herbert said. "As to the other matters to which he has been addressing himself, he is speaking as an individual and not for the board. I think he has made that abundantly clear."

No matter how much certain administration leaders deplore Cain's decision to take his fight to the public, they cannot say they did not know where he stood. For months before he spoke out he discussed his apprehensions on security with executive-branch officials. He circulates all his speeches and public statements to some 100 leading government officials and members of Congress. He requests their comments. He has pleaded with the Justice Department repeatedly to enact improvements or convince him that his recommendations are not desirable. This has not been done.

In the last nine months, Harry Cain has been asked many questions, but none more often than what caused him to change from a supporter of McCarthy to his new role as a zealous civil libertarian. Here is his explanation:

"In my job on the Subversive Activities Control Board I have had time to sit, listen and think. When I was in the Senate I tried to do too much for too many people in too many directions all at once. I lost sight of some of the fundamentals which have returned to focus in the last two years.

"I have seen how much damage a person in Congress can do by orating without knowing what he is talking about.

"Most of my views, however, have been developed from the stories related to me by the most important fellow in the world, the average, ordinary American citizen.

"When first they started to come to me to discuss their difficulties, I thought perhaps they were overemphasizing the problem. But the more I looked into their cases, the more I began to understand that the very system we had developed to protect freedom was a system which, if we didn't manage it more intelligently, was destined to destroy freedom."

As for Senator McCarthy, Cain explained that he backed him when the Wisconsin Republican was trying to alert the nation to the internal Communist menace. But to scotch any idea that he had been a blind follower of McCarthy, Cain recalled his part in the case of Anna M. Rosenberg, former Assistant Secretary of Defense, in December, 1950. Mrs. Rosenberg had been accused of having associated with a Communist group in the 1930s. One of McCarthy's aides played a shadowy role in the affair, although he did not make any of the charges. Cain was a member of the Senate Armed Services subcommittee which examined the facts. After reading the FBI file on Mrs. Rosenberg, he told the full committee that it supported her "established loyalty." He denounced certain of the witnesses against her as "cowardly, dishonest and traitorous in their conduct and testimony." He urged the committee to prefer perjury charges.

Today, Cain declares: "I am solidly opposed to what people call McCarthyism, regardless of its origin." He defines "McCarthyism" as that "which employs allegation in place of fact, insinuation instead of reason, the cloudy charge instead of specific complaint, and guilt by association without bothering to relate the circumstances to what, where, when and why."

Cain is no holier-than-thou. He admits having resorted to a form of McCarthyism months before McCarthy first got into the anti-Communist act in 1950. This is the story:

In 1949, Truman nominated his card-playing chum, Mon Wallgren, to be chairman of the National Security Resources Board, a job then considered by many to be potentially one of the most important in government. Cain opposed the nomination. He contended that Wallgren was not competent enough.

Before the battle was over, however, Cain had gone further and had charged Wallgren with being "soft" on Communism. He cited certain of the former Washington governor's associates in this

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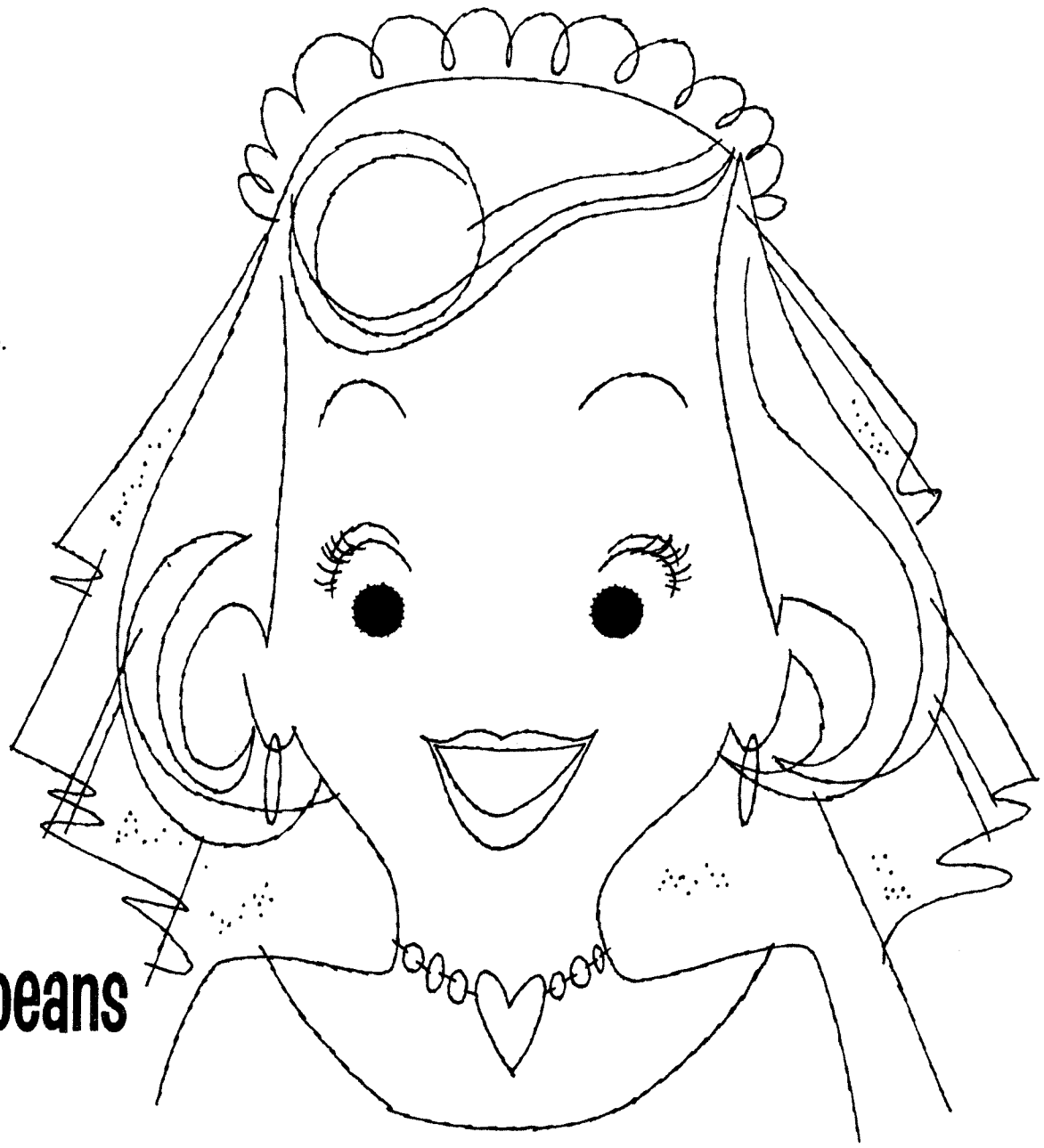

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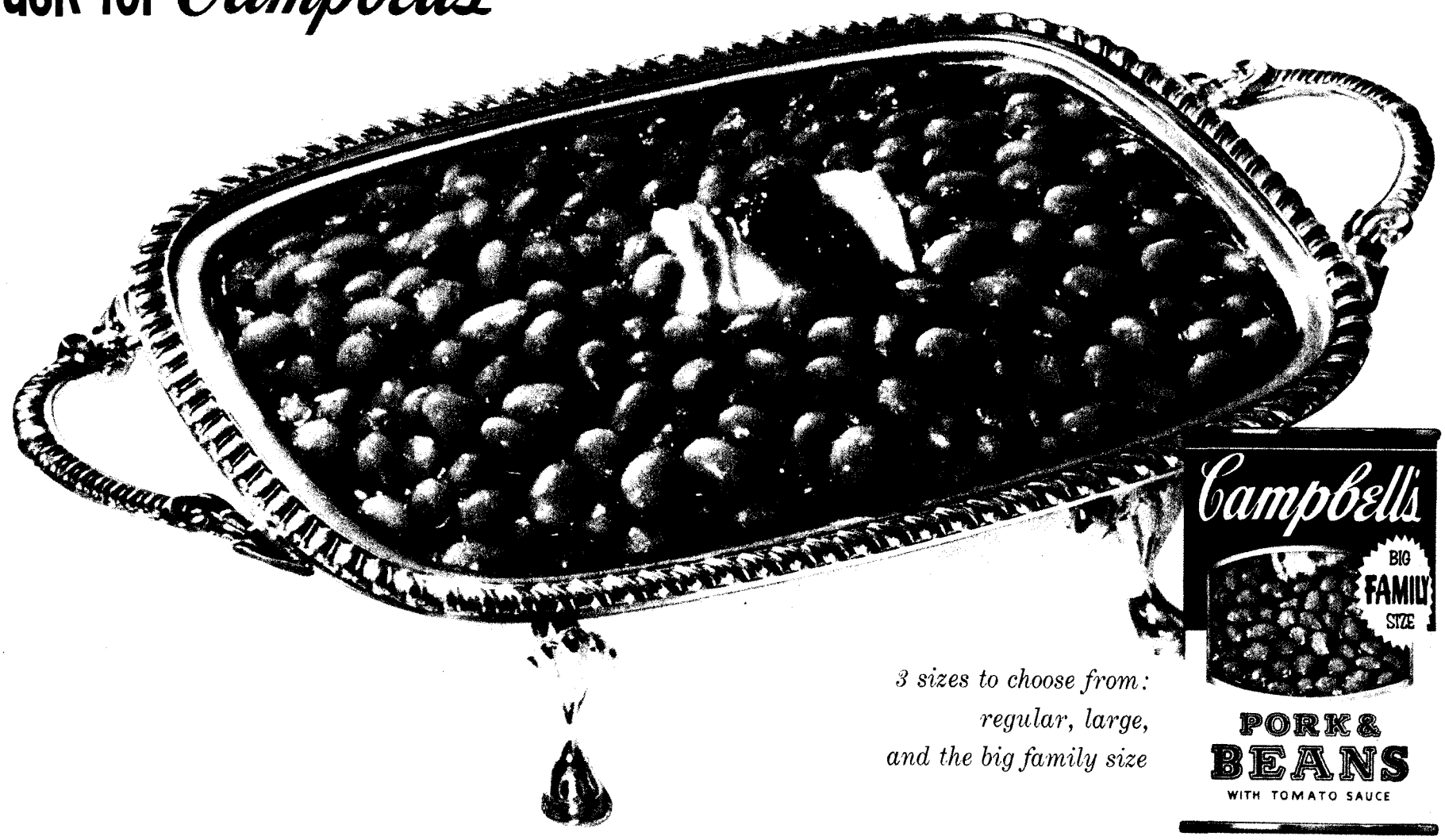

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regard. Wallgren denied the accusations. But the Senate Armed Services Committee tabled the nomination and Truman withdrew Wallgren's name.

Now, looking back, the surprisingly candid Cain conceded he had wronged his old political foe.

"From hindsight, I am willing to agree I didn't know what I was talking about," he acknowledged. "I didn't have justification to say that about Wallgren. I didn't like him and I was willing to treat him differently than someone I liked."

He explained that he "permitted others to persuade me that Wallgren's associations were of a very dangerous character when I didn't know that to be a fact," and concluded:

"Today I'm just not such a damn' fool as I once was."

If Cain has been asked about the change in his thinking on security, Washington officials of both parties have been asking themselves the same thing. Their puzzlement is perhaps best expressed by these remarks of one of Cain's right-wing friends, Senator William E. Jenner, Republican of Indiana, when I put the question to him:

"Harry's 180-degree turn has been the subject of a lot of cloakroom conversation. But no one knows the answer. We just keep asking one another the question."

McCarthy likewise was baffled. "I can't understand him," McCarthy remarked, shaking his head. "You know how unpredictable he is. He has made the administration unhappy and has alienated the right wing of the Republican party. What has he got left?"

WHILE neither Jenner nor McCarthy suggested that Cain might be motivated by visions of a return to the Senate, some administration officials say privately they believe that's it. In fact, not long after the Spokane speech, Sherman Adams asked Cain whether he had any plans to run in '56. He said he had none.

Nevertheless, crediting Cain with a prescience he may not possess, some officials maintain he jumped on the pendulum just after it reached its highest rightward point and is now riding it back toward center with a series of political-minded front-page attacks on the security program.

They believe, however, that his prospects for winning the Senate nomination in a battle with popular Governor Arthur B. Langlie, an "early Eisenhower man," would be slim. Langlie is the White House choice.

Neutral observers agree. They put it this way: Cain formerly depended heavily on conservative support. He probably now has dissipated a significant amount of it and would not likely take many liberal votes from Langlie. Should he upset the governor, he would be a distinct underdog against Senator Warren Magnuson, the Democratic incumbent.

On his own part, Cain continues to deny he plans to run for the Senate or any other office. "It seems to me that I'm out of that business once and for all," he says. "To be very practical and blunt about it, I don't think I could be re-elected."

But he hasn't closed the door. He openly states his belief that "the most desirable job on the face of the earth" is United States Senator. And he has gone so far as to say "it is conceivable that I may run again" if there is a spontaneous call by others for him to do so. Before making any decision to re-enter the political wars, he will have to weigh the wishes of his family. Mrs. Cain has made it clear where she stands.

"I'll never speak to you if you run again," she told him with only a trace of a smile at dinner recently. Then, turning to me, she said: "What's the advantage of gaining a senator and losing a husband and father?" (The Cains have a son, seventeen, and a daughter, twelve.) "That's what it would be. We've been through that once."

LIKE most persons, Harry Cain is pretty much the creature of his background. A major in Greek at Sewanee, a liberal arts college in his native Tennessee, he went into the banking field and thence to politics. He ran for mayor of Tacoma, Washington, and won in an upset. Later, he was reelected by a huge majority.

Regarded as a liberal in those days, he was one of only a few West Coast leaders who protested the incarceration of the Japanese nisei in California after Pearl Harbor. He left office to join the Army and wound up as a colonel in the airborne infantry, winner of a battlefield promotion.

Cain's readiness—even eagerness—to help anyone in distress doubtless springs in part from the fact that he himself has known all sorts of anguish, beginning with the crushing shock of his idolized mother's death when he was eleven years old. Shortly after that, he lost his voice for several months and came down with a partial facial paralysis which he has never entirely lost.

When Cain joined the SACB in 1953, according to Kathryn McHale, one of his Democratic fellow members, "he did little talking and a lot of listening. He read voraciously—everything he could find that bore on his new job and responsibilities. He worked hard, very hard, at home, in the office and elsewhere, to think this thing through."

One day in late 1953, Cain received a telephone call from a woman who came from Seattle but was then living in Rockville, Maryland. She was calling on behalf of her husband, who had been suspended as a security risk from his job as a research biologist at the National Cancer Institute. She said she had sought help from senators and congressmen without avail.

"I'm desperate—may I come to see you?" she pleaded.

Cain had her in, was impressed by her story and agreed to look into the case. Her husband, he found, had come to Washington in August, 1943, to take a minor job with the Cancer Institute. His talent for medical research brought him advancement—until the Truman loyalty program caught him up in late 1948. He was accused in unsworn testimony of having been a member and organizer for the Communist party in the state of Washington from 1941 to 1943. He was cleared twice under the loyalty setup, but then encountered trouble under the much stricter Eisenhower security test.

"After looking into the case for six weeks, I became convinced that the man had not been a Communist and that he couldn't possibly have been a party organizer," Cain said. "I was encouraged in this belief because he never pleaded the Fifth Amendment and was willing to take a lie-detector test.

"But aside from that," he said, "here is what disturbed me. None of the charges had anything to do with his conduct in the last 10 years. When I consulted staff members at the institute—all of whom were willing to appear as character witnesses for him—I learned that he was working on experiments which, if successful, might enable doctors to determine from a blood specimen whether a person had cancer. It was the opinion of these folks that the man was reasonably close to telling whether the experiments were going to be successful."

Cain made this plea to the hearing board which handled the case: "Even if all the charges were true, I say it still would be in the nation's interest to keep him on the job at the Cancer Institute in work that might very well benefit all mankind someday."

The board recommended otherwise and the research biologist was fired February 1, 1954. (The House Committee on Un-American Activities, it should be noted, turned up two witnesses after he was dismissed who swore they had known him to be a fellow member of the Communist party. The biologist admitted he belonged to a discussion group which, he said, "in restrospect may very well have been an arm of the Communist party." He denied ever being a party member.)

And so the case that started Harry Cain on his campaign "to balance justice and security" was a losing one.

Far from discouraged, Cain helped the discharged scientist get placed in private industry and turned his enormous drive and enthusiasm to a study of the security program. Meantime, several other government workers called on him for help. Last fall he began expressing concern privately over what he believed was an overemphasis on security. He said that from the response he got within the administration it was evident that little would be done about it if private conversations were relied upon.

That was the situation when he received a telephone invitation late last November to speak in Spokane on January 15th. He decided on the spot that it was time to speak out on security, despite the near certainty of a clash with the administration.

CAIN'S activities have put him and his charming wife, Marge, on the black list of a number of former friends. Some are in Congress and others, like radio commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., are in the newspaper, radio and television fields.

"Undeniably," Cain said, "some of our friends who contend that subversion prospers under every bush have declared a state of siege and are not to be seen in my company."

The chill was especially noticeable shortly after his speech before the Civil Liberties group in March. Cain recalled:

"One friend, whose husband is in private business here and who has close associations with certain senators, informed my wife that she had been told very pointedly that 'anybody who kept the company of Harry and Marge Cain was completely off the list—if you were known to be a friend of Harry Cain you had gone soft on subversion.' "

According to Cain, his wife replied: "This is awkward. You have a living to make. This door will be open to you in the future as it has always been and still is. When you feel it is safe to return, we'll be happy to see you."

An uncommonly friendly person, Cain insists that only a small number of his old friends has ostracized him. He notes that Mrs. Cain has carried on actively her participation in both the Congressional and Senate Wives clubs, without incident.

Cain has always been independent. Today, he is more independent than ever. The Cain Mutiny definitely has been a one-man show. Perhaps this is because Cain is an acknowledged authority on one of the important issues of our time. He simply knows more about the subject than most officials. When he was invited to testify before the Johnston subcommittee of the Senate it was in the role of expert witness on the employee security program. He has testified before another Senate subcommittee and has been consulted by a third.

THAT Cain's powerful and persuasive oratory has helped bring about a new atmosphere and approach to the problems of internal security is hardly debatable.

His support for a bipartisan Commission on Government Security aided its approval by Congress, according to Senator Hubert Humphrey, Minnesota Democrat, one of the bill's sponsors.

And Cain might as well have written the report that came from the Senate Internal Security subcommittee following his testimony before it. Signed by such senators as Chairman James O. Eastland, a Mississippi Democrat, and Jenner—neither of whom could be called a flaming liberal—the report strongly recommended two major items long advocated by Cain: first, that the Attorney General publish a handbook on his list of subversive organizations to include information that would assist in the evaluation of a person's membership in such a group and, second, that federal job applicants be granted an evaluation of any derogatory data that might be listed against them.

Paradoxically, Cain has provided leadership and a rallying point in a real sense for liberal elements which have been trying unsuccessfully for a long time to achieve what he has achieved: the dramatization of the issue of security and individual rights. There are increasing signs that the administration is reacting favorably. For example, the White House did not try to block the commission plan in Congress although the President and Brownell had previously thrown cold water on the idea. President Eisenhower now says he will co-operate fully with such a panel.

Administration spokesmen no longer boast about the total number of security risks cut off the federal payroll; instead they say the program is all caught up, that now it is primarily a matter of *keeping* risks out rather than *getting* them out. And even the adamant Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, announced that he was clearing the record so that Wolf Ladejinsky no longer would be listed as a risk by his department.

Cain already has his gun sights trained on other targets. He is ready to blast away at the industrial security program involving defense workers, at the Post Office Department restrictions placed on receipt of Soviet and Communist literature and at the alleged arbitrariness of the State Department in the issuance of passports.

But what's in store for Cain politically in the next year or so? He has told Adams he is willing to campaign for other Republicans in '56, and has assured the Presidential assistant he "ain't mad at nobody."

As for his own political future, he said: "I wouldn't consider running for office unless I was encouraged by state Republican leaders and by spokesmen for the administration.

"Such a miracle," he added dryly, "is not in prospect." ▲▲▲

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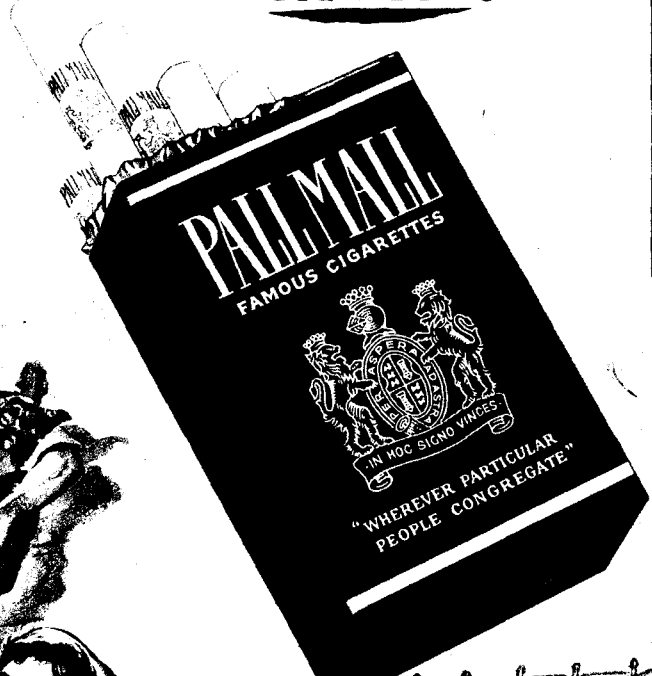

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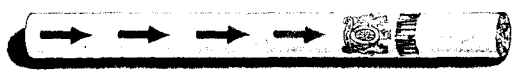

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SINNERS *and* SHROUDS

By JONATHAN LATIMER

A fake wedding picture, an Oklahoma ballad, a mink stole . . . these clues shielded a murderer. Clay had to find him—fast

The Story: SAM CLAY, reporter on the Chicago Globe, woke up Sunday morning after celebrating his divorce from ALICE. He was in a strange woman's apartment and the woman was in the other bed—murdered. Clay couldn't remember the previous night, but when a maid arrived, he ran. At home, his neighbor and co-worker, GWEN PEARSON, told him he'd come in at 5:00 A.M. and gone out again. Not knowing whether he'd committed the murder, Clay went to his lawyer, TOM NICHOLS, and told him and his wife, CAMILLE, all he could remember. Then Clay found out the dead girl was MARY TREVOR, a society reporter on the Globe whom he'd never known. At the Globe, Clay found EDWIN STANDISH, the editor, and HARRY HANNEN, the city editor, had both been making a play for Mary Trevor; they were scared this would come out and wanted to catch the killer before the owner of the paper, CORNELIA GORDON, arrived from Washington. Clay went to the Trevor apartment to cover the story, found his friend, LT. DIFFENDORF, and an uncompromising assistant, SGT. STORM, in charge; Clay also found that his own hat, which he'd left behind, was the number one clue. Then Clay met AMOS BUNDY, the private investigator Nichols had hired. Bundy had discovered Mary Trevor had a secret source of big money (he guessed blackmail) and that a call to an unlisted Washington number had been made from her apartment at 4:31 A.M. Clay and the Nicholses learned Clay had been with a MRS. PATRICIA BRUCE for a while during the previous night; Clay didn't know who she was. They went to her apartment, found it empty and were searching it when Camille, alone in the front room, yelled hysterically: "Tom! Sam!"

The Second of Four Parts

WHEN Camille yelled from the living room of Mrs. Bruce's apartment, Tom and Sam Clay turned and ran to her. Camille was staring at something on a table by the couch. "What is it?" Nichols asked.

"Look," she said. "That photograph!"

Clay, squinting in the dim light, saw the photograph was of a bride and groom standing under an arbor covered with huge roses. He bent closer and saw to his utter amazement that he was the groom, and that his arm was linked with that of a girl he had never seen before in his life. He knew, though, that she was Mrs. Bruce, because under the picture was written in violet ink: *Sammy and Pat.*

All the way downtown, speeding along the Outer Drive, Sam Clay sat slumped in the back seat of the taxi, too stunned even to think about his blanked-out night, and then he realized the cab had stopped in front of the Chicago Globe's skyscraper.

On Sunday the quiet in the big drugstore in the southwest corner of the Globe Building resembled a cathedral. Clay, remembering this feeling of peace, stopped in for a Coke before going up to the city room. He needed a moment to pull himself together and to think. He wanted mainly to think about the photograph. No matter how drunk he had been, he kept assuring himself, he would never have got married to a pickup. But then, another part of his mind assured him,

"Let's go," Clay said. Mr. Bundy hooked his umbrella over the man's wrist, sending the revolver spinning to the floor

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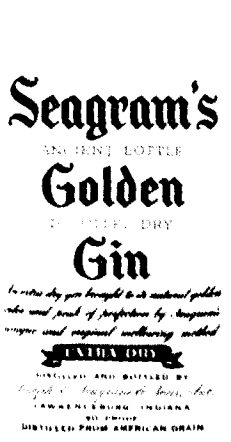

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neither would he ever have murdered anyone. Yet it seemed more than likely that he had.

But at least the marriage should be cleared up fairly soon. Tom and Camille Nichols were on their way to the Love Nest, the dive mentioned in a note to someone named Cleo, which they had found in Mrs. Bruce's apartment. Mr. Bundy had said it was important to find out what Clay had done during the night, and Mrs. Bruce (Mrs. Clay?) should be an authority on that.

A MAN sat down on the next stool. It was Saul Blain, the paper's veteran rewrite man.

"I thought you were on vacation," Sam Clay said.

"No longer," Saul said. "Damn' miserable shame about the Baumholtz girl."

"Baumholtz?" For a second Clay was bewildered and then he remembered Bundy's information about the dead girl changing her name while she was still in Fort Worth. "The Trevor girl!" He felt a sudden interest. "How'd you know her name was Baumholtz?"

"I knew her aunt, Esther Baumholtz," Blain said. "High-school orchestra with her. Bass viol. Laura Peterkins, too. Won the state contest. Fine woman, Esther."

"You tell Standish about her?"

"He knows," Saul said. "Half the staff's from Fort Worth. Look at the line-up—city editor: Harry Hannen; gossip columnist: Charley Adair; woman's editor: Laura Peterkins; managing editor: Edwin Standish; and me. We're all from Fort Worth."

"That's so." Clay suddenly recalled hearing that when old man Gordon had bought the Globe in 1937, he had moved in with most of the key people from his Fort Worth paper. "I'd forgotten." It was odd Standish had pretended to know so little about the girl: they must have talked about Fort Worth when they were together. Hannen, too. Why were they covering up? "Saul, do you know who brought her up here?"

Saul eyed him shrewdly. "Think a man's involved?"

"Could be."

"Nope. Laura Peterkins hired her. Out of friendship for Esther."

"You ever talk to the girl?"

"Couple of times," Blain said.

"She tell you why she changed her name?" Clay asked.

"Real name's Trevor probably."

"You never asked her?"

"Why should I?" Saul said. "I kidded her about it once, though: Mary Trevor—Larry Trevor. You know, the Oklahoma badman. Larry Trevor and the Hooded Nun!"

"You mean that song?" Clay asked. "But that's folklore, like Frankie and Johnny."

"Folklore, my eye! That's Oklahoma history. Pair robbed fourteen banks, killed eleven men in twenty-eight days in the spring of thirty-two." Saul began to chant:

"The Cashier knelt by the forty-five,
Promising all if they'd leave him alive.
When Trevor said, 'Earl, I'll pass you by';
Cried the Hooded Nun, 'That man must die!'
'He saw my face,' cried the Hooded Nun.
From under her robe she drew her gun,
A blue-steel Colt in-laid with pearl,
And that was the end of Cashier Earl."

Saul let his voice fade to a ghostly whisper with the final words, giving the song a sinister tone. The entire drugstore was silent, and Saul wondered what Sam Clay would think if he knew the author of the song was Elmo Peterkins, Laura's husband.

"I still don't get it," Clay said. "What you were kidding her about."

"Play on names. Larry Trevor—Mary Trevor. Asked her how many banks she'd robbed," Saul said and smiled ruefully.

Up in the city room the atmosphere had changed. There was a sort of electric tension, a sense of urgency over everything. As Clay came up to the city desk, Hannen asked, "Got anything?"

"Not much."

"What'd Laura Peterkins have to say? Anything new on the guy who answered the telephone when she called Trevor this morning?"

Sam Clay wondered again if his voice really had been recognized. He said, "I haven't had time to see her yet."

"No?" There was a trace of amusement in Hannen's bleak eyes. "Well, go see Gwen Pearson. She's got a summary of what's come in."

Gwen gave him a frosty glare, obviously thinking about the mystery woman who had called earlier, claiming she'd been on the town with Sam last night. Gwen handed him some sheets of yellow paper. "Police reports, what our people have found out, a note from Mr. Talbot—and something I found out myself," she said.

"Anything hot?"

"I don't know," she said icily.

Standish's voice burst from the intercommunication box on the city desk: "Harry! Is that damn' Clay back yet?"

Hannen yelled: "Sam!" but Clay was already halfway across the room, the yellow papers in his hand.

As soon as Clay opened the door, Standish said, "You know what time it is?"

"Two," Clay said, halting by the mahogany desk.

Across the room was I. P. Geisel, the Globe's lawyer, a somber, nearly bald man who made the most sense in the newspaper's higher echelon. "One fifty-eight," he said.

"In one hour," Standish said, "we are to meet Mrs. Gordon with all available information! Miss Bentley!"—he turned to his secretary, a spectacular-looking blonde—"make notes on what Mr. Clay tells us."

CLAY wanted to say: Gentlemen, let's knock this off. I confess. Instead he looked at the papers Gwen Pearson had given him. One was labeled *POLICE*. "You want me to start with the discovery of the body?"

Standish said, "Just what's new."

Clay read: *"Preliminary Autopsy Report: Death the result of internal hemorrhages caused by multiple stabs. Weapon believed to be a pair of shears."*

"They have them?" I. P. Geisel asked.

Clay didn't know, but before he could make any answer, Hannen, who had just come in, said, "Not yet."

"Go on," Standish told Clay.

"Victim not raped," Clay read, and the others began to discuss the matter. Hannen thought it ended the sex-fiend angle, but I. P. Geisel didn't agree. He pointed out that the mutilation of corpses was a well-known deviation, citing Krafft-Ebing.

"What else?" Standish asked.

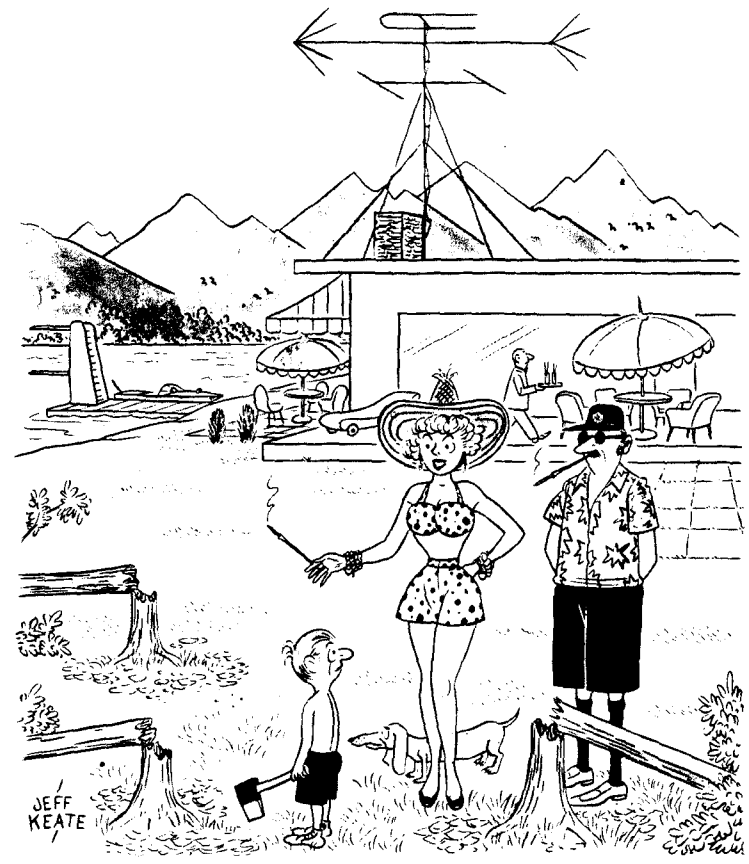
"Chemical analysis of stomach not completed. Time of death: four thirty to four forty-five." Clay lowered the sheet. "That's funny!"

"What is?" Standish asked.

"Somebody made a long-distance call from the apartment at four thirty-one."

"How do you know that?"

"Friend in the telephone company," Clay said, covering himself on the information Bundy had given him. "Said it was a call to Washington, to an unlisted number."



COLLIER'S **"Good heavens, Junior, if we didn't have trees we wouldn't have playing cards, cocktail napkins, comic books, racing forms, cigarette covers . . ."** JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S **"Is it warm in here or is it just me?"** MISCHA RICHTER

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"Know whose it is?" Standish asked, picking up a water carafe.

"Not yet."

"What was the number?"

"Dupont two seven six eight nine."

There was a tinkling crash as the carafe fell to the floor. Standish gasped, "What?"

Clay repeated the number. He glanced from Standish to Hannen to I. P. Geisel. The three men all had the same fixed, vacant expression, as though they had simultaneously become idiots.

Standish was the first to speak. "Miss Bentley, clean up this mess!"

Miss Bentley picked up the carafe and went out of the room.

STANDISH said, "Change the six and seven around, Sam, and what number do you think we've got? The White House!"

"Right," Hannen said, and Geisel nodded.

Clay thought: Who are they kidding? He wished he knew what the number of the White House was. He'd ram it down their throats. Then he realized they were staring at him.

"Well, Sam," Standish said. "We're waiting."

He read from the sheet again: *"Elevator boy and maid released. Not implicated. City-wide check being made with retailers on hat left in apartment. Also on night clubs and restaurants to determine where girl spent evening and who with."*

He paused a second as Miss Bentley came in and began to push glass into a dustpan with a damp rag.

"Fingerprinting of apartment completed. Expect reports from FBI soon. Trace of sticker from the Little Club on brandy bottle found in apartment. Sergeant Storm assigned to find out who bought bottle and when. Believe this best lead to killer yet!"

Clay's voice broke a little as he read the final sentence. It was the best lead, all right, because he knew he'd bought that bottle—and it was his hat the police had found.

"Go on," Standish said, eying him closely.

"This next is from our people," Clay said, trying to hold the papers steady.

"No need to go into that," said Hannen. "I've already given Standish the high lights of what we've got."

Gwen had headed the next page: *MY VERY OWN SCOOP!* Standish snarled, "Go ahead. Time's getting short."

Clay read: *"Noticed label listed for girl's mink stole was Weingartner's. Know Mr. Weingartner well from covering Temple news. Telephoned him. The lamb remembered! Sold stole just two weeks ago to Mr. Standish from our own paper! How's that, Sam Clay?"*

Standish, Hannen and Geisel stared at one another. And Miss Bentley, rising from her knees, hit Standish on the side of the head with the dustpan.

"And *I* got dyed rabbit!" she said and stalked out.

Hannen bent double with laughter. Standish turned to a window, stared down at the river below.

I. P. Geisel leaned forward. "Edwin, with the Trevor girl? Were you . . . ?"

"I never even reached first base, so help me!"

"And you, Harry?"

The laughter died in Harry Hannen's throat. He frowned, growled, "No hits."

"Good. Though what the police will make of the stole . . ." The lawyer shook his head somberly.

Standish turned to Clay. "I know we can count on your discretion, Sam."

"You can," Clay said, "if you'll answer a couple of questions."

"Shoot."

"Why didn't you or Harry mention checking the girl in Fort Worth under the name of Baumholtz?"

"Baumholtz?" Standish turned to Hannen. "Harry?"

"I never heard the name."

"Nor I," Standish said.

Clay felt a disturbing conviction that both men were telling the truth. After all, there wasn't any special reason for the girl to have volunteered the information. It was neither natural nor unnatural. He felt a little foolish. "Okay," he said. "But how about leveling with me on the Dupont number?"

"Now, Sam," Standish said amiably. "I can check the White House in two minutes."

The smile faded. "Suppose you do that," Standish said slowly. "Now! And when you've made your call, you'll either apologize or start looking for another—"

Andy Talbot, the assistant city editor, came through the doorway. "Standish! We've got the elevator boy. He didn't tell the police everything. For dough he claims he can describe two men and a woman who were frequent visitors. And, he thinks, the killer."

"Bring him in," Standish said.

Clay stood motionless for a moment, thinking that this was the end, this was where he was fingered. Then, impelled by an animal instinct, he sidled toward the shadows at the rear of the room. He reached them just as the elevator boy entered. "Clarence Gilmore," Talbot said.

A nattily dressed kid came into the room. Without waiting, he said, "For five hundred dollars I can describe two men who used to visit the girl. One was a big, square-jawed guy . . ."

His voice faded away as he stared at Hannen, not believing what he saw. "Well, go on," Hannen said.

Still uncertain, Clarence slowly turned to Standish. He said something that sounded like "Aawk," and then, pulling himself together, he turned to where Clay was standing.

"Oh, no!" Clarence said wildly. "No! I got to go!"

Everyone stared in astonishment at the empty doorway.

Shaking his head, I. P. Geisel said, "Demented!" Standish and Hannen exchanged glances.

"He was describing you two!" Talbot exclaimed.

"That's right," Standish said.

"But he'll hightail it to the police."

"Let him," said Hannen.

"He won't," Standish said. "Man silent, fears underworld vengeance." He turned to Clay. "Still want to make that Washington call?"

CLAY wanted, most of all, to disappear, but he nodded. At the same time, the phone rang. Standish picked up the receiver. "Yes? She *what!* Five minutes ago?" He lowered the receiver. "Disaster! Mrs. Gordon has landed!" He plunged through the doorway, and the others, led by I. P. Geisel, plunged after him.

Clay walked shakily to the desk and collapsed into Standish's chair. He couldn't believe it. It was like being shot at, point-blank, and coming out without a scratch. The elevator boy had clearly recognized him as the man he took down just before the murder was reported, but he'd been scared—damned scared. Scared enough, what was more, to do a lot of thinking before he went to the police, which meant Sam still had some time left. The problem, though, was what to do with it.

He decided to put down what he had learned so far. It might help him select the salient points, if there were any. He began writing:

SUSPECTS

NAME and MOTIVE

Me—Drunken whim.

Standish—???

Hannen—???

Laura Peterkins—Least likely, so most probable.

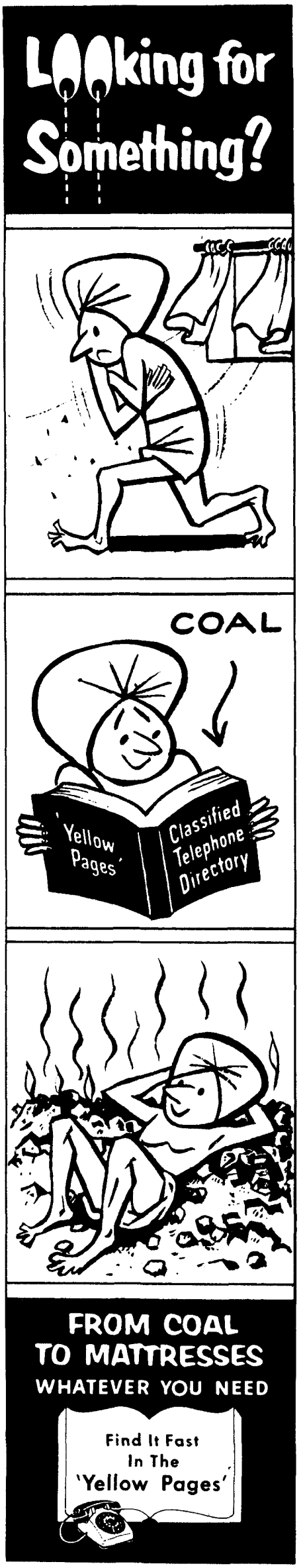
Unknown person being blackmailed—The best.

LEADS

Where was girl's bracelet that I found in my jacket bought? What can

BUTCH

COLLIER'S **"Of course you're immune to the disintegrator ray, Butch. Let's get going"** LARRY REYNOLDS



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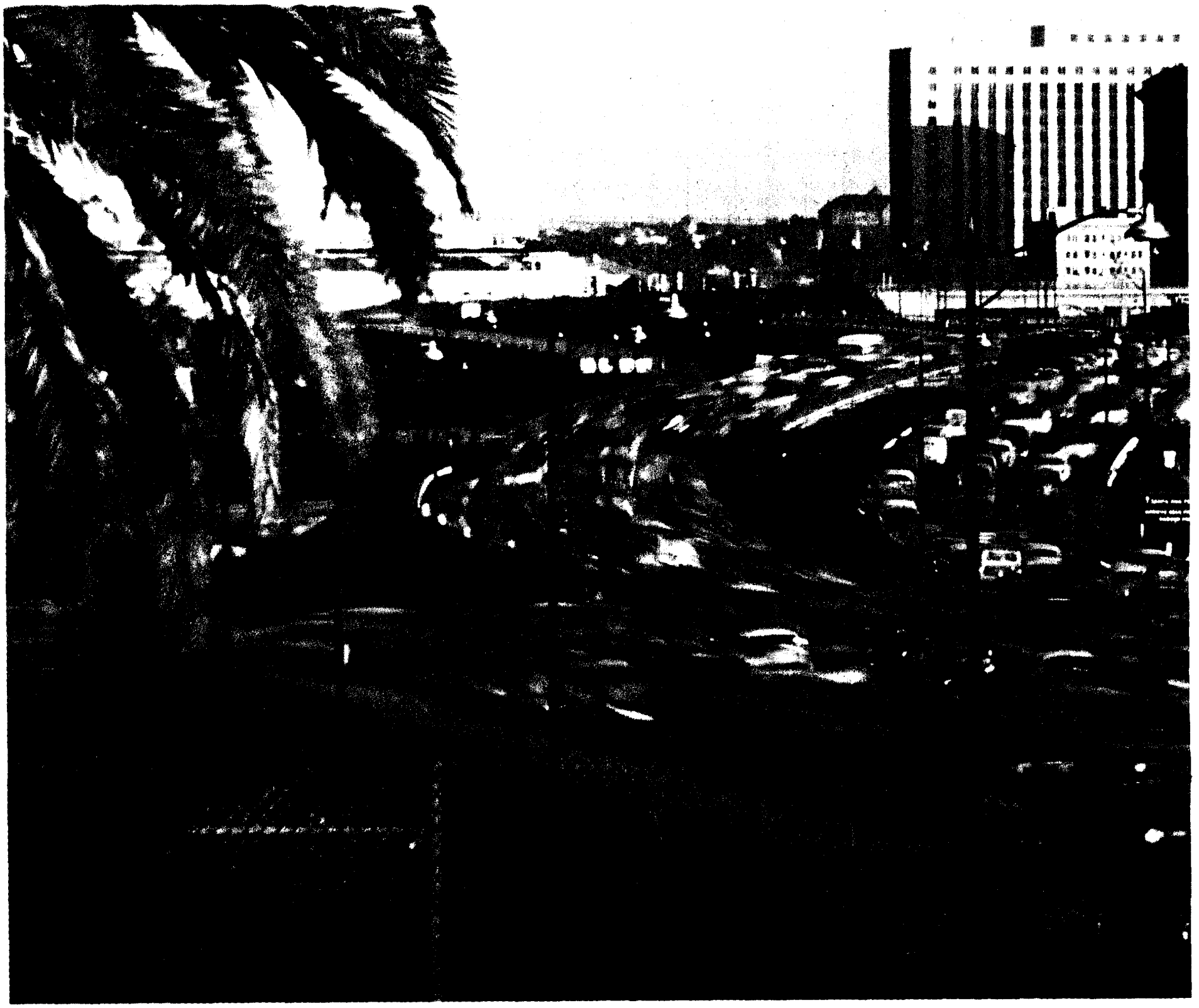
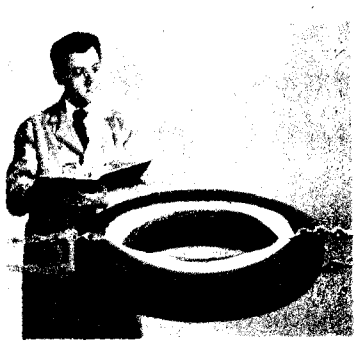
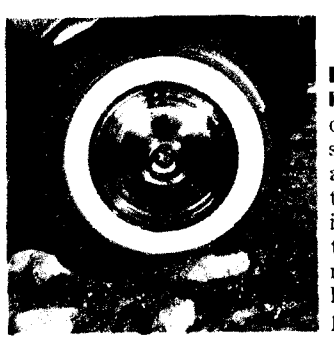
TOP VALUE IN TIRE SAFETY



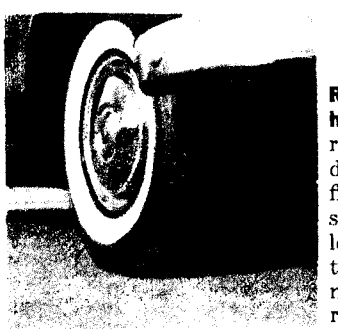
This year 40 million cars are demonstrating



Rayon Hi-Test has more "stretch-strength." Since rayon became the most widely used tire cord material, its strength has been increased 33⅓% and its resilience 4 to 5 times. Because it won't stretch out of shape, rayon adds extra miles to tire life.



Rayon Hi-Test takes hard knocks. Rough roads, quick stops, sudden starts, swerving, ruts and bumps all put severe strain on tire cord. Because today's *improved rayon* has tensile strength comparable to steel's, it offers higher resistance to impact, friction and rupture.



Rayon Hi-Test beats the heat. Today's perfected rayon cord combats the dangerous heat caused by flexing and friction at high speeds. By resisting heat longer and shedding it faster, rayon keeps tires running cooler, safer, free from risk of unexpected failure.

Be sure you ride on

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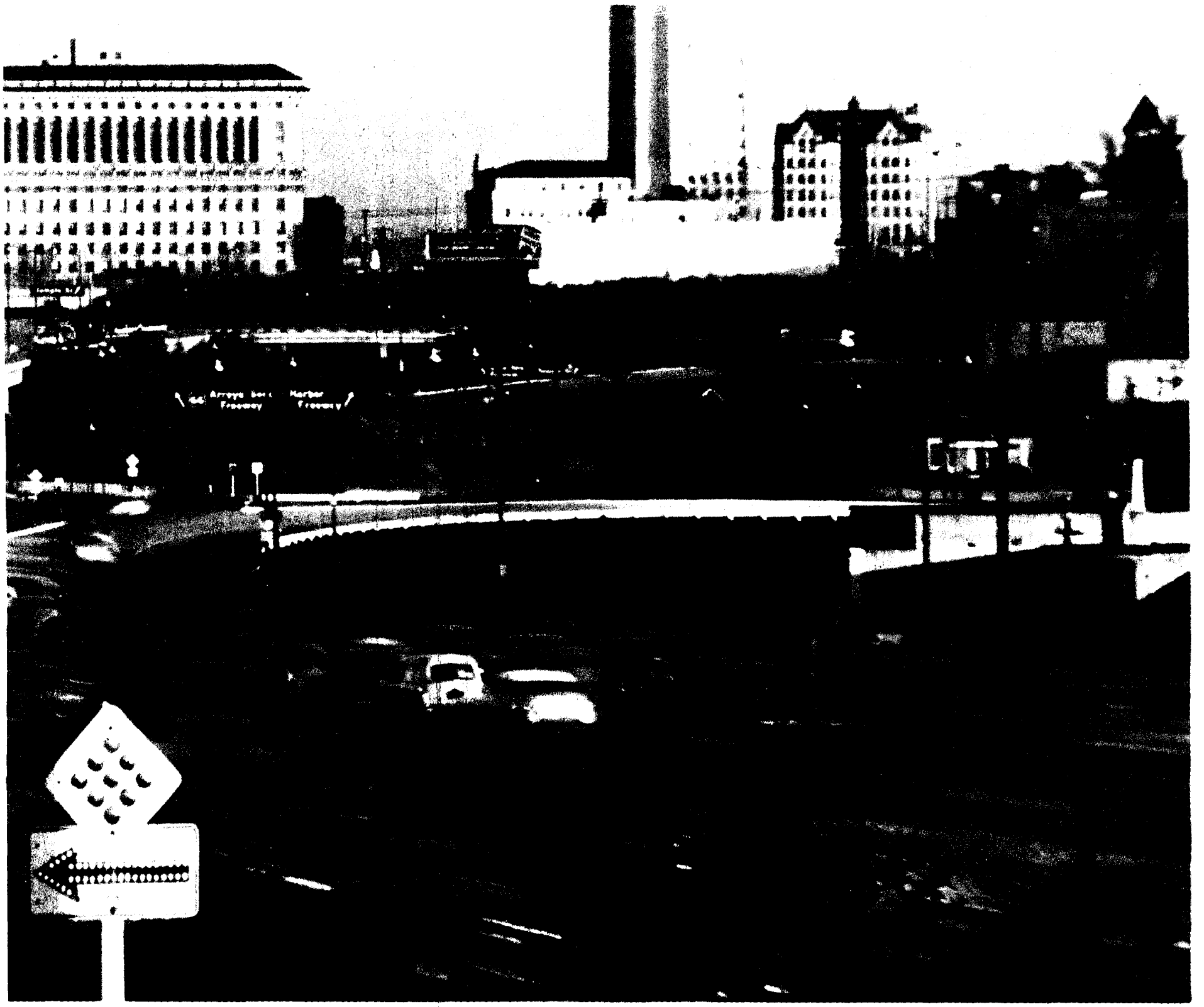
. . . RAYON HI-TEST CORD



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Mrs. Bruce and girl who gave me hat check I was carrying tell about my night? What can we learn about dead girl under name of Baumholtz in Fort Worth? Who smoked cigarettes found in Mary Trevor's closet? What did hunchback janitor in Trevor's apartment building mean when he said he'd seen Angel of the Lord? Probably nuts! Who made call to Washington from apartment at time of death?

He stared at the last line, and then dialed long distance. "Washington, D.C., Dupont two seven six eight nine," he said. He wondered what Standish would say when he saw the charge on his bill. After a moment there was a click, and a man's voice said: "Your name, telephone number and message, please."

"This is the Chicago Globe," Clay said. "We'd like—"

"You have two minutes," the man interrupted.

"Who is this?" Clay asked, but there was no answer. "Look," he went on. "Would you please have the person under whose name your number is listed come to the telephone? It's important." The man remained silent. "Can you hear me?" Clay demanded. Finally the man said: "You have thirty seconds. Please finish."

"Thirty seconds!" Clay began to get angry. "We're paying for the call, not you! Whose residence is this?"

TEN seconds filled by a humming noise went by, and with a second click the line went dead. Clay sat quietly, holding the receiver to his ear. He had an eerie feeling, as though he had, by a quirk of electronics, been accidentally connected to the Russian embassy. It was spooky. The conversation was unlike any he'd held in twelve years of calling up people as a reporter. Maybe his mind was going. Or maybe this was all a nightmare.

Taking the list of suspects and leads he'd made, Clay went out to Miss Bentley's desk. "What's the White House's unlisted number?" he asked.

"For you," she said, "Dupont two six seven eight nine. For anybody else, it isn't."

"Thanks," Clay said, and went out into the city room.

On his desk was a sealed envelope with his name written in Andy Talbot's big scrawl. He tore it open and read: *Alice, your ex-wife, says vital you contact her. Man named Bundy wants you to call. Tip from underworld pal: Charley Adair, our suave columnist, had Mary Trevor with him on night-club beat last P.M. Andy.*

Charley Adair! That was a block buster—if true, and it probably was. He remembered that Saul Blain had listed Adair among those who'd come to the paper from Fort Worth. And Adair was reputedly rich—oil royalties—so the girl could have been blackmailing him. It was sounding better all the time—if he just smoked ivory-tipped cigarettes like the ones found in Mary Trevor's closet.

The telephone rang and he picked it up. A woman's voice, high-pitched, asked, "Sam?"

"Yes."

"This is Gwen. Oh, Sam, I found them! I didn't mean to. In the bookcase. In *your* living room. I found them!"

"Found what?"

"Oh, I'll never tell. To the grave. I promise. I'll never even mention them again. When I see you, I'll just pretend I never said any of this. Good-by, Sam," she sobbed, and hung up.

CLAY stared at the phone incredulously, wondering just what it was all about. Either he or Illinois Bell, he thought, should consult a psychiatrist.

Hannen, coming into the city room, called, "Clay!"

He went across the room and Han-

Christine, three-year-old chimp owned by Lilo Hess, of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, is the model for our do-it-yourself demonstration. She also helps to dress herself, feeds herself with a spoon, does housework

Do-It-Yourself Made Easy

IN SPITE of the overwhelming success and acceptance of the do-it-yourself movement, a lot of people just haven't had the nerve to tackle that first little job. Recognizing this, we've requested one of our more adept home-workshop fans to show the basic steps in one of the simplest of household tasks: Putting Leg on Table.

"I've heard too much complaining from folks who say they can't do-it-themselves because they're all thumbs," says our demonstrator (left). "That's nonsense! The more thumbs the better, I've found. Now let's get on with our table-leg lesson.

"First, as in photograph No. 1, you place the leg on the table and put the screws in the right holes. Then, as in photo No. 2, you grasp the table leg in one hand, the screw in another, and then get a good grip on the table with one foot and on the screw driver with the other foot.

"Yes, you'll have to remove your shoes for this one.

"Then, as in photograph No. 3, firmly holding the table with both feet, turn the screw driver until the screw is—*woops!* Well, as I am demonstrating in picture No. 4, sometimes you must get rather close to the problem to solve it.

"And that's all there is to it. You see, all it takes to do-it-yourself is a little brains, even if I do say so myself."

LILO HESS

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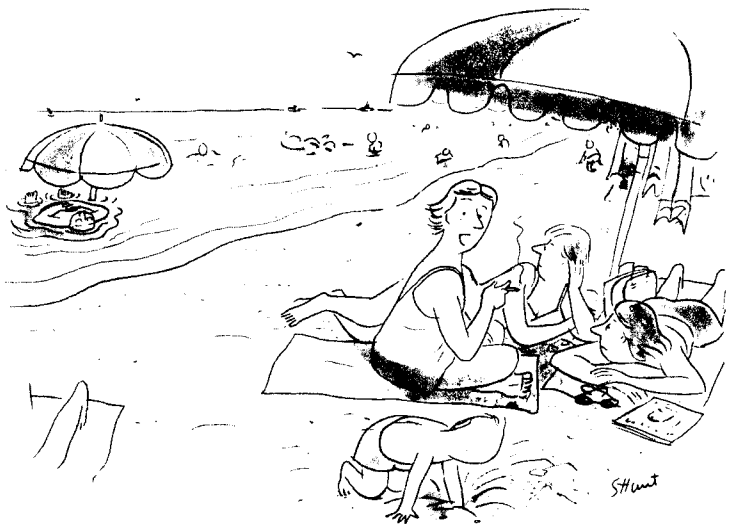

COLLIER'S **"Better run down and wake Daddy, dear, and tell him the tide's come in"** STAN HUNT

nen spoke without looking up: "Standish is about to blow a gasket. Mrs. Gordon's due in the building any minute and we don't even have an angle. Any ideas? The sex-fiend theory doesn't send me."

"Me either—not with that telephone call to Washington at the time of the murder."

Hannen looked up, his blue eyes cold. "Don't go out on any limbs."

"Damn it, Harry!" Clay said. "I'm going to find out about that number."

"Maybe." Hannen said it so that Clay knew he'd better shut up.

"Well, there is one new angle," Sam said, and told Hannen about the half-smoked ivory-tipped cigarettes. "Could be the guy was hiding in the closet."

Hannen reached into his pocket, pulled out a silver case and opened it. "Cigarette?"

Clay looked into the case. The cigarettes were ivory-tipped. "No, thanks," he said.

"Okay, if you aren't going to smoke, get busy on Laura Peterkins," Hannen said. "Go out there. Standish says she wants to see you in person."

Startled, Clay began to cough. Then Laura Peterkins *had* recognized his voice when he answered the telephone in the dead girl's apartment. But why hadn't she told Standish? Clay started to turn away.

Hannen said, "Sam," halting him in the middle of his first step. "Standish smokes the same brand."

THE two top floors of the Globe Building held the offices of all the high executives except Standish. On thirty were such people as I. P. Geisel, the company lawyer; and, when he was in Chicago, Horace Widdecomb, the hatchet man for all the Gordon publications. On thirty-one were Mrs. Gordon, likewise when she was in town; and, surprisingly, Charley Adair. No one had ever figured out why he rated such eminence except, it was conjectured, that Mrs. Gordon liked to have a suave bachelor around to help entertain important guests. In addition to being a popular columnist and an amateur explorer who had lost an arm somewhere in Asia, Charley Adair was darkly handsome, literate and, when he wanted to be, extremely charming.

Adair was having tea in his paneled, carpeted office when Clay came in, unannounced.

Adair put down his teacup. "What is it?" he asked. The white glove on his false left hand changed shape as the metal claws inside moved a book on the desk.

Clay said, "I'm supposed to be running down leads on the Trevor girl."

"I attended the conference," Charley Adair said.

"All right," Clay said. "I got a tip you were with the girl last night."

"So?"

"So, were you with her?"

"Are you asking that on your own initiative?"

Clay nodded.

"Well, this *is* a surprise." Adair scowled thoughtfully, then turned his back toward Clay. "Are you asking me to help you?"

"I'm asking for an answer."

Adair said, "Suppose I won't give you an answer?"

"Look," Clay said. "I'm trying to give you a break. I could go to Standish or—"

Adair swung around, his expression ugly. "A break!" he said. "That's one for the birds!" His eyes glittered. "You'd better get out of here while you can."

"Were you with her or not?" Clay asked hotly.

"Very well," Adair said. "I'll answer that." He stepped around the desk. "And then because none of this is any of your business, I'm going to beat hell out of you. I was with Mary Trevor last night. At eight o'clock I met her for dinner at the Bismarck Hotel. Between eleven and two we visited the Encore, Chez Gus, the Silk Hat and the Gavotte. At two I left her at the Gavotte bar."

"And then?"

"I came to the office and wrote my column. Around five I went home. I did not see her again." He came around the desk. "Now for part two." His right arm, fist clenched, was cocked for a punch.

"I don't get it. What are you sore about?" Clay asked, backing away.

Holding his false arm stiff against his side, Adair hit Clay on the cheekbone. Clay fell back against the wall.

Clay said, "You know I can't hit you, Adair."

"Can't you? So much the better." Adair struck again and Clay's head hit the wall. For a second the room spun crazily.

When Adair stepped forward to hit him again, Sam took a wild swing at

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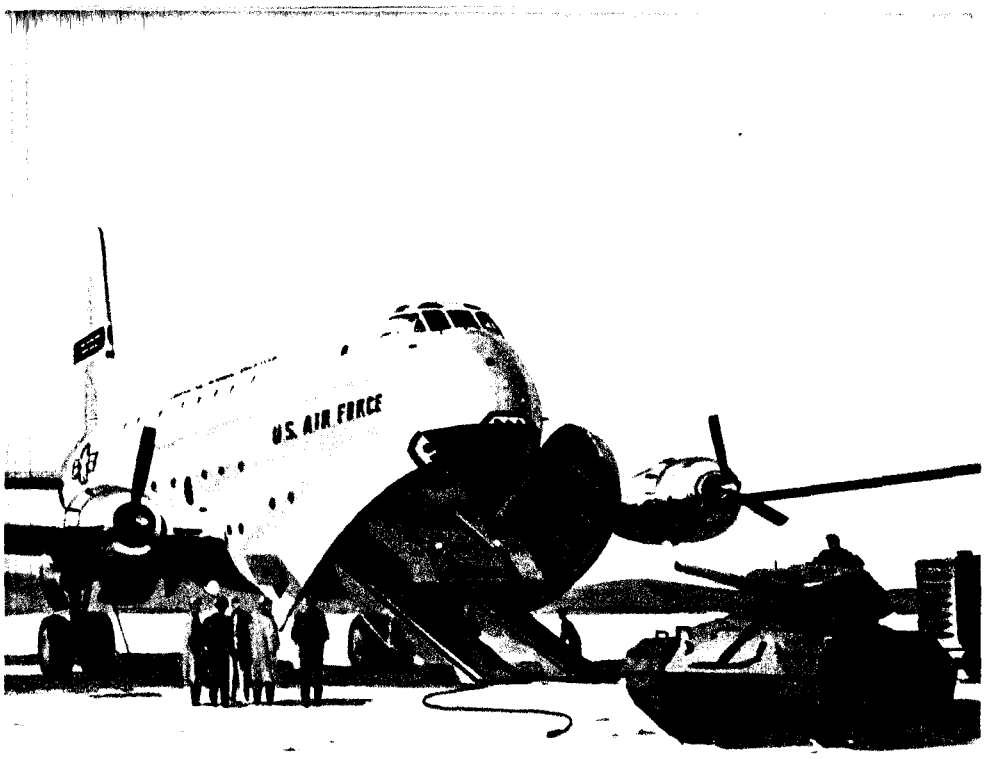
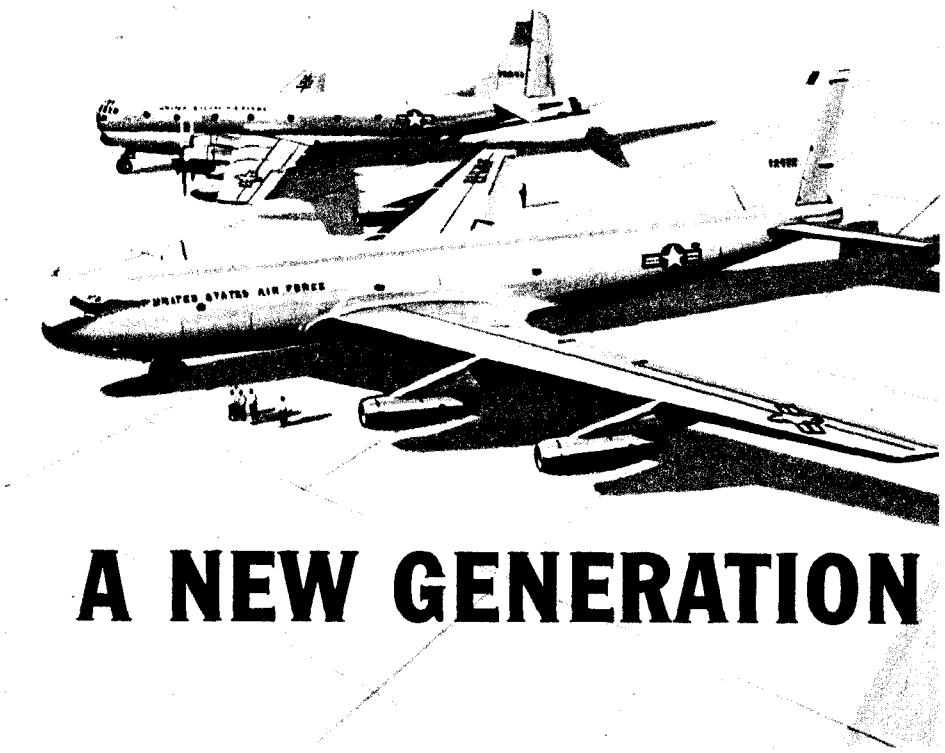
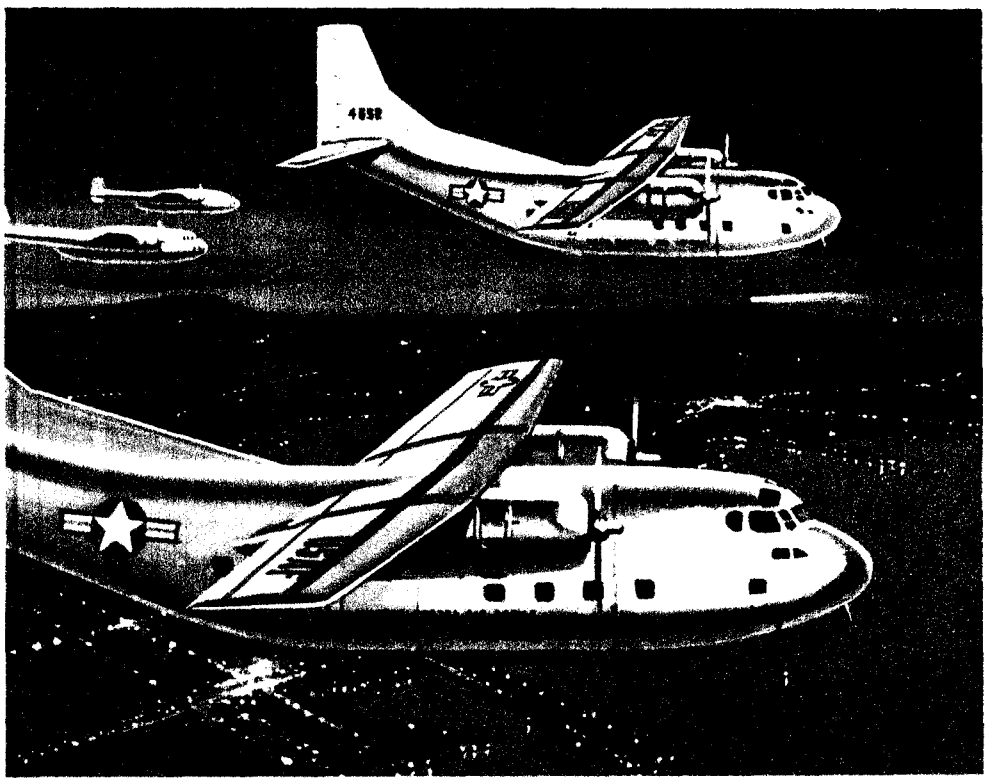


CAVERNOUS Douglas C-124, the largest service transport, swallows tanks, guns or 200 men, can fly them 4000 miles. Four Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Wasp Major engines power this Air Force giant.

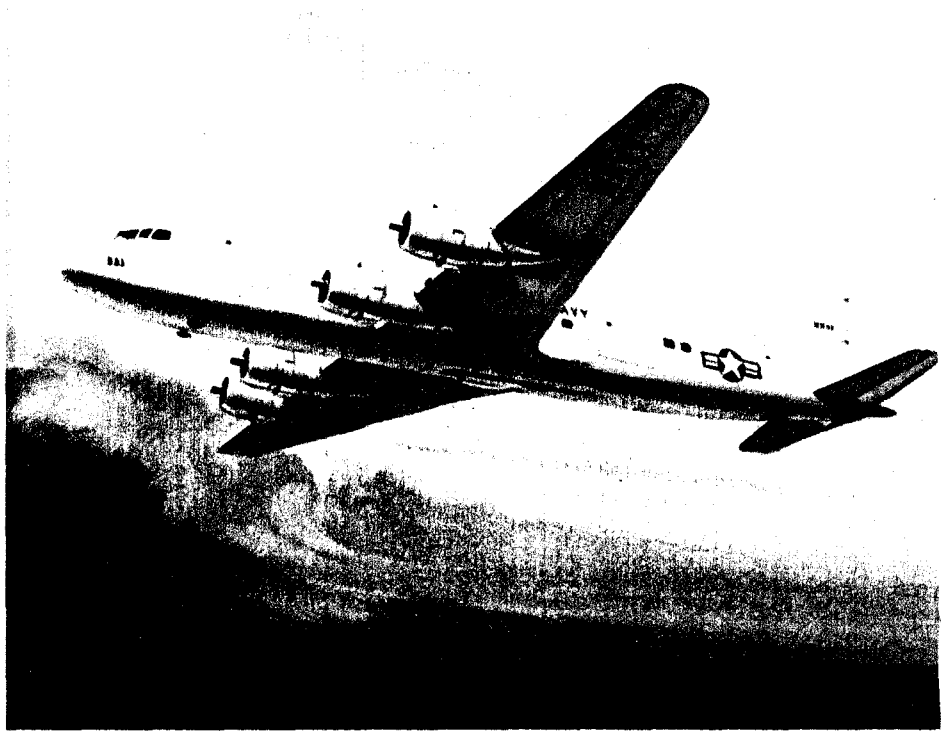


A NEW GENERATION

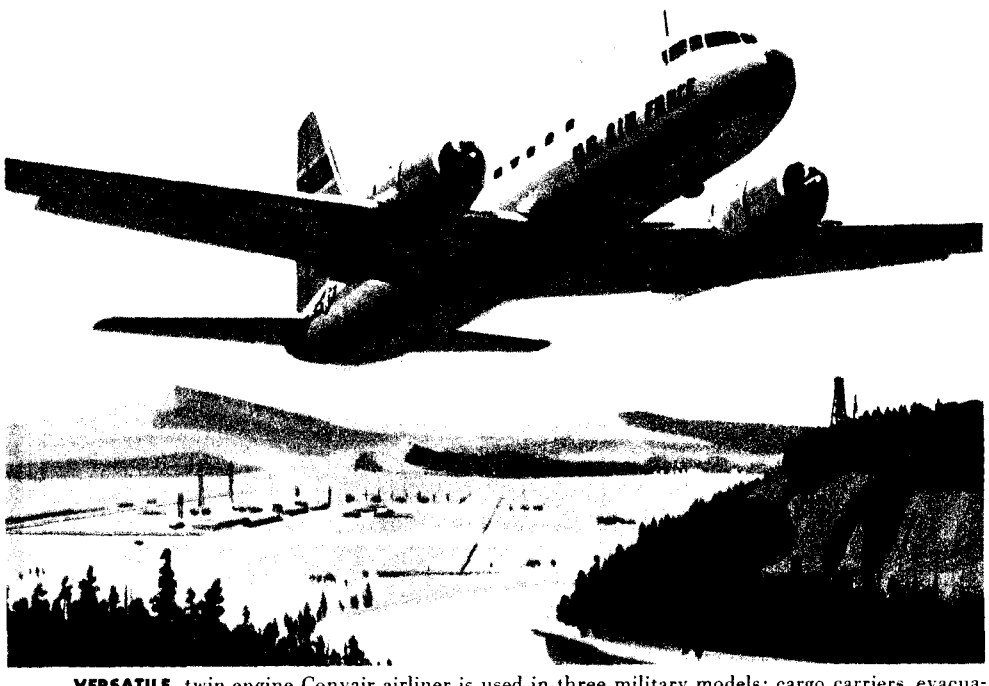
TANKERS stretch range of fighting jets. These Air Force Boeings use P&WA engines: J-57 jets in the coming KC-135, Wasp Majors and Hamilton Standard propellers in the KC-97.



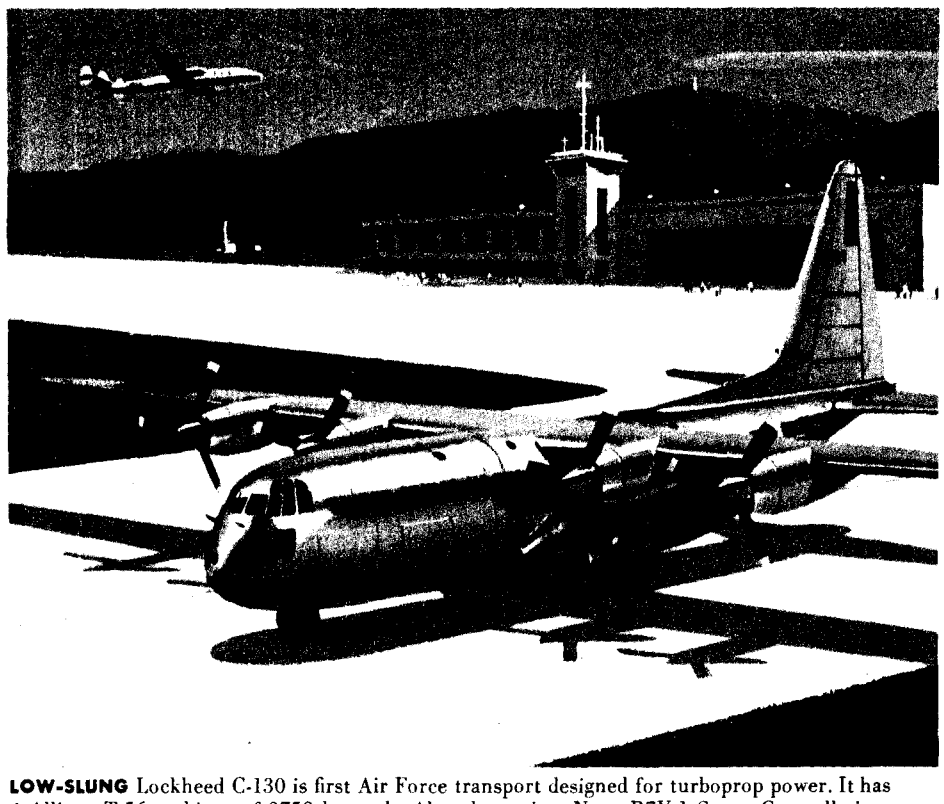
BATTLE SUPPORT is the job of Fairchild's Air Force C-123B. With P&WA engines and Hamilton Standard propellers, it can use short fields, carry 8 tons. Also shown is the famed Fairchild C-119.



LONG RANGE Douglas R6D is a Navy cargo version of the DC-6 airliner. The Air Force version is the C-118. Like DC-6s, they have Double Wasp engines, Hamilton Standard propellers.



VERSATILE, twin-engine Convair airliner is used in three military models: cargo carriers, evacuation aircraft, and flight crew trainers. All have P&WA engines, Hamilton Standard propellers.



LOW-SLUNG Lockheed C-130 is first Air Force transport designed for turboprop power. It has 4 Allison T-56 turbines of 3750 hp each. Also shown is a Navy R7V-1 Super Constellation.

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OF MILITARY TRANSPORTS

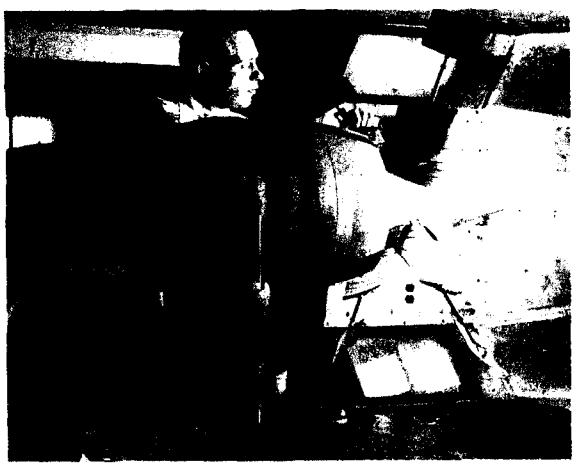
Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

Modern Air Power is more important than ever to national defense. Every citizen has a right to know where the nation's Air Power stands today, and what must be done in years to come to keep it strong and fully modern.

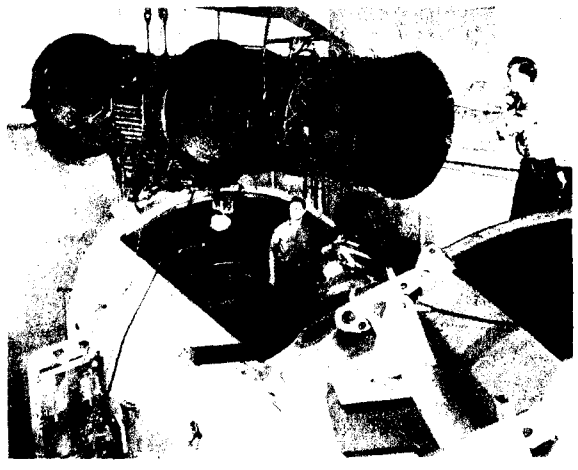
Working together, your armed forces and the nation's aviation industry are creating tremendous new air strength. It includes powerful transport planes, such as those shown on the opposite page, swift giants that are ready and able to establish life-lines of vital military cargos anywhere. Along with progressively better fighters, bombers and other aircraft, America's new transports are second to none in performance, in quality and in safety.

But quantity production of military airplanes cannot alone assure air strength. Continuous programs of aviation research and development, as well as production, are necessary if future generations of military aircraft are to be the best wherever they may fly.

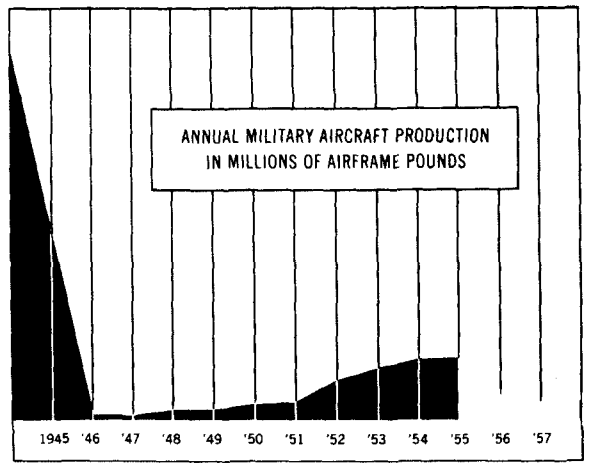
America's vital military aviation is beginning to benefit from just such long-range programs. If carried forward, without wasteful stops and starts, these programs of *continuous research*, *development* and *production* can maintain adequate, modern Air Power at the lowest possible cost to taxpayers. With such strength we may one day achieve lasting peace.



CONTINUING RESEARCH is the foundation on which aviation progress is based. Higher speeds and altitudes, greater payloads and ranges, all depend on more information, new materials or better methods discovered by research engineers. Here an engineer prepares to make airflow studies with a scale model of an experimental Hamilton Standard propeller hub and engine housing. With such advanced propellers, future cargo transports will be even more efficient.



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT of airplanes, engines or aircraft equipment brings them to the peak of their potential performance, often adding years to the useful life of a basic product. This picture shows an advanced J-57 turbojet, one of the world's most powerful engines, being prepared for development testing in a high altitude cell at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft. Development of this and newer engines will provide power for faster, still better future transports.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of modern military aircraft—including transports that are far more powerful and more efficient than the best of World War II—is rebuilding American Air Power from the weak level of 1947 to a position of adequate strength. Only continuous future production, backed by uninterrupted research and development programs, can keep this country's air strength adequate and modern at *minimum* cost to taxpayers.

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Adair's head, missed, and in turn was shaken by a kick that jolted his ribs. He tried to move in, but Adair caught him with a glancing hook, a straight right between the eyes, and then another hook to the left ear. By now Adair was three foggy, dancing men, dealing out punishment at will. Clay finally blocked two blows with his elbows, but Adair, turning, brought the false left arm around in a flat circle, as though cracking a whip, and metal struck bone below Clay's temple . . .

CLAY was sitting in his shower stall, letting steam and hot water soak his body. His only really painful injury was below his temple where the metal arm had caught him, and it only hurt when he moved his jaw. Once that was well, he had decided, he would demand a return match.

Now, head bowed to the falling water, he tried to figure out why it had happened. If he'd ever done anything to Adair, stolen his girl or a good story, it would make sense. But he barely knew him. Yet there had been hatred there—class-A hatred. The one-armed adventurer wanted to kill him. It couldn't be because he'd discovered Charley was with the girl. That was bound to come out sooner or later. Then why? He didn't know.

There were too many things he didn't know. He felt he should be putting his facts in order, analyzing, eliminating, deducing, but instead they skittered around his brain like leaves in a windstorm: cigarettes, the telephone call, blackmail, the brandy bottle and his hat which he'd left in the apartment, Charley Adair, the elevator boy, Laura Peterkins, the hunchback's Angel of the Lord, the wedding photograph of himself and Mrs. Bruce . . .

Why, if Laura Peterkins had recognized his voice on the telephone, hadn't she told the police? Or, at least, Standish? No answer. Then there was Gwen. What had set her off her rocker? And the mysterious voice in Washington? What was the explanation of that? Or of Standish's attitude about the telephone number?

The reason he couldn't think straight, he decided, was because more than likely he had killed the girl himself. It was strange, but beyond being sorry the girl was dead, he felt nothing. He just didn't know.

He got out of the shower and turned off the water and began to towel his body. He was getting into a clean pair of shorts when the telephone rang in the living room. He caught it on the fourth ring, lifted the receiver and listened without speaking.

"Sam?" Alice's voice asked. "Is that you, Sam?"

He hung up. He didn't want to hear anything Alice had to say. She was on her way to the things she'd always wanted: the Lake Forest house, the place in Bermuda, the society-page photographs. He went back to the bedroom, kicked his bloody clothes into the closet and finished dressing. Briefly he thought of their parting after eight years of marriage. It had been accomplished with an economy of words Chekhov might have envied. He had come home one night and found her in the living room, her bags packed.

"Where are you going?" he'd asked.

"Away."

"For how long?"

"Forever."

"You want a cab?"

"I've got one, thanks."

There it was, in all its stark Russian simplicity. It was only later he learned she'd already made a deal with one Lucian B. Marsden, broker, clubman and stuffed shirt.

He glanced at himself in the mirror above the lavatory. Outside of a welt under the temple, his face looked all right. Surprisingly, he felt all right.

AFTER he'd dressed, he went into the living room; the Sunday comics were lying on the floor where they'd been when he got home that morning. The comics made him think of Gwen, and thinking of Gwen made him remember that she had babbled something over the telephone about his bookcase.

Examining the bookcase, he noticed two volumes out of line on the second shelf. In bending to straighten them, he saw metal gleaming between the two books. He knew what it was instantly. Slowly he removed one of the volumes and took out a pair of heavy shears, the long, pointed blades stained with dried blood. . . .

COLLIER'S **"Boy, I love this cigarette research. I haven't had to *buy* a pack in ages!"** BERNARD WISEMAN

COLLIER'S ***"Ah ha!"*** GAHAN WILSON

Walking into Mr. Bundy's office was like stepping back into the nineteenth century. It was mostly the furnishings, the golden-oak hatrack, the china cuspidor, the glass-shaded oil lamps. But it was also Mr. Bundy, writing in a ledger at a stand-up desk. He had made notes on pieces of paper while Clay, still unnerved by the scissors, had produced a jumbled résumé of everything that had happened since the discovery of the body. Finally, Mr. Bundy turned and said: "I will review, and, in so doing, present a theory—an extremely interesting one. But first—Miss Dewhurst!"

A prim lady of fifty appeared in the doorway, and Mr. Bundy said, "Telephone an establishment called the Love Nest. Either Mr. or Mrs. Nichols."

"At once," said Miss Dewhurst, and went out.

"Now," said Mr. Bundy slowly, "we will reconstruct the murder."

Consulting his ledger, Mr. Bundy drew the following picture: Time—approximately 4:30 A.M. Present—Mr. Clay, the murderer and of course Miss Trevor. How had the murderer got there unobserved? Quite easily, since there was no elevator operator from midnight to 8:00 A.M. It was possible, however, that he *had* been observed: the Angel of the Lord described by the janitor. How did he get into the apartment? With a key obtained from either Miss Trevor or her maid; the apartment manager had sworn that Miss Trevor had insisted there be no passkey for her apartment.

"A man has been assigned to question the maid," Mr. Bundy said.

Miss Dewhurst opened the door and said, "Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Nichols is at the Love Nest."

"Had they been there?" Mr. Bundy asked.

"Yes. The person to whom I spoke said Mrs. Nichols had been gone for some time. Mr. Nichols left later with someone named Cleo." She eyed Clay. "I quote: 'Cleo zigging and the gent zagging.' "

"Try the Nicholses' home," Mr. Bundy directed. Miss Dewhurst went out, shaking her head. Clay said, "They must have gone to look for Mrs. Bruce."

"The question is," said Mr. Bundy, "will they know when they find her?"

He went on with his reconstruction of the crime: important clues had been unearthed in the apartment. One, the half-smoked cigarettes indicated the killer had arrived before Mr. Clay and the girl, and had waited for an opportune moment to commit the crime, which was after Mr. Clay had gone to sleep.

Another clue was the fact the girl had not struggled with her assailant. It could mean that she was asleep, too, when the murder was committed. The ripped garments could have been torn after she was dead, to make the police think the crime had been one of violence.

MISS DEWHURST came into the room, carrying the telephone and dragging the extension cord behind her. "I have Mrs. Nichols," she said.

Clay took the telephone and said, "Camille, this is Sam. Where's Tom?"

"An excellent question!"

"He hasn't called?"

"Called?" Her voice went up the scale. "When he can float around the city with a coy little redhead? Yes, it's Cleo! Who knows something but won't tell!"

Sam said, "Tell Tom to call Mr. Bundy when you hear from him."

Camille Nichols laughed bitterly and hung up.

"Scissors," Mr. Bundy said. "Scissors and the bracelet you found in your jacket pocket." Both fitted into the picture, he asserted, as plants to implicate Sam Clay further: the bracelet, if he were caught in the girl's apartment; the scissors, if he were caught anywhere."

"Then I didn't go to my apartment last night?"

"It was the killer, using your keys," Mr. Bundy explained. "And with your address, if not already known, obtained from your wallet."

"But Gwen said she saw me come home around five—"

"What Miss Pearson saw was a figure wrapped in something she described as a cloak. Naturally, she assumed it was you," he said. "I am quite certain it was the janitor's Angel of the Lord."

Clay shook his head dubiously. The story had sounded fine up to the Angel angle, but that was right out of left field. He felt a momentary loss of faith in Mr. Bundy and then he real-

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ized the theory was still good, better in fact, without the Angel. He felt relieved.

Mr. Bundy said, "But why didn't the killer notify the police after he left for the second time—after returning your keys? So they would be certain to find you?"

Clay shook his head again. It was a major question, to which he had no answer.

BUT Mr. Bundy had a theory. The killer had not called the police because he had needed time to establish the alibi—an hour, two hours, perhaps more. He had to reach a summer place in the Indiana dunes, or a house in the suburbs, or he had to type a column that should have been completed earlier. There were many possibilities. But all of them, Mr. Bundy declared, led to one conclusion: the killer had to be where he should be when the murder was discovered.

"Since he would be notified," Mr. Bundy added.

"Why would he be notified?" Clay asked. "Unless he was a cop or a newspaperman?"

"A newspaperman," said Mr. Bundy, "is what I believe him to be."

Clay felt his spine tingle. It was possible, all right. With the girl and half the staff from Fort Worth, it almost had to be. That is, if the business went back to 1952, when she'd changed her name from Baumholtz to Trevor and suddenly begun to spend money. Blackmail, Mr. Bundy had said when they first met. Blackmail started in Fort Worth and continued in Chicago. That was why she'd come to the Globe, worked for a salary that meant nothing to her. She'd wanted to keep an eye on her victim.

"It's a good idea," Clay said. "Except I *don't* see how I fit."

"You were chance, lucky chance, or so the murderer thought," Amos Bundy said.

"How could he have guessed I'd black out?"

"He couldn't. I imagine he meant to incriminate you so completely it would make no difference whether you protested innocence or not."

"He arranged that, all right."

"But," Mr. Bundy said, "in so doing he also arranged certain leads for us. We now know what to look for in the way of an alibi; we know the murderer's getaway period to be considerably longer than first supposed; we have the Angel of the Lord; we have the extra key to the girl's apartment, the cigarettes and the knowledge that the killer had been in contact with the girl and that she was frightened of him—"

Mr. Bundy picked up the ledger. "And now we have certain suspects: Adair, the columnist; Standish, your editor; Hannen, your city editor; and your friend Mr. Blain. We are checking the movements of each. But which we suspect the most depends upon what we learn in Fort Worth—and from Washington. I, too, called the Dupont number—carried on a conversation very similar to yours."

"Sounded like some kind of foreigner."

"Possibly. Possibly not." Mr. Bundy eyed him thoughtfully. "A call just at the time of death. Very strange. We must find out whose number it is and who received the call and what the call was about. And quickly!" He shook his head. "I have instructed my Washington colleagues to use all measures necessary—short of murder."

"Murder's okay too."

MISS DEWHURST came in then. She glanced at Clay and then said, "The gentleman you wanted to see about the hat check Mr. Clay found in his pocket was here. He was in a hurry, so I showed him the hat check. Amazing. He took one look and said" —she consulted a slip of paper—" *'Gavotte. Mitzi France. Real name, Sophie Skouloudes.'* "

"The Gavotte," Clay said. "That's where Charley Adair left Mary Trevor."

"I have Mitzi France's address," Miss Dewhurst said.

Mr. Bundy went to the hatrack, removed fedora, coat and umbrella. "Let us proceed," he said. "The damosel awaits." . . .

It was a little after 5:00 P.M. when Sam Clay and Mr. Bundy got to the apartment of Mitzi France, nee Sophie Skouloudes. However, if the damosel was waiting—as Mr. Bundy had said—she was being very coy about it. For a

"Here's another dandy. Woman here writes *Dear Miss Sayworth: My husband has an annoying habit of reading your column to me at breakfast . . .*"

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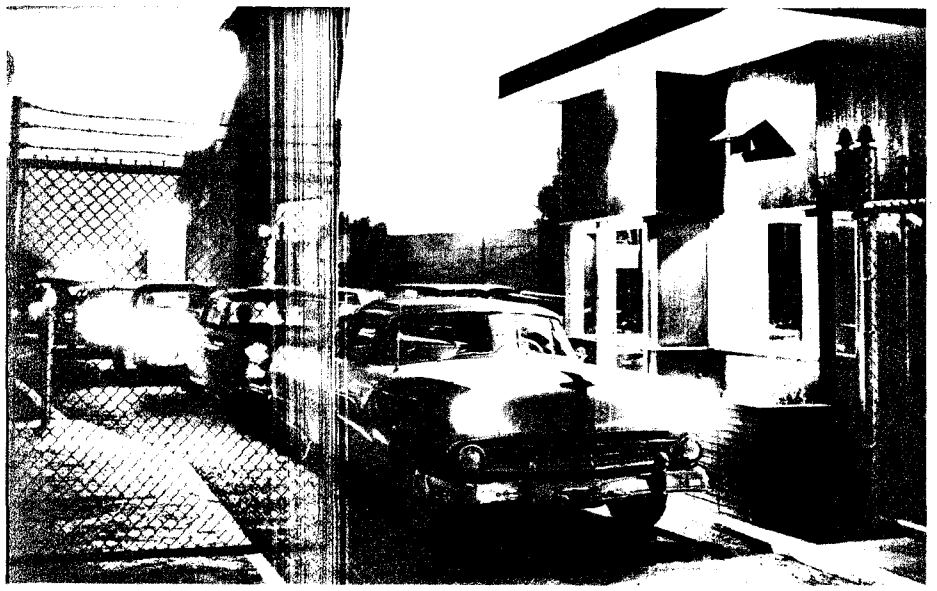

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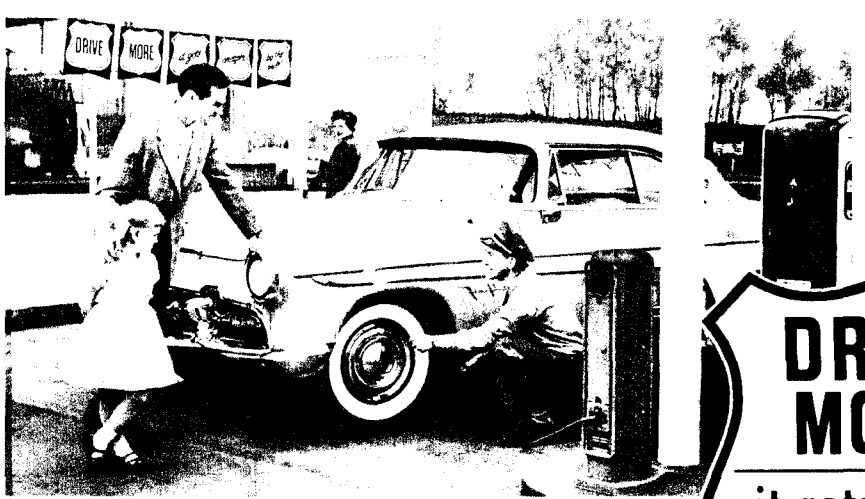

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Families across the country show how to get greater pleasure and value from your car

Families in California, New York and the other 46 states are making a big discovery. They're finding that the more they use their cars, the more fun they have . . . and the less it costs per mile.

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The only real difference is the amount of gasoline and oil used. However, U.S. oil companies have held prices so low—even with the high taxes on gasoline and oil—that you can drive many extra miles for very few extra dollars.

For example, the chart shows how a family of three can cut their cost per mile, by driving more.

YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR AVERAGE FAMILY
(HUSBAND, WIFE & ONE CHILD)

For **5,000** *miles**		*For* **15,000** *miles**
$477.36	*Depreciation*	$477.36
104.46	*Insurance*	104.46
16.83	*License fees*	16.83
114.50	*Gasoline and Oil*	343.50
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$775.65	TOTAL FAMILY COST	$1,129.65

5.2¢ ... *Cost per mile for each member of family* ... **2.5¢**

*Source: AAA

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third time Mr. Bundy knocked, and Clay said, "Nobody home."

Mr. Bundy reversed his umbrella and hit the panel a series of blows with the bone handle. The door jerked open and an unshaven man with bloodshot eyes glared out at them. He was naked from the waist up.

"We don't want none," he snarled.

THE door was shoved violently and would have slammed shut if the umbrella, through what appeared to be Mr. Bundy's awkwardness, had not somehow got between it and the jamb.

In the ensuing confusion, both Clay and Mr. Bundy got into the apartment. The man backed away from them, toward a narrow hallway. "What's the idea?" he asked. "What you want?"

"Miss France," Mr. Bundy said.

"She ain't here."

"Do you mind if we look?"

The man continued to back toward the hallway, muscles bunching on his shoulders. "Mind?" he asked, and reached behind him into a coat hanging on the back of a chair. He brought his hand up quickly, holding a snub-nosed .38, which he pointed at Mr. Bundy's stomach. "Yeah," he said, "I mind."

Mr. Bundy ignored the gun. "It will be to Miss France's advantage to speak to us."

"Blow!" the man said. The revolver's safety, thumbed off, clicked ominously.

"I'm a private investigator," Mr. Bundy went on calmly, "inquiring into the murder of a young woman named Mary Trevor."

Something flickered in the man's eyes and he said, "We read about it. Sophie don't know from nothin'."

"Not even who went home with Miss Trevor from the Gavotte last night?"

"I told you. Sophie never seen nothin'. Now, don't make me have to say it no more." The man's knuckles tightened around the revolver.

"Let's go," Clay said.

"Do that," the man said, shifting his grip on the revolver. "Do that while you—"

The umbrella, handle forward, hooked his wrist and sent the revolver spinning across the room. The man dived at Mr. Bundy, who stepped aside and then lunged, the umbrella head held against the man's Adam's apple. The man's knees buckled and he sank to the floor, both hands clutching his throat.

Clay stared in horror as the skin on the man's sweat-beaded face began to turn purple. Calmly Mr. Bundy pulled the umbrella back and carefully examined it.

Air rasped through the man's throat, and at the same time a dark-haired girl came into the room from the hallway. She had on a filmy green nightgown; the light from the bedroom outlined her legs. "Why lie, honey?" she said. "I told you I saw the guy who took her home."

She stopped as she caught sight of the man kneeling on the rug, breath still rattling in his throat. She turned to Mr. Bundy, puzzled. "I saw him," she said. She shifted her glance to Clay. "The murderer—" She stared for a second and then her eyes rolled up until only the whites showed. It began—a wild-animal's scream, frenzied, uncontrolled, insane.

BENT grass, mowed so close it had the pile and texture of a broadloom rug, grew between the Peterkins house and the street. As Clay went up the walk to the handsome suburban house, someone called, "Hello," from a sun porch on the south side of the building. Going around to the porch door, which opened onto the yard, Clay saw a man inside, holding a silver Persian cat. He asked, "Mr. Peterkins?"

"Laura's expecting you. That is, if you're Mr. Clay," Elmo Peterkins said. He was a very small man, close to seventy, with wrinkled brown skin and a gentle face.

"Laura's taking a nap," he said when Clay had identified himself.

"I can come back later."

"No. No. Wake her. We're to have dinner with Mrs. Cornelia Gordon tonight."

"That's nice."

"Is it? But what does one talk about to the owner of a newspaper?"

Clay said he didn't know, he'd never talked to Mrs. Gordon.

"Nor I," Peterkins said and smiled shyly. And then he pointed toward the rear of the house. "Laura's in her studio. I'd guide you but I'm not permitted."

COLLIER'S **"Joe, meet my recent vacation"** JEFFERSON MACHAMER

COLLIER'S **"Step outside and say that—and then I won't have to listen to it"** JOHN GALLAGHER

Clay went along a curving flagstone path to a tiny frame structure at the back of the yard. The studio had an out-of-plumb chimney and a Chinese red door with a brass knocker; they gave it a fairy-tale look.

He did not want to see Laura Peterkins, but he lifted the knocker, let it drop. He had to face her. Mr. Bundy had insisted that it was essential they find out what Laura knew, even if it meant telling her the whole story. It was a gamble they had to take.

When no one came to the door, he pushed it open and said, "Mrs. Peterkins?" and went into the studio.

On one long wall, shelves of books reached to the ceiling, and at the far end was a large brick fireplace. A canary chirped in a wicker cage, and on an enormous, pillow-littered divan under the windows lay Laura Peterkins, fat and red-haired.

He knew she was dead, but he went to her anyway. She was on her side, partially wrapped in a lavender kimono. Her eyes were open, staring accusingly at a water-smooth statuette lying on the floor. One of the figure's arms was freshly broken off, the exposed stone a chalky white. Someone had hit Laura Peterkins very hard.

Clay stared down at the dead woman. He felt no particular shock; it was almost as though he had expected her death. He looked around the room and saw one of the tall windows was open a crack. The murderer could have come in there, stepping over the sill from the garden.

He went to the desk, saw it had been ransacked. On the top was a ripped file folder and a jumble of papers, but Clay could get no idea of what the killer had been looking for or whether he'd found it. Most likely it was something written, since he'd concentrated on the desk.

As Clay was wishing Mr. Bundy were there, a strange feeling of exultation began to take possession of him. He began to realize what he should have realized at once: this second killing meant almost certainly that he hadn't done the first, hadn't murdered Mary Trevor. Almost certainly, hell! He *hadn't* murdered her! Someone else was doing the murdering!

But even as he felt better, he knew he was still in trouble. In fact, he thought with new fear, he was in twice as much trouble. He walked back to the body, stood looking down at it. Though he now was convinced he hadn't killed Mary Trevor, if he reported Laura Peterkins' murder, he would become a suspect in both.

LOOKING down at the body, his eyes caught sight of a book on the floor, one Laura had evidently been reading. It had a marker in it. He picked up the book and opened it to the marked pages, which contained a verse in four-line stanzas. His scalp prickled as he read the ballad's title: *Larry Trevor and the Hooded Nun.*

At the end of the ballad, by the four last stanzas, a pencil had made heavy vertical marks. He felt his heartbeat quicken. He read:

The forty-five spoke a-loud and a-clear;
Lead entered his mouth, a-came out his ear,
Blew off his face, the side of his head;
Before he hit ground, the Sheriff was dead!

The Deputies ran for cover to hide,
More shots rang out; three Deputies died,
Just two were left for Heaven or Hell,
When the hammer clicked on an empty shell.

Tall Larry turned to the Hooded Nun:
"Now shoot!" he said. "The victory's won!"
His voice was lost in the silent air.
The Nun was gone. No one was there.
Like smoke she'd gone. Like a spectral sight
That fades to mist on a summer's night.

He put the book down and walked stiffly to the door, went through it and closed it behind him. He started along the curving flagstones to the front of the house. His mouth tasted of bile.

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As he passed the porch, Peterkins said, "Have trouble waking Laura?"

"A little."

"I heard you call," Peterkins said. "Laura sleeps hard."

"Yes, she does."

"I suppose Laura wants to sleep some more?"

"Yes. I wouldn't disturb her. Not for a while."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of it. I'm not permitted."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Clay."

WHEN Clay got back to the Globe office, Andy Talbot told him Standish wanted to see him right away. He went into Standish's office, but no one was there. On the coffee table in front of the leather couch were two copies of the Globe's bulldog edition. Below the front-page cartoon, given only half a column, was the story of Mary Trevor's death. Evidently someone, probably Mrs. Gordon, had ordered it played down.

The head read: SEX FIEND KILLS GOLD COAST GIRL, and only in the third paragraph was the girl identified as an employee of the Globe. The story was handled straight, with no hint of a possibility the murder was anything more than a sex slaying, and the only trace of sensationalism was the "Gold Coast" in the head.

Reading the story, Clay felt mildly let down until he thought of Laura Peterkins. If her death didn't bring on a rush of excited prose, then nothing would. He threw the paper back on the coffee table and crossed to Standish's private telephone. He dialed Mr. Bundy's number. Mr. Bundy was out, but Miss Dewhurst had a bit of news.

"Anent bracelet and clip," she said briskly. "Traced to retail jeweler in Fort Worth, Texas. Sold there in August, nineteen thirty-six, to one Simon Bolivar Gordon. Price: twenty thousand dollars."

"Who?" Clay exclaimed. "Gordon? Are you sure?"

"Simon Bolivar Gordon," Miss Dewhurst repeated. "Identified as a newspaper publisher."

Clay hung up. He didn't know where it fitted in, but he was sure it was important. It was a road sign. It pointed to Fort Worth and it pointed to the Globe, even though old man Gordon had been dead for nine years.

He wished he could talk this over with Mr. Bundy. And he had to tell him about Laura Peterkins—and also about the crazy ballad. But that would have to wait. He dialed the morgue and asked for the clips on Larry Trevor.

He leaned back in Standish's chair and reflected on what might be coming next. It might be the discovery of Laura's body. When Peterkins told the police Sam Clay had been there, Clay would be sunk. But he would also be sunk the moment Sergeant Storm found out who bought the brandy bottle found in the girl's apartment. He was sunk if his hat was traced, if Gwen talked about the scissors in his apartment, if the elevator boy identified him. And there were probably a dozen ifs he didn't know about.

He was worrying about these when Standish's secretary, Miss Bentley, slouched into the office looking like Sadie Thompson. "Your ex-wife's been calling all day," she said and dropped an envelope on the desk in front of Clay. "The morgue said you wanted this," she added.

Clay thanked her and she slouched out. He started to reach for the telephone, to call Alice—everyone seemed to want him to call her—but instead he picked up the envelope from the morgue.

He found two clippings in the Trevor file. One was headed: *LARRY TREVOR TAKEN IN BLOODY GUN FIGHT; HOODED NUN ESCAPES.* And the other: *OKLAHOMA BADMAN, KILLER OF EIGHT, GIVEN 150 YEARS.*

He skimmed through the clippings. The account of Larry Trevor's capture seemed to jibe pretty well with the ballad. One fact was different though: the story said the Hooded Nun had not been present when Trevor was captured.

He looked up as Standish came rushing into the office.

"Oh, no!" Standish said, stopping abruptly and staring wildly at Clay. "You!" He darted around the desk and took hold of Clay's arm. "Quick. Out. While there's time. Back elevator." He pulled Clay to his feet and started him toward the door. "Police. After you. I'll explain later." He shoved Clay through the doorway. "Call me the minute you—" He made a hoarse noise, that was halfway between a groan and a cry, and dropped Clay's arm.

In the doorway to the outer office stood Sergeant Storm, his bulky body filling the opening. Under one arm was the empty magnum of brandy.

"Sergeant!" Standish said weakly. "I was just bringing him to you."

"Yeah, I see," said Sergeant Storm. "Back there in the office, both of you."

Beyond Storm, in the outer office, Clay glimpsed a crowd of people. He saw a couple of detectives, some strange women, two uniformed policemen and a tall Negro.

Before closing the door, Sergeant Storm said, "Hold the others out there, Marshak."

STORM closed the door and put the bottle on the desk. He took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and said, "Okay, Clay."

He was moving forward, at the same time opening the handcuffs, when Standish swung into action. "Over my dead body!" he shouted. "Who do you think you are? Where's your authority for this?"

"I got it," Storm said.

"On what grounds?"

"Enough evidence for a dozen convictions."

"Such as?"

Storm's expression tightened. "I'll present it at the proper time."

"You'll present it now!" Standish's face grew dark with fury. "This is the Globe office. Mr. Clay is a Globe employee. He *is* the Globe. No cop can push the Globe around!"

"I can," Sergeant Storm said. "When it's my duty."

"Your duty is to show cause for arrest. If you can, fine," Standish said, eyes glittering. "You want me to call the chief of detectives?"

For the first time, Storm's face showed indecision. "That's not necessary," he said.

"Then present your evidence."

"Okay. I'll just do that." He yelled at the closed door: "Marshak! Bring 'em in!"

"Wait!" Standish flung open the door. "Miss Bentley! Get I. P. Geisel. At once!" He glared at Storm. "We'll see that this is done legally."

Legally or illegally, Sam Clay thought, what difference did it make? This was it. —JONATHAN LATIMER

(This is the second of four parts)

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Hour after hour, the menfolk of Leslie, Arkansas, whittle and talk, pausing only to sharpen their pocketknives. Whenever a pile of shavings grows

BROTHER, you're wasting your time going up in the Ozarks," said the counterman in the highway restaurant not far from Little Rock, Arkansas. "Those mountain people ain't different than anybody else nowadays." The driver of a gas truck, eating a hamburger beside me, nodded. "That's sure right. The Ozarks now's the same as Chicago or New York or anywhere."

But I had heard too much about the Ozarks and their colorful mountain people to be dissuaded now from a visit. I climbed back into my car and turned off the main East-West highway onto a road that led up a dense-timbered ridge. All about me green-forested mountains reared themselves against the sky. The car sped up and down the slopes as over a scenic roller coaster, framed by endless canvases of carefully painted trees. The road—new, and with sections still uncompleted—was deserted. Not a house showed, not an automobile. Travelers were not yet in the habit of coming this way.

A violent storm broke, with hailstones as large as pigeon eggs and lightning flashing in bizarre displays, sweeping from peak to peak in crackling bridges of fire.

I pulled up before a tiny crossroads store just after the squall had ended. A tall figure with a silvery mustache was sitting inside near an empty stove, chewing tobacco. I bought some salted peanuts and remarked about the display of lightning.

The mustached figure chewed thoughtfully. "Brother, that wasn't no lightning at all," he drawled. "Real lightning around here gets so thick and solid people catches it and bends it into horseshoes."

A lanky individual in overalls on a box beside him put down the ice-cream bar he was munching, and cleared his throat noisily. "Everything's kind of fancy with the weather around here, brother, if it's wet or if it's dry. Gets so dry sometimes a catfish going upstream kicks up a cloud of dust."

I smiled and knew I had arrived at my goal. I was in the Ozarks at last.

From my earliest childhood I had heard about the people of the Ozarks and listened to many stories of their strange and fabulous ways. I was to find some of the stories true and some of them false. But true or false, the people were always as exciting as the spectacular scenery which forms the background of their lives. It is a region full of drama and melodrama and rich American humor. It is a region of amazing contrasts—of education

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Whittling Capital of America

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

J. GRAY

Looking out across the Ozark Mountains

It's Leslie, Arkansas, deep in the Ozark Mountain country—a fabulous land where men stalk bees with flour and sugar water, moonshiners still dodge the revenuers, and dog owners race their singing hounds against foxes

so high, the whittler just applies a match to it

and remarkable native intelligence side by side with strange superstition, of gentleness and kindliness and rare hospitality and violence, of the ultramodern side by side with some startling survival from the earliest days of the West. It is one of the most fascinating areas in all America.

I drove on down the twisting road again. The mountains showed around me endlessly stretching beyond my vision into distant Missouri and Oklahoma. Here in northern Arkansas the ranges were the highest and the inhabitants least affected by the changes in the world outside.

A new green-forested valley appeared ahead. A brownish patch of houses lay in the middle. I knew it was Jasper, my first stop. Winding down the mountainside, I reached the little town. It basked drowsily in the hot sun after the rain. Muddy jeeps and trucks and passenger cars were parked against the curbs before the general stores and the courthouse. Near them, tall mountaineers in from the back country stood chewing tobacco and exchanging news.

I had been in the town several days when I noticed a crowd gathered near the courthouse. Some state troopers stood nearby, stern, intent, talking to the sheriff, a towering picturesque figure in khaki who might have played the role of marshal in a film of the old frontier. A robber from the lowlands had just fled with his girl friend into the hills, and a posse was being organized.

I went with some of the officials on the hunt for the runaways. Our automobile stopped at the top of a mountain, where some troopers were standing guard. We climbed out and heard a rustling in the trees. A bloodhound burst into the road, his nose close to the ground, sniffing eagerly. Behind the dog, gripping the leash tightly, was a slight man with a gentle face, rusty with a faint growth of beard. Strapped to his side was a huge pistol.

The state trooper near me adjusted his own cartridge belt and glanced at the gentle newcomer. "Convict in for life. For murder," he said. "He's the bloodhounds' trainer. They let him out of the pen to take the hounds whenever they're tracking somebody down."

The dog and his escort went off among the trees.

Some mountaineers driving past had stopped by the roadside. A youthful hillman with brown overalls and boots that gave him the appearance of a cowboy glanced up at the sky, growing dark with some rolling clouds. "Radio says there'll be a bad

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The Ozark bee baiters spend days, even weeks, searching for honey

storm tonight. If they get a storm, they sure won't catch him."

"If he's smart he won't need no storm," declared a grizzled figure standing beside a truck. "This mountain's all covered with wild garlic. If he rubs some of the garlic on his feet and the girl's, the hound can't track him noways. A dog just can't stand that there smell."

The young hillman listened thoughtfully. "There's a lot of this radio rock around here, too, they use for making them atom bombs. If they rub some of that rock on their shoes it's a hundred times better than the garlic."

My time in Jasper was up next day. Soon after I left, I heard on my car radio that the fugitives had been caught as they slept.

Frontier Spirit Survives in the Hills

I roamed the neighboring hills. The inhabitants universally were kind, ready to give everything they possessed to a friend or a passing stranger. And they were equally ready to give no quarter to their enemies. Most of the younger generation were the product of modern schools; with their keen mountain minds they quickly adapted themselves to the world outside and lived by its laws and standards. But their elders preferred the life of an earlier day; they were still the old frontiersmen of the West with all the frontiersman's faults and his greater virtues. The result was a fantastic mixture of the old and the new; over one of the rare log cabins remaining I saw a high television aerial. It was an atmosphere that could not help but breed rich characters, and droll and extraordinary ways.

I drove to the town of Leslie, at the foot of a steep mountain. As I turned into the main street, I saw an astonishing sight. I thought whittling had been a lost art for half a century, but here some 30 or 40 men were collected in groups, whittling steadily with pocket knives at little sticks of cedar. Some wore overalls, some faded business suits and Texas sombreros. Hour after hour they whittled and talked, now and then pausing to sharpen a blade on a tiny whetstone. As the sun moved overhead, the whittlers followed like a living sundial, keeping close enough to the shadows to be cool, yet warm enough to be comfortable. This was whittlers' paradise, the whittling capital of America.

"You can tell the time of day by watching where them fellows is sitting," drawled a green-suited youth in a drugstore where I had gone for a soda.

A wrinkled little gnome of a man looked up from the magazine rack he was examining. "Them fellows can't talk if they ain't whittling," he declared. "That big redheaded fellow they call Red Sam there by the window was down in Little Rock last week to see a man about trading for his land. The Little Rock fellow was beating him terrible, and Red Sam couldn't figure what was the matter. Then he remembered he'd changed his clothes, and didn't have his knife and stick to whittle. He figured out some kind of excuse and went over to his hotel and got 'em. And then he came back and traded till that Little Rock fellow had to give him all his money and a pair of cuff buttons he was wearing and a half-soled pair of shoes."

I asked if they ever carved anything, a cane perhaps, or a fancy box. The little man shook his wrinkled head. "Brother, for a whittler it ain't lawful to do anything but whittle."

I joined the group where Red Sam was sitting, and listened to the current discussion. Now and then as the pile of shavings about a whittler's feet grew so high as to be annoying, he would lean over and sweep the wooden curls into a neat pile, then strike a match and watch till the mound had burned to ashes.

The talk turned to the fine points of whittling.

"There's two kinds of whittlers," said brawny Red Sam, with an impressive air of authority that marked him as the local oracle. "There's the kind that stands up when they whittles. They cut off big chunks of wood like they was chopping down a tree. They're what you call the nervous type. They ain't good whittlers nor good men neither."

"That's sure right," added a fattish figure next to me, spraying out shavings like chaff from a threshing machine. "You can't trust them stand-up whittlers. They're always in a hurry to get away. They ain't interested in your company. The good whittler's the kind of fellow that'll sit down by you and cut off long shavings that curl up on the ground nice and pretty. He don't want nothing better than being there and talking to you. That's a good whittler and a good man, too."

I borrowed a knife and stone from Red Sam and began whittling like the others. Red Sam watched me a long time, then shook his head gravely. "Looks to me you're the nervous type," he said.

I left soon afterward and drove on to Harrison, a brisk, modern town at the northern edge of the mountains, to buy some supplies.

"You might as well stay here as go up in the mountains," said the breezy proprietor of a gas station as he filled the tank of my car. "The Ozarks are just like any place today. No difference at all."

I went on again, stopping this time at Clinton and the Bee Bluffs beyond, those strange cliffs where wild bees have stored their honey for more than a century. How many countless pounds of honey the lofty caverns contain, no resident will even dare to guess. They know only that on the sweltering days of summer, when the hot sun bakes the hills, they can see the melting honey trickling down the cliffsides. Here men go on strange hunts known as bee-baiting, and search for wild honey in a bee tree as other men hunt for gold.

I walked through the woods with a cadaverous individual, so lean and bony he resembled one of the skinny hounds so common hereabout, and who I knew was one of the region's most accomplished bee stalkers. "Guess you'd figure it was a funny kind of hunting," he remarked as we reached an open field where some bees were buzzing noisily.

"You go after 'em with sugar water and honey. You catch a bee like one of those flying there and you dust him with flour so you can pick him out easy. And then you put out your bait for him; put sugar water or a old honeycomb in the middle of the flowers where he comes for his honey so he can load up fast and go home. And then you look which way he's flying. And you time him when he starts and when he comes back. Then you figure how far off he's got the hive, 'cause you know how long he's been traveling.

"Next day you bring bait again and you move the sugar water closer. And you keep on moving it nearer and nearer till after a while right up ahead you see a hollow tree just buzzing with bees. And you walk up and cut your initials on it with a knife, so people'll know it ain't nobody else's. Just like you were staking out a claim for a mine."

I remarked that when a bee hunter finds a tree he must have a great feast on the honey. My companion looked at me in surprise.

"He gives the honey away to the first man he sees," he said. "A real bee hunter don't care anything about honey. All he wants is to find the most bee trees and be the bee-tree champion."

Where Practical Joking Is Encouraged

For almost a month I wandered about the area. I visited Mountain View, gay metropolis of practical jokers, where a considerable portion of the town's population spends its time practicing new experiments in this time-hallowed form of American humor. When a stranger appears in Mountain View, the inhabitants are quick to recount the latest exploits to add luster to their town's reputation.

"Brother, you should have been here a couple of weeks back," drawled a lounger in front of the courthouse. "Man runs a store here bought some of them new plastic pocketbooks and was going to show off how they was waterproof by putting 'em in a bucket of water. Just before he was ready to start one of the fellows that was watching sneaked up and poured in a big bottle of acid. The man runs the store made a fancy speech about how fine these pocketbooks was and dropped one in the bucket. And then right before his eyes, the pocketbook was gone, just melted into nothing. He dropped in four of 'em before he figured out what was happening. I tell you, brother, the people in Mountain View are cards."

"Even play jokes on the revenuers," added another lounger near him. "A moonshiner from here that's working back of Eureka now wanted to ship some liquor down to Little Rock. He hired a ambulance and put his wife inside on the stretcher, lying right on top a big load of whisky. The state troopers stopped him on the road, and he told 'em his wife was dying and he was rushing her to the hospital. They gave her and the whisky one of them police escorts all the way to the Little Rock city limits."

As I roamed about these more isolated regions, I heard more and more stories of moonshine. I also talked with a tall mountaineer whose mustaches were like tarnished golden sabers, an individual whom we will call Uncle Luke, known far and wide

There's nothing like an auction to draw a crowd in Ozark country. In this sale at Clinton, Arkansas, auctioneer W. L. Clark is selling women's stockings—a dozen pairs for a dollar

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hen give it away to the first passers-by

in a certain territory as the king of the Ozark moonshiners. He spoke casually at first, his gaunt face troubled. He put down the ax with which he had been chopping wood for his still, located in a clump of pines along the rocky ravine where we were standing.

"Trouble with moonshining today is all these here new people," he lamented. "Foreigners and them fellows from the flat country, making whisky out of anything. The kind that says if you put in your thumb and the thumbnail don't come off, the whisky is all right to drink. It gives us regular moonshiners a mighty bad name."

Moonshiners Tell Their Tales of Woe

He discussed the growing problems of his profession like a lawyer or a doctor. "Keeps you jumping nowadays," he commented. "'Cause even if the law in a place ain't against you, the federals are liable to come around any minute. Time you got to watch 'em most is early in the morning when you start your fire going. They can see the smoke way off. But if you got dry wood like I'm cutting now, she don't smoke up so bad."

A drowsy-eyed man, who was his assistant, came up leading a battered mule, and joined in the conversation. "Way these federals bother you all the time nowadays, you never get no rest. Used to be you could have a still in the same place a couple of years. Now you got to move her every couple of weeks. When things get too bad Luke and me puts the still on skids and pull her around with this mule. That way we can keep ahead of 'em easy."

Next day, I circled over to the pleasant little community of Marshall. It was hard to believe, talking to these gentle, soft-spoken townspeople, that here during the thirties within 18 months 18 men had been killed in a bitter political feud that rocked the state of Arkansas.

All was peaceful in Marshall now. As everywhere in the Ozarks, the traveler would have to journey far to find the same kindliness. Here no man went hungry as long as a neighbor had food in his cupboard; a flat tire on the road brought helpers so numerous as to be embarrassing.

As I had wandered through the Ozarks, everywhere after dark I could hear the barking of hounds as they dashed through the woods racing a fox—a chase, I had heard, that was as different from fox hunting as the polar night is from day. The barking of dogs at times was as constant as the beating of drums in Africa.

I sauntered into the Marshall feed store and listened to the conversation of the mountaineers and townsmen sitting before the counter. The talk quickly turned to fox racing, for the feed store was Marshall's accepted headquarters for the sport's devoted followers.

A dour-faced farmer buying some feed spoke up acidly, "If you fellows'd shoot some of them foxes instead of just racing 'em to hear your dogs sing it'd be a lot better around here. Them foxes is causing plenty of trouble. Killed two of my chickens last night."

An elderly individual whose snowy head was tilted back in the process of taking a soft drink jerked upright so fast he almost choked. He looked at the speaker with disgust. "I'd as soon kill myself as kill a fox. Or let my dogs kill one either."

I expressed my curiosity about the fox races.

Dewey Hamilton, the friendly proprietor of the store who I knew was one of the local champions, turned to me. "We're going racing tonight," he said. "We'll take you along."

He called for me in his truck after dark and drove down a gravel road toward some shadowy hills. Past a stretch of timber we traveled, then beyond a lonely farmhouse where a light was showing. Down the road I could see several other trucks parked near a fence. We halted alongside. In the rear of the trucks I could see a dozen dogs, panting with excitement. Some men came forward and flung open the tail gates. The dogs leaped down, and like phantoms, without a sound, sped off into the darkness.

We took seats on some tree stumps near the trucks and talked quietly. By the direction the dogs had taken, their masters knew they were on Polecat Mountain, which rose before us, and were rushing up the black-timbered slopes. But the animals were still voiceless, silent as ghosts. They were trained to make no sound until they had found a scent.

The dark sky suddenly brightened with the rising moon. In the distance there came a bark, sharp as the firing of a pistol. The fox racers grew tense, listening. The bark was repeated.

The face of my host glowed with triumph in the moonlight. "That's my dog Frank," he declared. "Frank's a chop-mouth."

A smallish man known as Shorty took a chew of tobacco. "A chop-mouth's a dog that chops off his bark, like that one. There's doubles, they always bark twice. And there's squealers. They bark high."

An excited chorus commenced soon after, shrill barks and staccato barks, intermingled with deep, sonorous baying. Each man knew the voices of the different dogs instantly.

"That's Haggin," said Shorty. "That's Rowdy," called a bulky figure in a T-shirt behind him. "That's Rising Sun," called a third.

A new voice sounded at the head of the pack now, a long, mournful tremolo. "That's my other dog, Lee," announced Mr. Hamilton. "He's carrying the mail." The barking of the dogs grew louder, the chase faster. Mr. Hamilton lighted a cigarette. "Hope they come around Polecat so you can hear 'em sing."

Shorty took a few steps closer to the chase. "Ain't anything in the world pretty as foxhounds singing."

The barking came closer, then drifted away. A new silence fell over the countryside. The faces of the men fell in disappointment. Shorty bit off another chew of tobacco and gazed with mournful eyes toward the moonlit horizon. "Looks like the fox is walking," he said.

The bulky individual in the T-shirt, known as Fats, agreed dolefully. "Ain't no doubt about it. He's walking." He turned to me. "The dogs won't track a fox while he's walking. Only when he's running."

A chill wind swept the valley. Mr. Hamilton collected some wood and built a fire. We huddled around it, grateful for the warmth. Mr. Hamilton made coffee. We drank it slowly. The spirit of the racers revived a little. They talked in low tones.

"Maybe the fox has lost 'em," said Mr. Hamilton as the silence of the dogs continued. "A fox has got plenty of tricks."

Throwing the Hounds Off the Scent

"Ain't nothing a fox can't do when he wants to," said Fats. "I was out racing a fox once and the dogs was almost up with him, and he happened to pass where I was standing. All he did was jump up on a rock, and lick each of his four paws. And then he jumped down and the dogs couldn't find the scent again all night."

The moon dropped beneath a cloud. The stars shone brilliantly, twinkling along the edges of the great pines nearby like lights on a Christmas tree.

The men continued to sit by the fire, waiting.

Suddenly Mr. Hamilton put down the cup of coffee he was drinking. He stood up and listened, rigid as a statue. "They're coming," he announced.

I turned in the direction he was facing and listened also. There was no doubt about it now. The fox and the hounds were heading toward us, around the shadowy slopes of Polecat Mountain.

Nearer and nearer the dogs came. Their voices growing ever clearer, sweeter. "That's my Frank in the lead again," said Mr. Hamilton proudly.

"That's Ruby right after him," called Fats, gone down the road a short distance to be closer to the chase.

Honey hunter Thomas Fannings, 63, Clinton, Arkansas, baits bees with old honeycombs

"Rowdy's running him neck and neck," asserted Shorty.

Swiftly the dogs advanced till they were almost on us, still unseen in the dark woods, their different-toned voices rising and falling like the rich notes of an organ. In infinite variety they sounded through the night, high notes and low notes, tremolo and bass, notes like woodwinds and notes like bells, sometimes gay with anticipated triumph, sometimes low and mournful with defeat.

The hounds dashed past us and raced off into the timbered darkness. The faces of the men about me were glowing with delight. Until almost daybreak we remained, listening while the melodious pursuit swept back and forth across the hills.

At last the sound of the runners ceased. There came only the crowing of a cock on a distant farm. Shorty took a final chew of tobacco. He spoke with resignation. "Looks like the fox's ended it."

Fats nodded. "Crawled into his hole, I guess. They're all red foxes on Polecat. Red fox can end a race fast."

Soon after, the dogs came drifting back to the trucks, panting, footsore. Our weary cavalcade set off toward the town.

Shorty, sitting beside me in the truck, opened his half-closed eyes and gave a sigh of deep content. "Ain't nothing in the world like listening to the music of the hounds," he said.

I went back to my tourist court and crawled into bed exhausted. But I couldn't fall asleep for a long time. I was wondering who had thought up the fox race. I decided it was the fox.

A few days later I was driving out of the hills again, on my way to the mechanized East. I stopped at the highway restaurant not far from Little Rock where I had eaten at the beginning of my visit.

The counterman recognized me. "I guess you found it was like I told you," he said. "The Ozarks ain't any different now. They're the same as New York or anywhere."

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Murder Fish

By JOHN KRUSE

A killer lurked in the bay, and one of Billy's guests had been its first victim. If I didn't get it Billy and I would be paupers before night

I GUESS really that I should never have got up that morning. If I had stayed in bed maybe nothing would have happened. One glance out of my shack window at the dawn should have been enough. There had been lightning in the night, and the dawn atmosphere on that part of the Ceylon west coast was hot and moist and sluggish. But, as it was, I dragged myself down to the sea and went in. I let the tide stir me around for a minute while I put on my fins and mask, and then, trailing my spear gun, I struck out lazily for the reef.

I should have known it would be a lousy day for spearing. But no—I had to find it out the hard way. I had swum halfway to the reef, through water that was a little clearer than milk, and dodged about a thousand jellyfish, before it finally got through to me. There were whitefins farther out, and a man can go crazy in cloudy water worrying about shark.

I came back. I was sitting in the undertow, slinging my fins up onto the sand, before I saw the crowd.

When I had come down half an hour before, the hotel beach had been empty. Now, upwards of a hundred people were standing around the small rocky bay. They seemed to be intent on a fishing outrigger, crewed by two natives, which was paddling around the inlet. One of the natives was peering down into the water through a sponging glass.

The crowd had that hushed, shocked look I had seen once around a mine pit head back home, and I knew right away something bad had happened. I went along and asked a group of Singhalese fishermen what was up.

"A *mem-sahib* from the hotel," one of them said.

"Drowned?"

"Not drowned. Taken."

"Taken!" I asked him by what.

The fisherman shrugged. "She was swimming and she vanished. That's all I know."

I looked over to where Billy Beechum, the hotel proprietor, was fussing around a gray-haired woman in a sun dress. She was probably a relative of the woman who had disappeared, I thought, and she was acting as if Billy didn't exist.

I knew what was worrying Billy Beechum. This sort of accident could kill a hotel stone-dead. People came here for the swimming. The word had only to get around that this was a dangerous beach and Billy's clientele would drift away in less time than it takes to medium-boil an egg. This was the second death here in two months. It was hit-and-run stuff, probably—shark, hopped up by the murky water. Nothing one could do anything about, short of fixing a net. It was tough, I thought, looking at the woman. She was holding herself together pretty well. Tough on fat Billy too. Tough on everyone.

Presently the outrigger put in to shore and the crowd began to disperse. Whatever had got the girl had got all of her. I turned, with a nasty taste in my mouth, and walked back through the steamy heat to my hut.

I had been back there less than ten minutes when a voice behind me said, "Master?" It was a barefoot waiter from the hotel. "Master, please. Mr. Beechum want to speak with you."

Here we go, I thought: panic. It was too hot to get mixed up in one of Billy's panics. I thought of refusing, but Billy was a friend of mine.

I sighed. "Okay." Slipping on a pair of pants and a shirt I went with the waiter along the beach to the Grand Ephraim Hotel.

Billy's office was large and bare. Overhead a pair of big fans whisked the dead air about hopelessly.

Billy Beechum stopped in mid-stride and came toward me, blinking shortsightedly. "Mike! Something terrible has happened."

"Yes," I said. "I know."

"That poor woman—I didn't know what to say to her, Mike. It was her niece,

I raised the harpoon and plunged it with all my strength into the back of the hammerhead's broad neck. The water around me seemed to explode

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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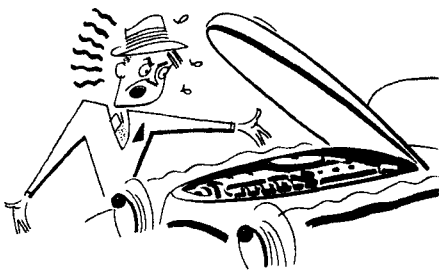

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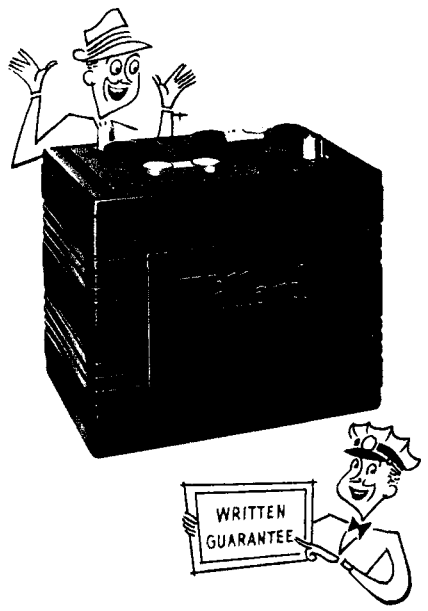

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you know. We've got to do something."

"I told you what to do before."

"I know, but—hell, do you know how much a net would cost? I've only had the place six months. Until I get established I'm on my uppers, Mike."

BILLY had bought the Grand Ephraim with the last cent he owned. If he lost customers at this juncture, all his hard-earned dough would go down the drain. Down there on the beach I hadn't realized just how important this affair of the girl could turn out to be. Now it came home to me and it worried me plenty. Billy had been a good friend to me. A year ago he had used his influence and paid all my legal expenses to squash an attempt to have me deported for vagrancy. I owed him a lot.

"Tell me exactly what happened," I said.

"Thought you knew. This lady, Mrs. Mowat, says she was sitting reading outside the bathhouse. Her niece—pretty girl, awfully pretty girl—was swimming in the bay. Suddenly Mrs. Mowat looked up and the girl was gone—gone under without a trace. What could have done it, Mike?"

"Was she near the rocks?"

"I don't think so. In the middle, I understood."

"Might have been a cramp."

"Oh, come now. Without a sound, just like that?"

"Maybe not." I scratched my head. "Barracuda make a mess. If she wasn't near the rocks it couldn't have been octopus. Shark is my guess. Shark or a jewfish."

Billy's eyes popped open. "What's that, Mike?"

"Big, ugly fish. They swallow things by suction. The green ones will attack anything. A really big one coming up under a person could suck him straight down."

Billy shuddered. He pushed his face close to mine. "Well, I think there's one in the bay!"

I told him I didn't think a jewfish would come into a busy bay like this.

"I do," Billy said. "Exactly the same thing happened to that child the other month. Identical. I think there's something big in that bay. And I want you to get it out."

I said: "Hmph. I'll take a look in there for you, Billy, if it'll make you happy. Tomorrow, if the water clears."

"Not tomorrow. Today. Now! You don't understand—I've got to have something to show the clients. 'Here it is—we've killed it—now you can go in there and bathe to your hearts' content.' Don't you see, tomorrow will be too late. They'll have started to leave."

"Then you better tote up their checks for them. I'm not going in there today. What you're asking is a tall enough order in clear water. I'm not Superman, you know. I'm just a guy who spears fish for a living. You've seen the fish I shoot—they mostly run about ten pounds. Every once in a while I shoot one weighing sixty or seventy and they give me plenty of trouble."

"Nonsense! How about that twelve-foot shark you—"

"That, Billy, was a matter of life and death."

He was right up against me, breathing in my face. "So is this, Mike."

I stared at him. I saw his point.

"I'll give you a hundred bucks."

"I don't want your dough, Billy."

"Two hundred."

I moved back and looked at him. "You're kidding," I said.

Billy pressed his lips together. He went over to the desk, took out a checkbook and wrote out a check. He showed it to me.

I took it and looked at it. Sure was pretty. I tore it up. "Okay," I said and sighed. "If you're that worried, I'll go."

Billy watched stupidly as the little bits of paper fluttered to the ground, and then he jerked his eyes up to mine. "Mike!" he cried delightedly. He grabbed my hand and pumped it. "You're a gentleman!"

"Gentlemen must be suckers," I said.

Twenty minutes later I was standing thigh-deep in the waters of the bay. I had my steel hand spear and a coil of shark line. One end of the cord was fixed to the head of the harpoon, the other to a palm tree on the beach.

Billy was leaning over the rail outside the bathhouse. His face was suitably grim. He gave me a thumbs-up sign.

I made a wry face and pulled on the mask. I adjusted the snorkel in my mouth and launched myself. I beat slowly out into the bay, paying out the line as I went.

The white sand beneath me became rocks, dead-looking in the bad light. The rocks were there for about twenty feet, then suddenly dropped away.

I hung there in the gray fog, looking down into the darkness. Something seemed to open up inside me and let a draft in. I was pretty sure there was nothing down there, but it gave me a bad feeling just the same.

I checked where I was with the shore. Right in the center of the bay. Well, here goes, I thought. I took on a load of air and dived.

I went down vertically for about thirty feet. It was fog all the way. The pressure squeezed the mask in against my face. Something began to sort itself out ahead of me. It was the bottom—rock laced with tongues of sand. I leveled off and worked over it cautiously, trying to see in all directions at once.

It was gloomy down there. There weren't many fish. Then suddenly, looming above me, I saw a shelf. Under the overhang there was a big black hole, just the sort of place where a big fish might lie up. I couldn't pass it by, not and live with myself afterward.

I surfaced uneasily and rested for a few moments. Then I took on another load of air and went back down.

The hole was about the size of a big doorway. I pushed the spear out ahead of me and, scooping the water upward with my hand to keep me down, I edged in.

At first nothing happened. The hole was a lot deeper than the spear was long. Suddenly something seemed to explode in my face. I fought with it, twisted around, lost a lot of air and threshed back to the entrance. One thought filled my mind: octopus!

A fat black body went past me and away into the fog like a bat out of hell. A grouper. Relief nearly choked me. I got out and surfaced quickly, my heart pounding crazily.

When I got up I hadn't enough air left to blow out the snorkel. I took in a lot of water and started coughing. What fun I was having. I hoped I was giving fat Billy his money's worth.

AFTER a while I went down again. I worked along under the shelf. Then I worked down one side of the bay, then the other side. It was a slow, nerve-racking job in the murk. With every shape that loomed up in front of me I felt a moment of tension. I could hear fish that I couldn't see.

Presently I started lacing backward and forward across the bottom of the bay. There were long patches of weed down there. The first one I hit I thought was a shark. But there was nothing. At last I waded up onto the beach, coiling in the line. Half a dozen people from the hotel were watching from the sand by this time. Billy Beechum came hurrying down to meet me.

"Nary a thing!" I called out.

"But you didn't go over anything like all of it, did you?" he said loudly.

"I most certainly—"

"No, you didn't," he cried out. "There were a number of places you missed. I was watching."

"Look—"

"You'll do them later, won't you? I expect you're tired now." He was talking very loudly and oddly. "You'll come back and finish after lunch."

He put his arm round my shoulder as I came up out of the water. "I've got to kid them," he said under his breath.

"You'll do it this afternoon?" he shouted. "Splendid!"

I untied the line from around the tree without saying anything and started back for my hut. Billy trotted alongside me. "Don't be angry," he said. "I had to do it. Don't you see—we can't tell them there's nothing down there. It wouldn't make any difference. We've got to *show* them something. You're sure there was nothing?"

"Sure as one can be."

"Oh, damn. What are we to do? Listen, Mike—"

"No."

"What?"

"I said no. Too much is enough."

Billy looked at me. "This isn't like you, Mike."

"No," I admitted. "It's not. But there's something about today I don't like. Maybe it's the weather. Maybe I'm just getting old."

"Don't let me down, Mike," Billy said. "I wouldn't ask you if there was any other way

"How do you account for a sharp increase in production during your vacation, Throckmorton?"

COLLIER'S JOSEPH SERRANO

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out. I'd do it myself if I could swim."

I sighed. "What was it you were going to say?"

"I was going to say, if there's nothing in the bay, couldn't we catch something somewhere else and drag it to the bay—something big enough to have killed the girl—anchor it somehow on the bottom and then fish it up?"

I stared at him and then laughed. "Brother! You really are desperate, aren't you? Of all the cockeyed notions! Where in the name of Heaven do you think I'm going to find that kind of fish?"

"I don't know. You must know somewhere. You're supposed to be the fishman. Couldn't you find a—what was it—jewfish?"

I stared at him. As a matter of fact, I did know where I could find a jewfish. I knew where there was a jewfish as big as an ox. They don't move around much and this one lived in the hull of a sunken dhow about a mile upcoast. But working without a boat, you don't shoot that kind of fish, not unless you want to be towed straight down to the bottom or swallowed alive.

"We could stage it properly," Billy said. "Get everybody down to the beach, and you could go in with your harpoon, stick it in the thing and we could haul it up. Everyone would be happy and you'd be a hero."

"Swell. And what would happen when they cut it open and found there were no human remains inside?"

Billy looked blank for a moment. "We would have to rush it away quick. It could be worked."

We had reached my hut. He followed me in, pleading. He used every argument he knew. I did a few jobs round the shack while he was talking. He offered me the hotel motorboat, if I wanted it, and any of his staff.

While I was working, I was thinking about the jewfish. I had wanted to get it for months. It was about nine feet long. Not much under a thousand pounds. If I'd been able to afford a boat I'd have had a stab at it long ago. This offer of a motor launch seemed too good to miss.

I let Billy talk me into it. I put up a feeble resistance for half an hour, and then I gave in.

IT WAS midday when we sighted the wreck. She lay about two hundred yards offshore, with her mast just breaking the waves. The whole scene looked kind of ominous. The sea had the texture of molten metal and the noon sun lighted up the atmosphere like a white-hot blanket.

I had three natives with me—the bathhouse attendant, who was an old man, very frail-looking, and two boatmen. The boatmen were boys. They looked as if they could just about whip cream with an outboard motor. It was a great little setup.

I checked the harpoon head, to make sure it came off the shaft easily, and then I tied the two-hundred-foot line to the metal frame of one of the seats. I told the boys to cut the motor and drift in. Big fish get kind of drowsy around midday and I thought maybe if we were quiet enough I might catch this one taking a nap outside his lair.

I got a cushion off one of the seats and told the boys they were to keep it under the line all the time so it wouldn't chafe on the gunwale. I fixed signals. The boys' eyes were big and scared-looking. The old man kept taking snuff and sneezing nervously. It could have been funny, but it wasn't.

Fifty feet from the wreck I went over the side. I ducked my head under. The water seemed to have cleared a little, but I still couldn't see bottom. I knew the country pretty well, though. It was no deeper than the bay—all big boulders. Real grouper country. I headed toward the mast with my heels well down, so they wouldn't splash.

WHEN I got to the mast I stopped. The wreck was below me, but I still couldn't see it, not the faintest shadow of it. I had left the snorkel behind so I wouldn't make a noise blowing through it. I lay in the water holding my breath and listening. Not a sound.

I gulped in some air and went down, careful not to touch the mast or set up the least vibration. The stoved-in deck of the dhow loomed slowly up toward me. I hooked one finger under the coral-encrusted gunwale and I hung there, looking in every direction. There was a greenish tinge to the water, a sort of jungle twilight.

I was strung up tight to resist the shock of seeing the gigantic proportions, the deep belly and yard-wide mouth of the fish I was after. At nine feet, with the magnification, it would look as big as an elephant.

I peered carefully at every half-discerned shape; then I eased myself gently away from the side of the boat and looked down at the hole in the bow. This was its lair.

There was no sign of it.

I surfaced slowly, took is some more air and went down again. Very carefully I circled the wreck. I did it in about six breathing stages, covering only a few yards each time. I knew that a green jewfish the size of this one would probably come straight at me in a headlong rush, with no warning but the water gurgling in its cavernous throat.

I worked my way around to the bow again. Nothing. Either the creature was inside its den or it was away foraging in deep water. There was only one way to find out which.

Taking as much air as I could, I sounded bottom and picked up a small rock. Then, with the rock holding me down, I half walked, half floated to the hole in the bow. I stood square in front of it, with the harpoon couched to withstand a rush. I waited a few moments. Nothing happened.

I shifted the harpoon and thumped the wood hull with it, and then quickly leveled it again. The sound beat through the water like gunfire.

I edged a bit nearer, trying to pierce the darkness. I could see nothing. But I felt something, a terrible sense that the fish was nearby. It was like a shadow moving up over me. The water stirred, whispered against me. The skin crawled on the nape of my neck. My chest filled with almost uncontrollable panic. I dropped the rock and twisted around.

I thought at first it was the hull of a boat. It was so close it seemed to fill the entire sea. Even as I turned, the whole thing seemed to open up, become a yawning chasm. I felt myself drawn toward it like a bit of fluff into a vacuum cleaner. I struggled to get the spear around. I could never have done it, but the suction twisted me. The harpoon cut around, straight into the gaping mouth, and lodged with a jerk, against the bony bottom jaw. My hand was actually inside the mouth. . . .

COLLIER'S **"Why, you're right! The hole *did* move!"** HERB WILLIAMS

Before I could recover, a regurgitating blast hit me full in the face, knocking me backward half a dozen feet. The water around me seemed to shake. I scrambled upward blindly and burst above the surface of the water, gesticulating to the boatmen.

They started to haul on the line. I splash-crawled back to the motorboat, and scrambled aboard. I seized the line but there was hardly any resistance. The harpoon must have come out. The brute must have spat out the spear like a river fish spits out bait.

The boys took in the rest of the line. Suddenly there was a shout. I turned. A great shape had heaved up alongside. It was the jewfish. And it was dead!

It was over on its side, the spear still protruding from its gaping mouth. When we had stopped rocking the motorboat and shouting up at the sky, I got the boat hook and turned the brute over. I saw then what had happened. The tip of the harpoon had gone through the throat and up out of the top of its back, pushing the scaly skin up like a tent at the base of the dorsal. It had virtually stabbed itself to death with its own suction. The spear had severed its spine.

Even seen without magnification it was a monster. Between nine and ten feet. About eight hundred pounds, I judged.

We ran a rope through its gills and secured it alongside where I could protect it with the boat hook in case of shark. Then we started back.

Around the point from the hotel we stopped and I went over the side with the rope tied to my belt. The boys took the boat back to the boathouse, while I towed the fish into the bay.

It was heavy going and it gave me a funny feeling each time I looked back to that great open mouth. It was like towing a railroad tunnel.

When I reached the bay I got astride the thing, gripping its scaly barrel with my knees to keep it out of sight under the water. But it was lunchtime in the hotel and there was no one on the beach, which was just as well since it took me three dives to get the fish down to the bottom and wedge the knotted end of the rope under a rock.

I waded ashore guiltily. For the first time I began to realize what an underhanded trick we were aiming to pull. If it hadn't been for the girl getting killed that morning it might have been quite a gag; but that took the laughs out of it somehow.

I went back to my shack and changed. Then I trudged on up to the hotel and asked at the desk for Billy Beechum.

In less than a minute Billy came hurrying out. He hustled me away from the desk and along a passage. "Well, did you get it?" he whispered.

"Yep."

"Good man! I knew you would. Come and have something to eat."

"Not in this ritzy joint."

"You could eat in my office. Was it a big one?"

"Big enough."

"Well, then, what's the matter?"

"Nothing." I hesitated. "You're perfectly happy about all this?"

Billy pinched his nose and regarded me over the tops of his glasses. "Yes. Why?"

"Nothing," I said. Billy was a nice guy. I supposed I must be getting fussy.

"I'll lay everything on for three o'clock then," he said.

"I suppose you must."

I left him staring after me thoughtfully. It was my fault, I thought. I should never have got up that morning in the first place.

AT THREE o'clock I rolled up out of a cat nap and collected my equipment. I stepped out of the hut and stopped in astonishment. The hotel beach was packed with people. They were sitting on the rocks and along the rail outside the bathhouse. The diving tower looked like a small grandstand.

Hell, this was going a bit too far, I thought. Stepping out onto the sand I felt like a first-night ballerina leaving her dressing room. The nearer I got to the crowd, the worse the feeling got. Group by group, every eye turned in my direction. I went hot and cold all over. How the hell was I going to make a fight with a dead fish look convincing before so many people?

Billy came hurrying to meet me. "You idiot!" I said when he got close enough.

He showed his teeth. "Make it good!" he muttered, taking my arm. He led me along in front of the onlookers like I was a piece of pedigreed beef, and fussed around me trying to help me on with my fins and mask.

I tried not to look at the people, but I couldn't help it. They were everywhere I turned by eyes. They had on serious expressions, most of them, but one or two of the kids looked as if they were looking forward to seeing me get eaten.

I walked with the shark line toward the palm tree, but Billy stopped me. He had brought three natives down with him to take care of that. I guessed they were all part of the act. Maybe he had briefed them, I don't know; but they were big, muscular fellows and they looked better than the palm tree.

When I was ready I started to go in, but Billy hauled me back. A tall, pale man had stepped from the crowd. "This is Canon MacWirter," Billy said, look-

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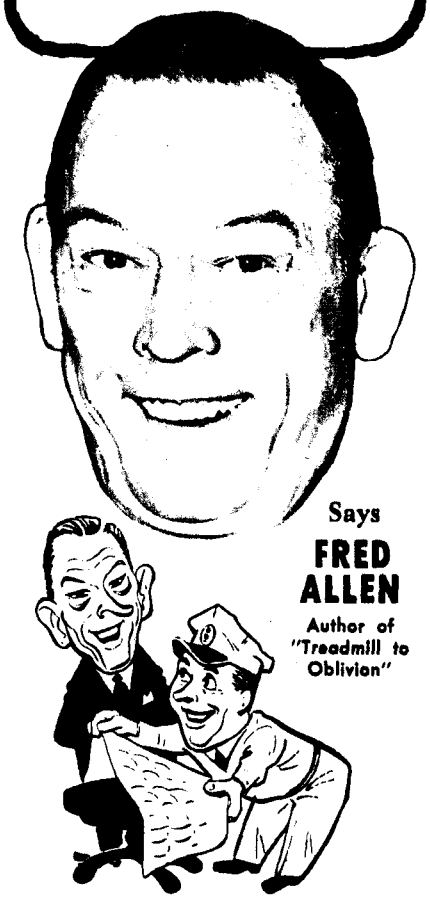
When it comes to Moving, "my line is MAYFLOWER!"



Says FRED ALLEN
Author of "Treadmill to Oblivion"

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ing kind of embarrassed. "He wants to give you his blessing before you—you undertake this dangerous task."

I felt myself go red. I stood there like a dope while the canon blessed me. The crowd didn't make a sound. The good man made a sign over me and then I was free to go and get killed.

WITH a sigh of relief I waded down into the water. But the crowd hadn't done with me yet. They clapped. I pulled the mask down over my face and plunged into the sea quickly, before someone started throwing me flowers.

I beat out into the bay, making like I was looking for something. When I had got over the shelf I made half a dozen token dives. I filled my lungs to capacity each time, went down about ten feet and hooked my fingers under the rock. This way I managed to make each dive last about three minutes. That should impress them, I thought.

The water was murky still, and I kept an all-round lookout just in case. There wasn't much to see, though—a few grunts, a pair of cuttlefish. I worked along to where I judged I had moored the jewfish and went down all the way to the bottom.

Once again the oppressive gloom. I finned along just above the rock, bracing myself to take the shock of seeing the huge shape loom up through the water. First time I missed it. I tried again. I still couldn't see it.

A nasty little seed of panic opened inside me then and began to grow. Maybe I hadn't moored it securely enough. I began quickening my beat, staring about me. I was certain this was the spot. Yes, there was the rock. With the last of my air I swam to it.

The jewfish had gone! This was the rock and it had gone. I felt down under the rock. The rope was still there.

It lay snaked along the bottom. I found the end of it. All that remained of the jewfish was one big gill-plate and half a jawbone.

I kicked to the surface. What the hell was I going to do now? Either the creature had come alive and torn itself free, wrenching half its head off to do it, or something had come along and chewed it up.

How was I going to explain that to Billy? To all those people? Desperately I went down again. I went about two yards and stopped. There was something in the murk ahead of me that looked like the flange of a huge anchor. I drifted right up against it before I realized what it was. Then everything inside me seemed to contract. Very, very gently I let the air in me take me to the surface. I lay there gasping. I wanted to yell out, tell everyone what I had seen. It had been a huge tail fin.

I looked around at the people. Every eye was on me. They were like a fight crowd, hungry for some excitement.

I shook out the line in the water and checked the harpoon. Then I dived.

The tail was still there. The creature it belonged to was lying along the bottom. It stretched away into the gloom like a torpedo. If I had been swimming in nitroglycerin I wouldn't have moved more delicately. Along and above the gray back I finned, above the big triangular dorsal. Just behind the head I stopped.

It was a hammerhead shark.

The grotesque skull, shaped like a mallet, was three feet across. The tiny eyes, set in what would have been the striking ends of the mallet, were invisible to me. It was sleeping, which was hardly surprising if it had eaten the jewfish.

Its skull was virtually impenetrable. There was only one place where I would stand a chance of killing it. I scooped myself down silently till I was directly behind its head, raised the harpoon and plunged it with all my strength into the back of its neck.

The whole water seemed to explode. I let go everything and beat away to the surface. Spitting out the snorkel, I yelled to the natives to pull on the line. I started to race for the beach.

The three natives began hauling in the slack, but almost instantly the line sprang up, white and taut, out of the water. The next moment the Singhalese were flat on their faces, being dragged down the sand. They splashed about in the surf, trying to brace themselves, but it was no good. First one let go, then the other two.

The line whipped along past me. I grabbed it. For an instant my hands seemed to be on fire; then I was moving through the bay at a great rate. My mask was dragged off. The water rushed into my eyes, my mouth, blinding and choking me. I craned my neck up and managed to snatch a look.

There was no sign of the shark, but the line was dragging me straight out to sea. The creature must have turned then, because I found myself sloughing sideways through the water. The diving tower loomed up over me, and somehow I swung around inshore of its wooden piles.

With sudden, desperate inspiration I kicked right on around the nearest pile and braced my feet against it.

The line tautened. Suddenly there was a crash. The pile broke. The rope leaped from my hands. Timber was falling. A great jagged flame leaped up behind my eyes and I was out cold.

I CAME to with the idea that I was in hell. The whole of my body felt as if it were on fire. Then I opened my eyes and saw that I was lying stretched out on my stomach on hot paving stones. There were a lot of feet around me and someone was kneeling on my back.

Whoever it was was wringing me out like a wet dishrag. When he had finished I was helped up and people started congratulating me and shaking me by the hand. Then somehow Billy was there. He clapped me on the back and kept saying, "Marvelous! Wonderful!" But behind his glasses his eyes were mystified. He couldn't make out what had happened.

"Sorry I couldn't hold him," I said.

For a moment he looked more mystified than ever. Then he grinned and raised his finger. "Hear that?" he said.

Above the noise of the crowd came the sound of natives chanting: *"Jumbari-Wallah!"* In Ceylon wherever natives haul on a rope you hear their song, *"Jumbari-Wallah!"* I pushed my way to the rail.

Incredulously, I saw twenty or thirty natives throwing themselves back on a rope in unison. *"Jumbari-Wallah!"* Slowly the great body of the hammerhead was coming up through the surf.

"That last pull did it," Billy said. "It must have levered your harpoon up into its brain."

THAT night I put on my suit. There was a big celebration in the hotel and I was guest of honor. I sat at Billy's table and we had twenty-seven different kinds of hors d'oeuvres, and oysters, followed by kingfish au gratin, and duck. It was a hell of a meal and I guess that's about all there was to it.

There was just one thing, though. Toward the end of the evening the girl all the trouble had started over turned up. She was accompanied by a guy nobody in general and her aunt in particular didn't much like. He had a car and they had been up to Kandy in it. She had ducked out of the bay and gone off when her aunt wasn't looking.

The party broke up a little after that. The aunt had the screaming meanies in the hotel foyer. There was a grimly silent slugging match outside on the carriageway between the young man and another young man.

Me, I had a headache. I left.

I was halfway across the lawn when Billy caught up with me. He fell into step beside me.

"Hell," Billy said at last. "Supposing it didn't work out quite right. You put up a darn' good show. That squares us, Mike, you know."

I didn't say anything.

"Just thought you might like to know—you being a drifter and all that."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Mike, old Mike," Billy said. "Do you think I don't know what's been keeping you here? Well, the debt's settled. You can go ahead and drift."

I stared at him. What made him think I wanted to go on drifting all my life? I liked it here.

But it was good to feel free. I knew that if I'd left before, Billy would have thought I was skipping—getting out from under an obligation. Now we were friends, equals.

The monsoons were coming. Their salty foretaste flavored the air. Maybe I would hitch across to Trincomali for a while. The reefs there would be ablaze with fish.

"If I do go," I said to Billy, "I'll be back."

—JOHN KRUSE

COLLIER'S **"Those were the days. I'd give anything to be buzzed by a P-40 right now"** PERRY BARLOW

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How to Strike It RICH

By MURRAY MORGAN

Dr. Harry Warren shows where fortune may be buried to a class of old miners and young marrieds on a field trip north of Vancouver

One way is 26 lessons at this school of hard rocks. Its graduates have staked claims to many millions of dollars—and have learned not to be bear wrestlers or cliff hangers

IN a few weeks the doors will reopen on a classroom unique in all of North America. So eager will its students be to get there that some will drive more than 100 miles for a single session; they will give their teachers the rapt ear of poker players listening to an expert mind reader. They will take no tests, answer no roll calls, yet few will ever cut class, and for an excellent reason: it might cost them a million dollars.

In 37 years, the course has turned out some 2,900 graduates whom it has helped make richer by several hundred million dollars in mining claims. Sponsored by the British Columbia and Yukon Chamber of Mines, it admits all comers, both U.S. and Canadian. For a mere $10 fee the chamber offers 26 lectures on mineralogy, geology, ways to classify minerals in the field, the technique of prospecting, and related topics, all adding up to a quick cram course in How to Strike It Rich.

Classes are held Monday and Thursday from November through mid-February in a large school in Vancouver. Fewer than half the students have had any direct connection with mining. An average class ranges in age from eighteen to seventy, and may include salesmen, taxi drivers, housewives, chiropractors, bookkeepers, and an occasional minister of the gospel. About all they have in common is a desire not to walk unknowingly past a fortune.

Of the 220 students who enrolled last year, four were Americans, all from Washington State—two from Seattle, one from Everett and one from Bellingham. There were 18 women, an all-time record, including six wives who intended to spend the summer in the bush with their husbands, several mining-company stenographers, a proofreader for a mining publication, and a mine executive's wife who simply wanted to learn how to get in a word at supper.

Before them lies the glittering example of such graduates as Hiram H. Nelson, a curly-haired young Canadian army veteran. Then working as a clerk, Nelson took the course two years in a row, then went into the bush with three companions. In the summer of 1950, on a mountain in northern British Columbia, they discovered one of the richest deposits of asbestos on the continent. The Korean war had just created a demand for asbestos for brake linings. Nelson, who had happily retained a bit of lecture lore to the effect that serpentine rock may contain asbestos, retired to a ranch in his native Nova Scotia some $600,000 richer—tax-free (Canada classes prospectors' strikes as capital gains and doesn't tax them at all).

Another living legend of the school is Ray Pitre, a commercial fisherman by trade. Pitre and two other amateur prospectors, working in the rain forest country on the northwest coast of Vancouver Island, came out with tobacco cans full of gold and with claims to properties which in four years sent $6,000,000 worth of gold-bearing ore to the smelter at Tacoma.

Even Fool's Gold May Be Valuable

One night last winter I sat in on a typical class. Although it wasn't scheduled to begin until 7:30, many of the students had arrived an hour early. Some sat quietly looking over their two textbooks —a 75-cent pamphlet, Elementary Geology Applied to Prospecting, and a 35-cent pamphlet called 185 Minerals: How to Identify Them. Other students stood hefting or scratching mineral samples spread out on a table, trying to memorize their properties. Included in the display were 65 different rocks and minerals, including quartz ciorate, hornblende, galena, fluorite, and pyrite, once despised as fool's gold, now sought after as a hint of the presence of uranium.

The school faculty includes four University of British Columbia professors—Drs. Harry Warren, Henry Gunning, Robert M. Thompson and William White—a mining engineer, a commercial assayer, and two Chamber of Mines staff members. There are also visiting lecturers.

The night I attended, one of the university professors, Dr. White, described the geology of the British Columbia coast, explaining how an intrusion of fire-formed rock had thrust up through the old layers of sedimentary rock to form the Coast Range batholith. "This granitic rock is not normally considered favorable for finding veins of ore," he said. The class looked depressed. "But the older rocks offer more hope, and in the contact points between the granitic and sedimentary rocks you have an excellent chance of finding ore bodies." The class sighed relief.

A man with a red beard and a green sweater waved a hand. "Pardon me, sir," he said, "but I've been along the coast batholith cruising timber, and most of it is pretty deep under trees. How do you prospect in a forest?" Dr. White made a lengthy technical reply, ending on a note of comfort. "There's no denying that a forest is difficult to work," he said, "but that also means there is more chance that other prospectors will have overlooked something in it."

In the ensuing workshop period the students were given rock and mineral specimens to identify, testing them by sight, touch, taste and smell. One sandy-haired young man puzzled over two similar samples of mottled gray rock. "I don't see how you could ever be sure which of these is granite and which isn't," he said to one of Dr. White's assistants. "Don't worry about specific names," replied the assistant. "What you want to know is the type it is and what that could mean. You can't identify rocks with absolute precision in the field. You work by generalizations." He moved off to another table where a girl in a nurse's uniform was studying a shiny black specimen. "It looks like black glass," she said. "Obsidian," he replied. "Indicates volcanic action."

Not all the sessions are this technical. Doug Rae,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN BICKEL

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Alumni don't win degrees but they're taught not to walk past a fortune and, above all, to stay alive while digging it up

the mining engineer for the school, lectures on practical prospecting problems. Wear low boots rather than high boots, which tend to bind the muscles, he tells his students. You need an ax, but not a double-bitted one; it's too easy to cut yourself. Don't walk across glaciers alone. Mosquito netting is worth its weight in gold. Have cooking utensils of tin or aluminum (they're lighter) but drinking cups of enamelware (it's cooler to the touch). A notebook is as important as a compass; record your observations, because many finds are made in the quiet of your study after you get home.

How Graduates' Claims Have Panned Out

Of the school's 2,900 graduates, about 2,000 have actually prospected. Nearly all of these have staked claims. Most claims, of course, do not prove out. But about one in four of the prospectors has realized a few hundred dollars—enough to pay for their pains—and about one in 10 has averaged somewhere between $3,000 to $5,000 a year. Only a handful have struck it rich, but that handful, I was told by Sanford Woodside of the Chamber of Mines, "are the reason why our classes get bigger every year."

"On the whole," said chamber secretary Tommy Elliott, a handsome, tanned, tweedy man, "we're mighty proud of the school's record. The course isn't set up to turn out mining engineers. The touchstone is usefulness in the field; the idea is to take an amateur and teach him how to go into the bush, survive, know what he sees, and know how to perfect his claim.

"Let's say there's a couple who have a small boat and like to cruise along the coast up here in the summers. They keep hearing stories about mineral discoveries and they become interested. Someone tells them about the mining school and they sign up.

"The next summer, when they come north, they stop at a gold commissioner's office and buy a miner's license. That costs $5, the same for Americans as for Canadians, and it gives them the right to stake claims anywhere in British Columbia.

"As they cruise north, they keep watching the mountains. They know from Dr. White's lectures that most of the area is made up of the Coast Range batholith, an intrusion of granitic rock, but that along the contact points of the batholith and the old sedimentary rocks there are often deposits of minerals. So they watch for variations in the structure.

"One day, looking through the binoculars from the deck of the boat, they notice a brown stain on the side of a mountain. From Dr. Thompson's lectures on mineralogy they know that the stain is rust, caused by the oxidation of metal. This indicates the presence of minerals.

"The next morning they climb the mountain. They come to an area of white-colored rocks, and they try one of the simple field tests taught in G. S. Eldridge's class in blowpipe analysis. They dab the rock with some dilute hydrochloric acid. It effervesces, and they know it's limestone. That's promising. They keep working.

"In a little gully they come on a streak of bronzy rock. It looks like pyrrhotite, which the mineralogy lectures said was associated with nickel.

"Now they break out the field kit again. This time they take some white powder—it's called dimethylglyoxime—and put enough on the stone to cover a dime; then they spit on it and rub it. If it turns white, there is probably no nickel present. But it turns pink—and they get excited. Nickel is in keen demand and sells at 65 cents a pound.

"The man gets out the table which shows how to identify minerals and begins to check off qualities. When he scratches the sample with his pocketknife the scratch shows as a black streak. It's harder than tin but softer than copper. The fracture line is uneven. Everything points to pentlandite, a good ore for nickel.

"Now he uses the procedures Doug Rae teaches about staking a claim. He opens some cuts—that is, he digs strips across the vein to learn its extent. He chips samples across the full width of the ore body and puts the samples in a sack.

"He and his wife measure out eight claims each. A claim is 1,500 feet square and an individual can file eight within any ten-mile area. Then they climb down to the boat.

"They decide not to file the claims until they get an assayer's report. So they take the samples to a commercial assay office in Victoria and ask that they be checked for nickel and copper and the platinum group. That costs about $10.

"The report comes in: 2 per cent nickel per ton, 1 per cent copper, a half ounce of platinum. They're in business. In fact, they've practically retired rich.

"Now they record the claims in the district where they were found: $2.50 a claim. After that they must do $100 work a year on each claim, or pay $100 a claim, otherwise they lapse.

"If these people sell their claims, the sale price is a capital gain and not taxable in Canada. If they form a company to work the claim, the income on the first three years' operation is exempt from tax.

"That's all there is to it," said Tommy, leaning back. "Except that it *is* a long shot. Still, we're due for a big strike somewhere. There haven't been many big ones lately."

Sometimes in the past, big companies have sent out elaborately equipped prospecting expeditions, but the current trend is away from that system. "The big expeditions just don't seem to find anything big," Elliott told me. "Most successful prospecting is done by two people, working together off in the bush. Of course the more they know, the better their chances. It's not ignorance that pays off, it's individual initiative."

Government Grubstakes for Prospectors

The individual initiative of some of the highly individualistic prospectors is subsidized by the British Columbia government, which annually grubstakes from 50 to 90 young men who have demonstrated promise as mining scouts. They receive outright gifts of from $300 to $500, depending on the remoteness of the mountains they intend to inspect. (Professionals estimate it costs $5,000 to keep a two-man prospecting team in the field in a remote area for the season.)

The theory of the grubstake program is that the government gets back in taxes from the mining industry and its subsidiaries far more than the cost of the grubstake program.

Besides money, grubstakees get advice. Doug Rae visits each of the winners in the field. This unique teaching assignment takes him 10,000 miles a summer and might wear out a less rugged pedagogue.

The chamber people earnestly hope that one of their students will become British Columbia's first uranium millionaire. They also hope none of them will fall down a cliff, or lose a wrestling match with a bear. A novice can get into a lot of trouble.

For instance, there were the Novaks, Jean and Edward, four years ago. The plane that was supposed to meet them when they came out of the bush didn't. They started to hike out—150 miles over rough ground with 80-pound packs. The second day they reached the Turnagain River. Ed lashed some logs together with rope, drove in a few nails and loaded their supplies on the raft. The sailing was hardly smooth, but it beat hiking—that is, until the afternoon the Novaks were running rapids and the raft flipped. All they could salvage were 10 water-soaked matches, their .22 rifle, and a few cartridges. For three and a half days they followed the river, living off wild cranberries. Nights they built a fire and listened to the wolves. Temperatures were in the low twenties. The Novaks were nearly starved and frozen when they reached a road and were picked up.

"Later," Jean recently told me, "we'll try again. We saw some signs of asbestos, not a lot, but some, and if we went on just a little farther up the valley . . ."

Which is why, I suppose, there are no secondhand Geiger counters for sale in British Columbia—and why there is no such thing as a permanently retired prospector, aboveground. ▲▲▲

Dr. Warren demonstrates one of newest tools in prospecting, a biochemical in a bottle that is changed in color by trace elements of minerals, even in volumes of one to a billion

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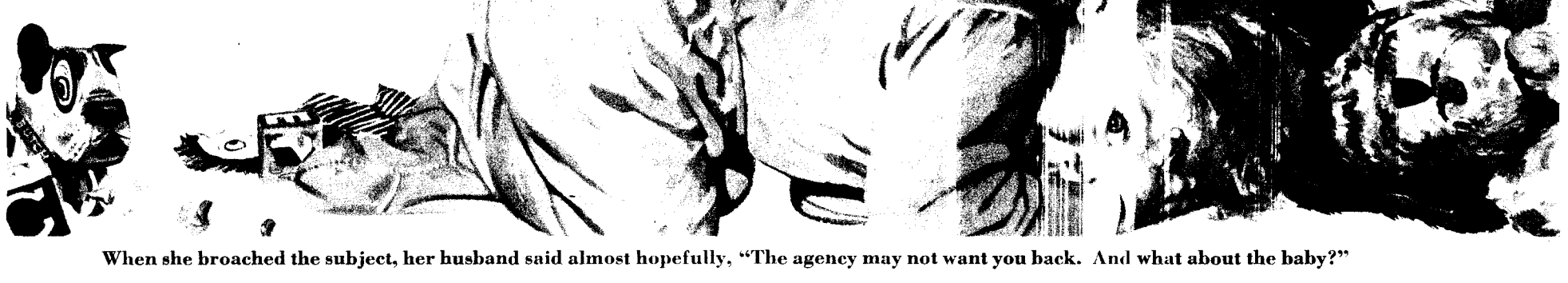
The Job That Wouldn't Wait

By SHEILA SIBLEY



When she broached the subject, her husband said almost hopefully, "The agency may not want you back. And what about the baby?"

Was an advertising career really as glamorous and exciting as she remembered? Louisa was determined to go back and find out

ON a bright and sunny summer morning, a day that certainly didn't fit the deed, Louisa Barrett was lying to her husband. "I don't really want to go back to work," she lied plausibly, "but we need the money, Joe."

Her husband looked dubious. "What about Fat Joe?" he said. Fat Joe, on hearing his name mentioned, looked up from the floor to give his father a dazzling, if very nearly toothless, grin. He was on his way to the cord of the table lamp, to pull the lamp down on his head or simply electrocute himself.

Louisa sighed, picked him up and put him in the far corner of the room. She had a very small, trim waist; it was an inch smaller than it had been before she had the baby, and it was the result of bending eighty times each day to restrain twenty-two pounds of male child bent on exterminating itself. She said: "We could put him in a good nursery."

Joe Barrett's face was troubled. "Would he like that?"

"He'd love it, because he's so madly sociable for his age. He wouldn't miss me."

"But, Lou," said Joe Barrett slowly, "wouldn't *you* miss *him?*"

"For Heaven's sake," she said impatiently, "I don't intend to give him away! I'd be seeing as much of him as you do!"

"But then," said Joe, "I don't see enough of him." He knelt down, blocking Fat Joe's single-minded return toward the lamp cord, and chucked his son under the chin. The baby shrieked with laughter, sat back, and then proceeded to bounce up and down on his well-padded bottom, clapping his hands.

"Rubber, that's what he's made of," said Joe admiringly. "Rubber around a strong steel spring."

Change of subject, thought Louisa resentfully. Joe doesn't want me to go back to work because he knows I can earn more than he can.

Which indeed she could, because before she married, Louisa Thomas had been a young woman on her way. She had held a fine, responsible position with Letterway Advertising. Mr. Letterway was a finicky, nervous man who did not delegate responsibility easily—but Louisa had, in those days, shown such a shrewd and disarming way with difficult clients that he had given her both an impressive salary and a generous expense account.

In those same days Louisa had known exactly what she wanted. She knew where she wanted her apartment in town and her house in the country; she knew the exact shade of the mink coat that would one day fall on her deserving shoulders; and she knew whom she wanted on her staff when she started her own advertising agency. But what she didn't know was that Joe Barrett would come along and her expensive dreamworld would collapse, and that all that would make sense was a tall, red-haired, placid man, with an ordinary job that would earn enough for them to rent an ordinary apartment in an ordinary suburb.

But she had been so happy she had hardly cared if they lived in the sea like fishes or perched in the trees like birds. It was true that the baby came before she had decided she really wanted a baby, but because Joe was so pleased about it she became reconciled to the idea. Anyway, she was so starry-eyed about Joe that had he expressed a wish for a zebra and a dozen lions in the apartment, a zebra and a dozen lions he could have had.

It is regrettable but true that this kind of situation cannot last forever. The state of mind that inspires a bride to shine her husband's shoes each morning, to wait till he's finished the morning paper before touching it herself, to cook his favorite dishes and only his favorite dishes, is bound to ease off before the poor man is killed with kindness. After two years of marriage, Louisa did not love Joe any the less, but where her heart once sang at the thought of him, it now merely hummed contentedly. And more and more she thought of Margot Jenner, and of what Margot Jenner had said the day Louisa had told the office that the baby was on his way and that she would be leaving. Temporarily, she had added defiantly.

Margot had not known that Louisa was within earshot at the time, and she had expressed herself in that uninhibited way that some people have when the victim is not among those present. "Poor Louisa," said Margot, with no sympathy at all. "She thinks she's coming back."

"It's not impossible," someone had replied cautiously.

"My dear, it *is!* She'll stay away for eighteen months, then drop into the office looking ten years older—you know that harassed, family look—completely out of touch with everything, utterly useless to everyone, and expecting the office to be the same and her job waiting for her. Which it won't be, of course!" Margot had spoken with a knowing com-

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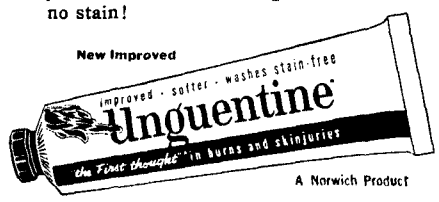

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placency. She had already decided that the job Louisa was vacating was tailored to measure for Margot Jenner.

When Louisa heard that Margot had taken over her job, she had been so furious that Joe had had to plead with her to take it easy. "Relax, darling!" he had said. "Consider the next generation. All that adrenaline pumping through your system will make the child a nervous wreck."

BUT when Fat Joe was born, his nervous system seemed to have taken no harm. He was of his father's temperament—good-natured, patient, obliging. Louisa had loved him most when he had been most helpless; her heart had been infinitely touched by the feeble movements of his hands and feet, by his weak and puzzled cry. She was distrait if she had to leave him for more than a second. What if he misses me? she would worry. What if he cries for me and I'm not there?

But as he grew older it became clear that Fat Joe was not the introspective kind. Fat Joe loved *people*. It didn't matter who they were; he was no snob. The most battered and toothless old bodies to stop by his carriage got the same ecstatic welcome as his befurred and jeweled contacts. He led a rich social life of his own; Louisa often came out of a store to find him holding court in his carriage, and for someone who was fat and practically toothless he had a large and devoted following.

And leaving him was no problem; indeed, Louisa got the impression that he *liked* being left with someone else, and welcomed a change from his boring old mother. On such occasions he would knock himself out being charming to the stranger; he would clap his hands, his eyes would sparkle and his baby face would light up with an ecstatic grin. Afterward, the baby sitter would always rub salt into the wound: "He's been wonderful—he didn't seem to miss you at all!"

By the time he was thirteen months old, Fat Joe was an extremely forceful personality. A baby he might be, but a helpless baby he was not. He was a large child and a strong one, and when his fat little hands gripped something it took considerable strength and patience to pry him off it. Paper fascinated him, and Louisa could never relax with a book or a magazine while he was around because he would come tumbling across the floor and seize it from her with crows of delight. She had some epic struggles with him when she tried to telephone, too, because he found the telephone cord deliciously chewable and she had only to dial a number to find him by her side, his four teeth poised and at the ready. For the rest of the time, he occupied himself by boxing his bear around the room, teething on table legs, wrenching at the handles of a chest of drawers, and resisting being put in his play pen with every ounce of red blood in his veins.

ONE evening, as Louisa lay slumped in her chair with her eyes closed and her hands limp, she said to Joe: "A day with that boy is like a week in the ring with Rocky Marciano."

He looked up, concerned. "You look tired, darling."

"Why don't you say what you mean?" she said crossly. "You mean I look terrible."

"All right, all right," he said soothingly. "You look terrible. In a fetching sort of way."

"Margot Jenner," she said, refusing to be comforted, "would get a great kick out of seeing me now. She said I'd get that harassed, family look."

Joe said forcibly, "Margot Jenner is a shallow little number, and it matters very little what she says."

"Shallow little number she may be," said Louisa, "but she'll look thirty when she's forty-five, because she gets regular facials and hair sets and manicures and can afford expensive clothes. Whereas I'm going to look forty-five when I'm thirty."

"Look," said Joe, "you've had a heavy day, my darling. Everything will seem better tomorrow."

She hit the arm of her chair. "Joe, the only thing that will seem better tomorrow is my old job, and it seems better every day." She held up a restraining hand. "And don't tell me Fat Joe needs me—not *that* independent boy! The best thing I can do for him is to go back to Letterway's and start piling up cash for his education."

"They mightn't want you back, Lou." *Joe said it almost hopefully.*

She raised an eyebrow. "It wouldn't do any harm for me to go in and see."

He looked at her for a long minute, and then he said: "Very well, Louisa."

She sat up, electrified. "Oh, Joe, Joe—would you really mind?"

He sighed. "Very much, but I mind your not being happy much more."

"Darling." She sat on his knee and put her arms around his neck. "I'll take Fat Joe with me," she said excitedly, "and he can captivate everyone but Margot Jenner—I hope he dribbles on Margot Jenner. I'll get my hair done and wear my gray suit—it still looks nice—and buy a pink rose to match my pink hat and gloves." Happily she chattered on.

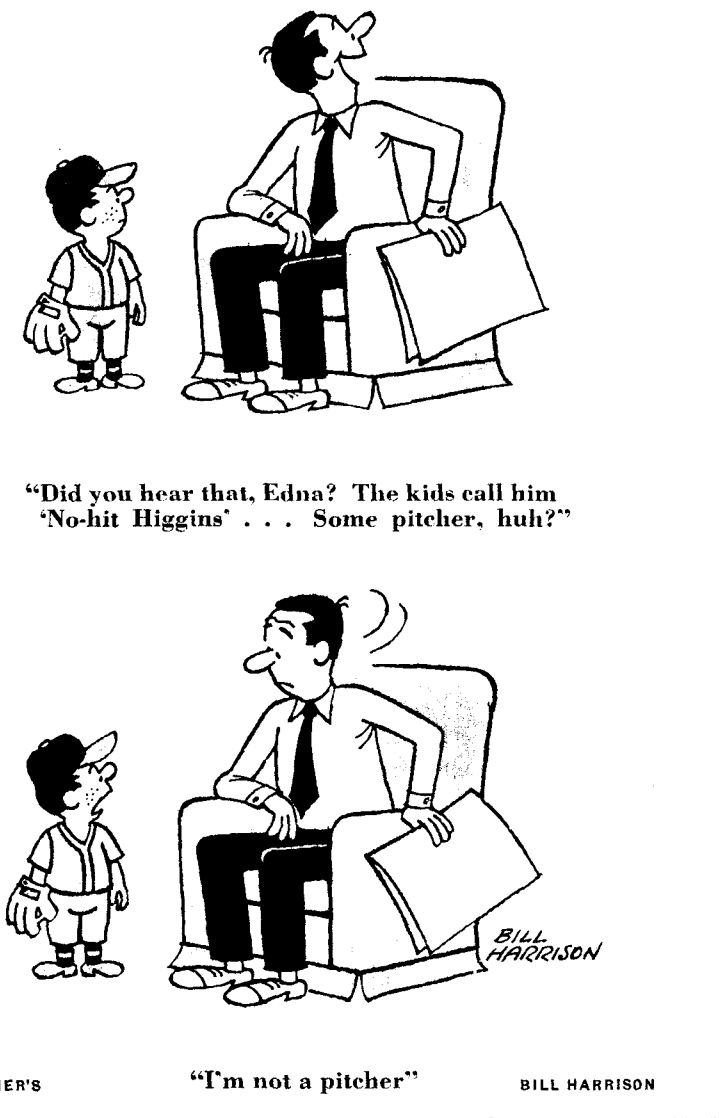
Joe asked: "Do you think it's wise to take the baby?"

"Of course! It gives me an excuse to drop in—women always bring their first baby to show the girls at the office! And when he's making mad love to Mr. Letterway, I'll mention how sociable he is and how much better he'd be in a nursery than at home, and how that would leave me free to come back to work!"

Of course she would take Fat Joe; he would be a valuable ally. Even Mr. Letterway would react to the baby's worshipful smile, his flattering enthusiasm. She could hear Mr. Letterway preening himself: "Yes, children trust me absolutely." There was no need to mention that Fat Joe would trust Jack the Ripper.

She could see herself in her good gray suit—well-groomed, smart, confident—with her handsome little son in her arms. She could see Margot Jenner green with envy, uneasy about the job she had usurped. Oh, it would be *a lovely, lovely day!*

THE first intimation that it might not be a lovely, lovely day came in the taxi as she was on her way to Letterway's. For once Fat Joe was quiet in her arms. She started to glance down approvingly at him and at the pink rose in her buttonhole, the rose she had so carefully chosen to match the pink of her hat. Then she stiffened. Both the baby and the rose were there, but inextricably intertwined. Fat Joe had most of the petals in his fat, firm hand and was stuffing them pensively into his mouth. She took off her pink gloves, and with fingers that trembled only slightly she extracted the petals from his mouth


"Did you hear that, Edna? The kids call him 'No-hit Higgins' . . . Some pitcher, huh?"
BILL HARRISON
COLLIER'S
"I'm not a pitcher"
BILL HARRISON

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COLLIER'S

"He looks familiar, but maybe it's just the leer"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

and the denuded rose stem from her lapel.

Then she sat back again, seeking for composure, but her mind darted ahead, nervously exploring the possibilities of disaster. She had anticipated everything, surely. She had paper tissues to mop up Fat Joe if he dribbled; and in an excess of caution she had put *two* pairs of rubber pants on him, so there would be no chance of his becoming suddenly and drastically damp in Mr. Letterway's hands. Surely that was all there was to be guarded against.

Fat Joe was silent, thoughtful. To anyone else, he might have seemed an ideal baby, but to Louisa he suggested a steadily ticking bomb. Suddenly, he slid off her knee to the floor of the cab. She decided to let him stay there; it looked clean enough, and at least he was no longer crushing her skirt. With immense determination, the baby struggled to his feet, clutching her knee with both hands for support. He lowered his mouth against her kneecap, in a thoughtful attempt to taste her stocking. His eyes, wide and innocent and long-lashed, watched her while he made some damp and incomprehensible statement against her knee. It might, perhaps, have been a warning.

Then with a squeal of pure delight, bouncing up and down as he did so, he zigzagged his fingernails across Louisa's stocking. They were ragged little nails, for Fat Joe did not believe in keeping still when they had to be cut.

Louisa sat paralyzed with horror; it seemed to her that she could feel the resulting runs crawling down her legs as if traced with a wet paintbrush. Seething quietly, she pulled Fat Joe back onto her knee. He sat for a moment in contemplative silence; and then, with the air of a connoisseur about to taste a rare wine, he seized her pink glove, crumpled it ruthlessly, and popped it into his mouth. When Louisa finally recovered it, it was wet and faintly chewed-looking.

"Mustn't!" she chided, with an effort at calm. "*No,* darling!"

In reply Fat Joe gave her a calm, superior smile and reached for the other glove.

AT LAST they drew up outside Letterway's. Louisa paid the driver, pulled her struggling son out of the cab and hoisted him up in her arms. She could feel the runs in her stockings slide farther, and for a second she was tempted to get right back into the cab and go home. But in that second Fat Joe stopped struggling and smiled at her, this time his most sweet and beguiling smile. It was the kind of smile that painters, since the beginning of time, have been seeking for the bland faces of cherubim, but have never succeeded in capturing. It was a smile to which the only possible response could be a wave of pure love. Helpless in the spell, Louisa smiled back.

"All right," she said, "we'll go and show you off. But if you're not good, I'll—I'll bite you!"

"Oo goo bar bar," said Fat Joe benignly.

"Right," said Louisa as she carried him into the building. "I'll hold you to that."

IN THE elevator Fat Joe was seized with an inexplicable yearning tenderness toward her. He clasped his arms more firmly around her neck, and she felt his warm baby breath against her ear. Her lips twitched in amusement. "All right, Romeo," she told him, "here's where we get out." Briefly she rubbed her cheek against his.

Little Katy Jones was at the reception desk, only now she wasn't quite so little, having bloomed in eighteen months from a shy new trainee to a poised young beauty. But her big dark eyes still held the old worshipful awe with which she had always greeted Louisa. "Miss Thomas—I mean, Mrs. Barrett—gee, it's nice to see you!"

"Thank you, Katy." Louisa's heart warmed. "May I introduce you to my latest young man?"

"Oh, he's sweet!" Then her tone changed. "But gosh, should he be eating that?"

"Eating what?" said Louisa, puzzled.

"I thought I saw something sort of glow in his mouth."

"He has four teeth," said Louisa, "but they're not neon-lighted."

Suddenly she realized that her left ear felt more naked than her right ear. It was. A pink pearl earring was no longer on her left ear but in Fat Joe's mouth, a simple transfer that had taken place during his flattering embrace in the elevator.

There ensued a spirited five minutes while the earring was extracted. While she worked in grim silence, Louisa comforted herself that at least Fat Joe was making no outcry at being separated from his prize. She knew that had he chosen to do so, he could have given a plausible imitation of twenty little pigs getting their throats cut at the same time. It was not a sound that would have fallen sweetly on the ears of Mr. Letterway.

When he finally saw his way clear to giving up the earring, Fat Joe had leisure to concentrate on Katy. It was love, love, love. He strained toward her, reaching out eager, loving hands. Fat Joe had seen his kind of woman and was making an exuberant and uninhibited pass at her. He shouted unintelligible but outrageous flattery.

"May I hold him?" breathed Katy reverently. "Just for a minute?"

Louisa gave him up, laughing. Everything was going to be all right—trust Fat Joe! He had nestled up to Katy, putting his nose against hers till their brows were touching, and he was gazing into her eyes. Then he shrieked with laughter and bounced up and down in her arms. It was one of his favorite games.

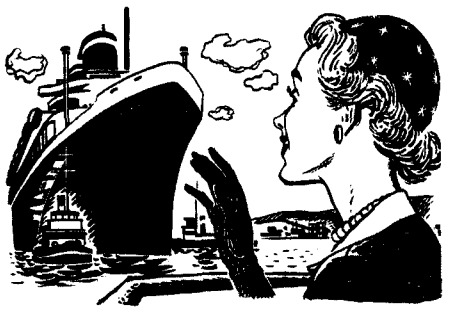
"Flirt!" said Katy ecstat-

"How do the wonders of nature's world
With fresh green fingers a spirit pluck
From sooty man with self tight-furled . . ."

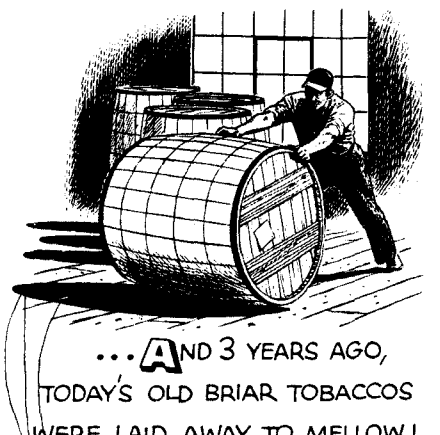
COLLIER'S

CHARLES E. MARTIN

3 YEARS AGO...



THE SUPERLINER UNITED STATES ON ITS MAIDEN VOYAGE SET THE TRANSATLANTIC RECORDS FOR BOTH EAST AND WEST CROSSINGS—



...AND 3 YEARS AGO, TODAY'S OLD BRIAR TOBACCOS WERE LAID AWAY TO MELLOW!

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The rich enjoyment in Old Briar mixture—kept at its peak by a special airtight inner pouch—will put new magic in your pipe. Try its appetizing aroma and delectable taste today.

THE MASTER MIXTURE OF RARE FLAVOR AND AROMA

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ically. And to Louisa: "Are you going to show him to Mrs. Enders?"

"Oh, is she in?" Mrs. Enders was a vice-president of Letterway's, and second in influence to Mr. Letterway himself.

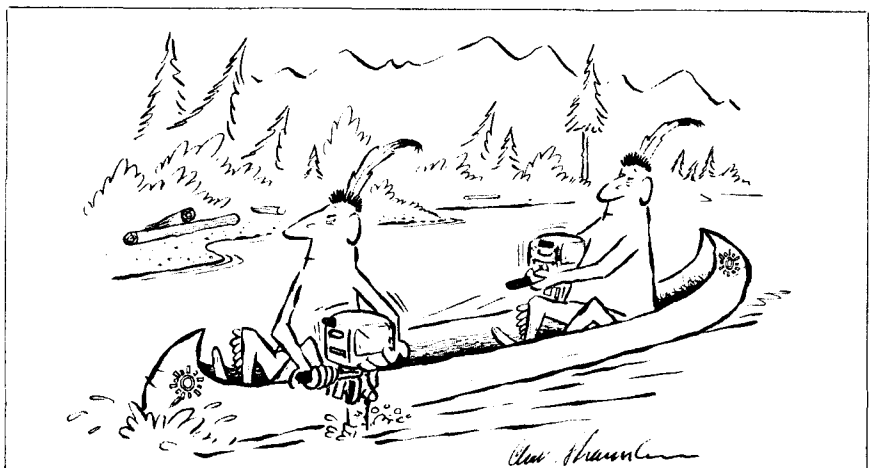
"She's in all the time now," said Katy, with no great enthusiasm. "Has an office to herself and all. She and Mr. Letterway have a sort of armed truce."

LOUISA sighed. She had tried to tell herself for a long time that Mrs. Enders was a nice woman, but she had never succeeded in convincing herself. She was so, well—steely: steel-gray hair, steel-gray eyes, and invariably in a steel-gray mood. Still, in the past they had got along well enough, mostly because Louisa had taken great care that Mrs. Enders would have no fault to find with her work.

"Ask Mrs. Enders and Mr. Letterway if they'll see me, Katy, would you? And in the meantime, I'll drop in on the girls." Something in Katy's expression stopped her. "Why, are there new rules that forbid the displaying of babies during office hours?"

"Oh, no, it's not that," said Katy, "but Monica left, you know, and Janet's mother died and she went home to look after her father, and Olive got married . . ."

Louisa stopped dead. Margot Jenner's words rang ominously in her memory; she *had* come back expecting everything to be the same. It was



COLLIER'S CHARLES SHARMAN

all rather like arriving at a party on the wrong night. "Goodness," she said, "isn't there anyone left that I know?"

"There's Miss Jenner."

Louisa raised her eyebrows and looked at Katy doubtfully. Katy started laughing. "I know, I think so too," she confessed, "but that's the way it is. There's only Miss Jenner and Mrs. Enders and Mr. Letterway. Who'll you have first?"

Louisa sighed again. "Make it Mrs. Enders then, Katy."

Smiling her sympathy, Katy called Mrs. Enders on the interoffice telephone. Louisa could hear the formidable voice on the other end of the line: "Mrs. Barrett? I don't know a Mrs. Barrett."

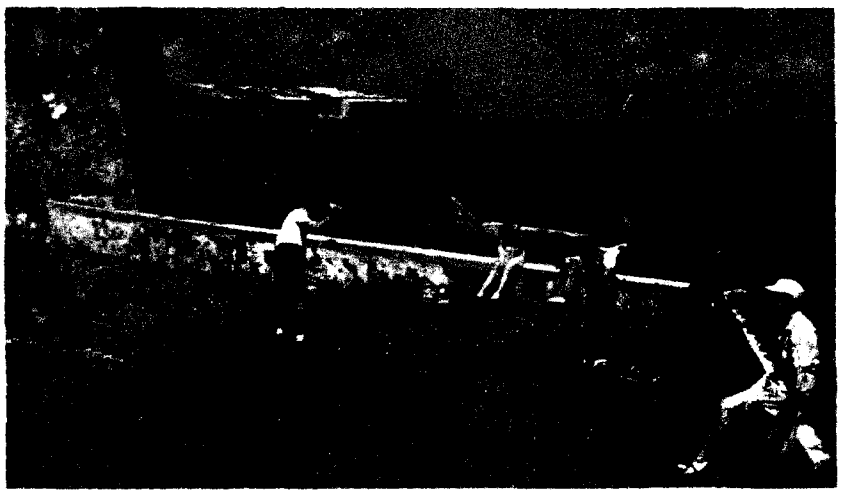
Katy contrived to look apologetic for Louisa and patient for Mrs. Enders while she explained that Mrs. Barrett used to be Miss Thomas, and that she'd brought her baby son into the office. It was a complicated business, and with every second Louisa's spirits sank lower. Her pretty notion of sweeping in—elegantly dressed, impeccably groomed and carrying all before her—now seemed to be the wildest fantasy. Mrs. Enders would probably be no more interested in seeing Fat Joe than she would an appendix scar. And Louisa discovered she did not *want* to show Fat Joe to Mrs. Enders: she did not want the funny, loving, simple little soul to be rebuffed. The time would come, of course, when he would learn that everybody didn't love him the way he loved everybody. But Louisa found she was loath to hurry that time. He's so trusting, she thought, with an unexpected little stab of pain, and so small.

Still, Mrs. Enders was waiting, and Mrs. Enders was the first obstacle on the road that led back to lots of money and a higher standard of living and a good, expensive education for Fat Joe. Louisa tilted her chin, hoisted her son higher in her arms, and advanced with a purposeful tread.

AFTER a pause, Mrs. Enders said, "Why, Louisa, you're looking well." She made it sound like a breach of good taste. Her gaze dropped to Louisa's runny stockings, took in her soiled glove, then rose to her hat, which Fat Joe, using all his store of cunning and resource, had just succeeded in pushing to the back of his mother's head. If ever thoughts were written on a human countenance, the phrase "Ah, letting herself go to seed" was etched clearly on Mrs. Enders'.

Louisa marshaled her forces; she even managed a natural-sounding chuckle. "This is my son, Mrs. Enders," she said. "I should have brought him in a strait jacket. He's wrecked my hair, my hat, my gloves and my stockings within the last half hour."

"What a dear little boy!" said Mrs.



The third hole at El Morro is only 126 yards long, but it's a golfer's nightmare. The tee is at top of windy fortification . . .

HAMILTON WRIGHT PHOTOS

. . . and the green, at the far end of the deep ditch surrounding fort, must be approached by way of the archway in the foreground

Crazy Golf Course

San Juan, Puerto Rico

THERE'S a saying among local golfers that the best scores on San Juan's El Morro course are made not by the best golfers but by the best billiard players. That's only a slight exaggeration.

The nine-hole course, one of the world's oddest, is laid out around the El Morro fortifications, built by the Spanish conquistadors 400 years ago. El Morro golfers consider it appropriate that the conquistadors were experts in torture. Three of the holes are within the moats of the fort; getting to the cup usually requires carom shots off the 30-foot-high walls. The number-three hole is a special horror: inside a moat, up against the main fortification, and hemmed in by a bridge.

The golfer must also deal with the winds, which whistle in off the Atlantic to put English on otherwise perfect shots. Furthermore, by long custom, local golfers are as windy as the sea breezes; visitors often are shocked at the chatter that goes on even during a difficult shot. "You'd go crazy here if you couldn't talk," says an old-timer.

Because the course is so small, on crowded weekends the cry of "Fore!" may cause as many as 15 golfers to hit the dirt. Balls may come careening across the course from four directions; caddies have actually appeared wearing steel helmets.

The course traces its beginnings back to 1902, when soldiers stationed at Fort Brooke, which uses El Morro as its base, started hitting golf balls around the parade ground. By World War I, the full 2,467-yard layout was completed. Although it's still on Army property, the course is open to civilian members and their guests. There's even a clubhouse. It's located in what used to be a Spanish guardhouse, and it's decorated in an appropriate motif: on the walls hang cartoons showing golfers either in padded dungeons or with bandaged heads.

—THEODORE TAYLOR

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TIZZY

"I guess I *should* help Mother more, but what with television, telephone calls and other social obligations, I just haven't the time for housework"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

Enders, but she said it as one might say, "What a dear little python!" Louisa tensed, but Fat Joe, it seemed, did not know when he was being snubbed. He leaned forward and looked earnestly at Mrs. Enders for a full minute, and then he smiled straight into her cold eyes. There are very few things in this world as sweet and guileless as the smile of a friendly baby, and for a second the older woman looked embarrassed. "Well, my little man," she said placatingly. "And how are you?"

Fat Joe made a low gurgling statement in a very confidential manner. This, he seemed to say flatteringly, is strictly between you and me. Then he put his head on one side and smiled again. Mrs. Enders said tentatively: "I think he likes me."

"He's very sociable," said Louisa. "As long as he has someone to flirt with, he's quite happy. I'm thinking of starting work again"—she smiled as guilelessly as Fat Joe—"because he doesn't really need me. He'd be in his element in a nursery."

"He certainly seems very independent," Mrs. Enders agreed. She looked up. "Are you thinking of coming back here?"

Louisa shrugged. "Perhaps," she said cautiously. "I don't really know."

Mrs. Enders hesitated, and then she said crisply, "Well, I can tell you this much: that Jenner girl isn't doing as well as she might in your old job."

So, thought Louisa, there's not much love lost there. Mrs. E. has her knife in Margot, for some reason—probably some trivial, utterly silly reason. She groaned inwardly. She had forgotten the subterranean feuds at Letterway's, and how boring and unpleasant they could be.

"Now if I were you," Mrs. Enders continued eagerly, "I'd drop in and see Letterway while you're here. I'll hold your baby"—she took the unresisting Fat Joe from Louisa's arms—"while you straighten your hat, my dear, and go in and have a word with him."

"I was going to show him Joe," began Louisa.

"The baby? Oh, no!" Mrs. Enders was definite. "I don't think that would

"Jerk!"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM STEIG

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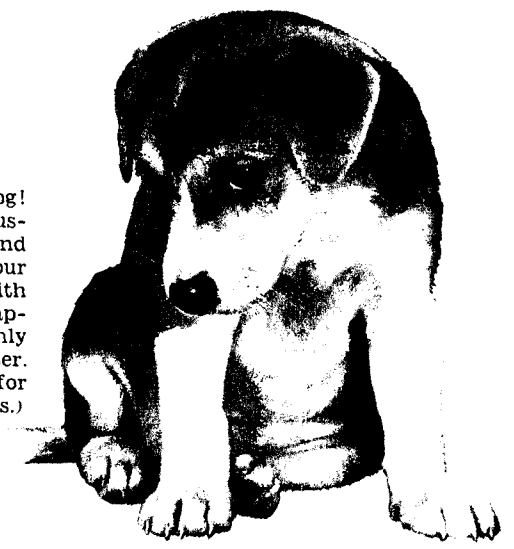

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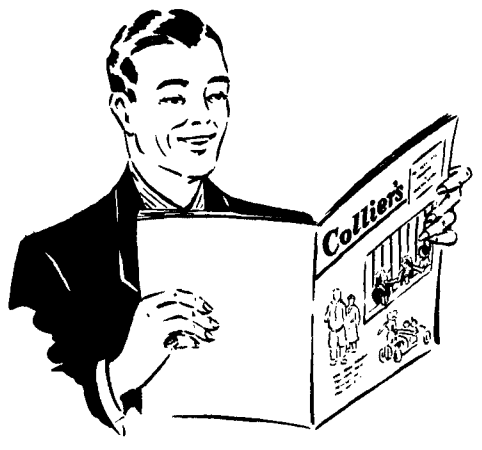

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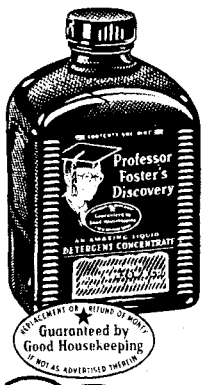

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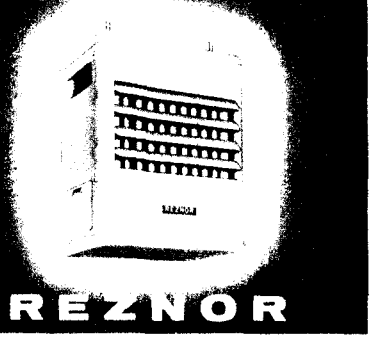

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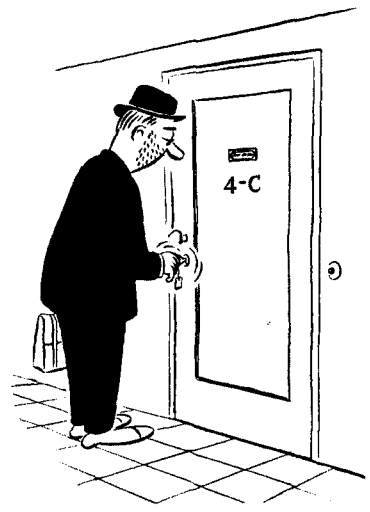
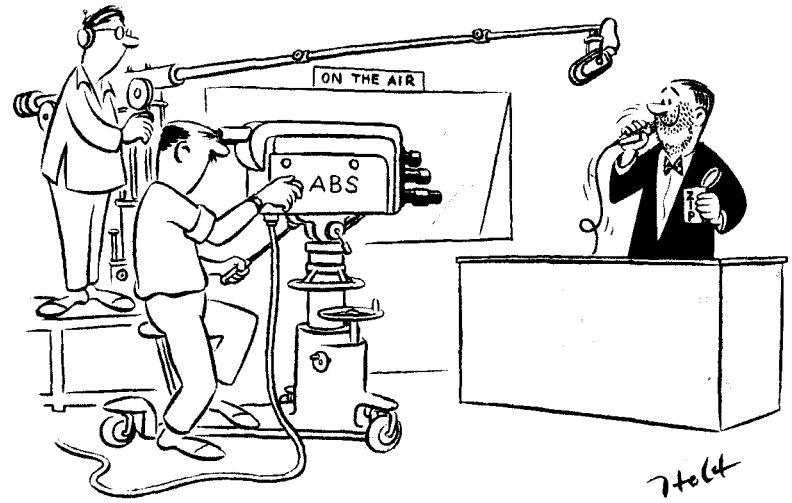
Nine O'Clock Shadow

By J. GORDON HOLT





be wise. He wouldn't be interested, Louisa. Why, he might even frighten the little fellow." She joggled Fat Joe inexpertly on her knee. "And that would start a crying match, and you couldn't talk business then. Off you go."

Louisa went off. She cast a worried glance at Fat Joe as she went, but he was gazing up at Mrs. Enders as if she were the only girl in the world. That, thought Louisa, was a bit too much. True, she had wanted him to be nice to Mrs. Enders, but modified rapture would have been enough.

And modified rapture was as much as she could feel on seeing Mr. Letterway again, though he greeted her warmly—at least what served as warmly for Mr. Letterway. She experienced something very like claustrophobia on seeing his taut face, his nervous hands, his bobbing Adam's apple. Now that she was standing in his office again, she remembered too clearly the countless times she had had to salve his vanity by giving him the credit for her own ideas, and by assuming responsibility for his errors.

"Between ourselves," he told her, "that Miss Jenner who took over your job is not quite fitted for it. Mrs. Enders thinks she is, but then Mrs. Enders has no idea of how an office should be run."

So, thought Louisa, *that's* how Mrs. E. is playing it! If she says she doesn't like Margot Jenner, Mr. Letterway will keep Margot here for a thousand years. But if she says she likes the girl, out goes Margot Jenner. And I come in. Or do I?

MR. LETTERWAY was pursing his lips, a habit that Louisa had once found maddening, and it was depressing to discover it could still irritate her profoundly. "Your husband wouldn't mind your coming back to work, would he? It would not interfere with your weighty maternal duties?"

This was irony; it was plain that Mr. Letterway thought a thousand infants could not prevent a sensible woman from returning to Letterway's.

Louisa managed an obedient smile. If Fat Joe had clung to her—even a little—when Mrs. Enders had taken him, she might have found it in her heart to snap her fingers at Mr. Letterway and his job. But to Fat Joe, she and Mrs. Enders and every female extant were as one; he hadn't much use for mothers, as a species. "My maternal duties," she began, "are not exactly weighty—"

She was stopped in midsentence by an earsplitting shriek distinctly reminiscent of a factory whistle in full blast. "What in Heaven's name," said Mr. Letterway, "is that?"

She was tugging at the handle of the door. "My baby—I left him with Mrs. Enders—"

"That was rash of you," said Mr. Letterway. And then he added with

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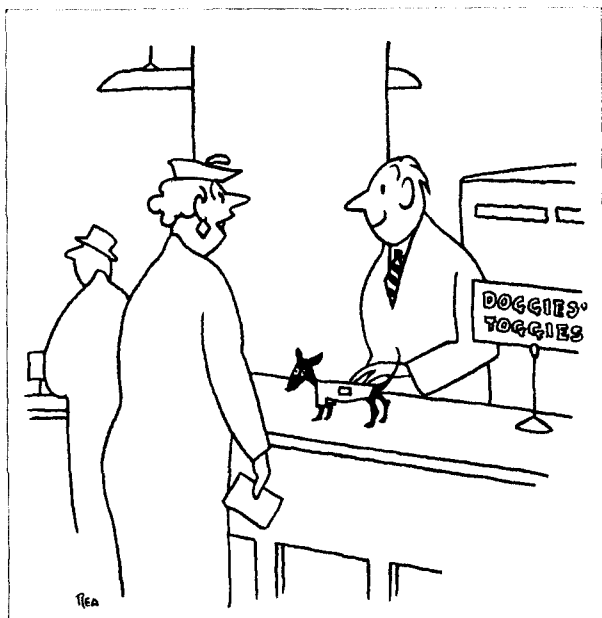
deep enjoyment, "This will be very amusing."

Louisa was shocked at his total lack of anxiety. But of course, she remembered, he was not to know that Fat Joe would not scream like that unless there were something radically wrong. She rushed into Mrs. Enders' office to find Mrs. Enders and Fat Joe both red with rage at each other. Fat Joe was kicking frantically and screaming like a banshee in his effort to get out of her arms, and Mrs. Enders was shaking him. "He turned on me," she said, outraged, "like a maniac!"



"Of course, when it gets *really* hot, she just runs around in the nude"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

LOUISA'S book on baby care had warned her something of the sort might happen. *There is a period,* it had said, *when the baby is likely to be suspicious of strangers, and anxious if its mother leaves the room.* Louisa had refused to believe that Fat Joe would go through this stage, but it looked very much as though he had just begun, using Mrs. Enders as the starting point.

"Why, Mrs. Enders!" said Mr. Letterway with a bright, malicious smile, "I thought *you'd* know how to handle a baby! I assumed it was second nature to women of your age."

Mrs. Enders thrust forth a chin like the Rock of Gibraltar. "I raised three!"

"Perhaps the little fellow doesn't know that," said Mr. Letterway gently. "He seems to think you're unreliable. Here, let me show you the way to do it!"

While Louisa hovered frantically around them, helpless to intervene, Mr. Letterway seized Fat Joe from Mrs. Enders' arms as though he were a football. Fat Joe kicked at both of them impartially, but he didn't stand much chance. Mr. Letterway held him out at arm's length, dangling. "Now, young man," he ordered, "let's see a nice bright smile!"

Fat Joe took a long look at Mr. Letterway's narrow countenance, and his face screwed up and he let out a long wail of horror. He's not a panicky little baby to either of them, thought Louisa with mounting rage. He's only a handy pawn in their old game of spiting each other.

She said in a crisp, hard tone: "I'll take my baby now, Mr. Letterway," and when Fat Joe was in her arms, clinging desperately to her and sobbing softly against her hair, she added, "and you can keep your job, bake it in a pie and sew jet buttons on it. Good-by."

And good-by, she thought as she walked down the hall, to a good salary, a new house, a car. They weren't worth striving for, at Letterway's or anywhere else, when they meant leaving Fat Joe—Fat Joe, who was holding onto her as though she were all he wanted or needed in the world. She hugged him tight. "Easy, now, my darling," she said. "Take it easy. It's all right."

The baby's sobbing quieted; by the time they reached Katy's desk on the way out, there was no other evidence of his grief but his wet eyelashes and a single tear on his rosy, satin-smooth cheek. But it was enough to inform Margot Jenner, if she had had any doubts, that there in Louisa's arms was the cause of the provocative hubbub she had heard from Mrs. Enders' office. Margot lingered around the reception desk, looking amused and waiting for Louisa to get closer.

Louisa could see that her disheveled appearance was giving Margot considerable satisfaction. Margot herself gave the impression that she had never looked disheveled; smooth-haired, well-tailored, expensively shod, she might have stepped from the pages of a fashion magazine. As Louisa had told her husband, Margot Jenner would look thirty when she was forty-five, because she would always spend a great deal of time and money on the way she looked.

"Why, darling!" Margot purred in welcome, "how nice to see you! You're looking just the same!"

Louisa winced just a little, not enough to show. Roughly translated, "You're looking just the same" implied: of course, you've always looked this way—hat askew, hair tangled, stockings ruined and your general appearance a mess. But Louisa managed a sweet smile. "You invariably say the right thing, Margot," she said, and the score was even.

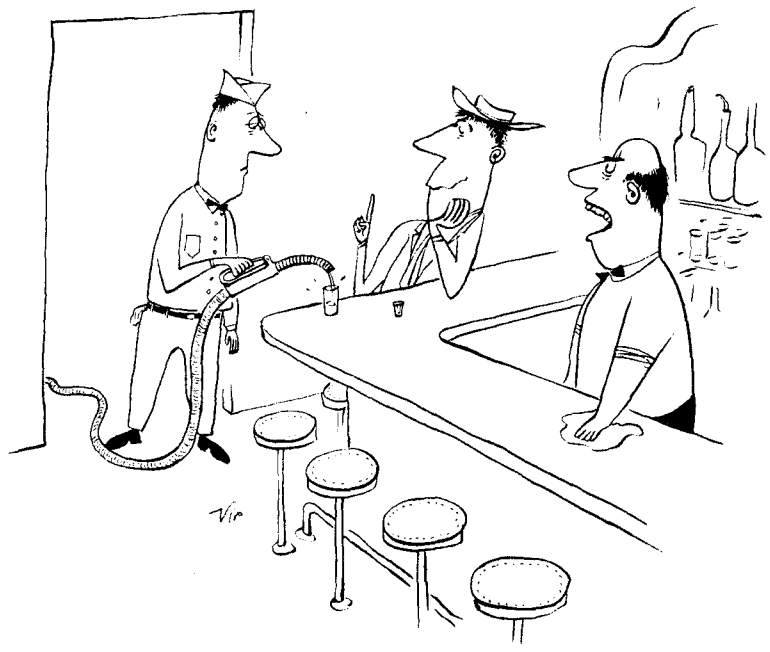
Margot concentrated on Fat Joe. "Goodness, is all that baby yours?"

"Mine and Joe's." Fat Joe had seen Margot. Louisa thought he appeared severe and rather handsome; for the first time she suspected that his infant plumpness might conceal the makings of one of those tall, intelligent, preoccupied young men with a lock of fair hair falling over a finely chiseled brow. Leaving this glorious future to return to the present, she wondered how he was going to react to Margot.

She was undecided just what she wanted him to do. If he smiles, it would show him off to his best advantage, but she certainly didn't want him to make love to Margot Jenner. Whereas if he burst into tears, that would be a little exasperating too.

But Fat Joe chose a third course of action. Turning disinterestedly away from Margot, he lifted a plump hand to his mother's face. Louisa flinched involuntarily; usually Fat Joe's hand was aimed at her nose or her ears or her hair. But this time he did something he had never done before: gently, carefully, lovingly, he patted her cheek three times—and smiled.

Louisa's eyes blurred, but not so quickly that she didn't catch a glimpse of the envy, of the stark and terrible loneliness on Margot Jenner's face.



"Gasoline and alcohol don't mix, young man!"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

THAT night Joe Barrett said to his wife, "So. We're not going to be rich after all?"

"No," said Louisa. She smiled at him tranquilly.

Leaning over from his chair to her chair, he put his fingers around her wrist. "You won't be able to afford beauty treatments and expensive clothes," he warned her. "You won't look like Margot Jenner."

"I don't mind," she told him, "because Margot Jenner will only *look* beautiful." She saw again the sweet smile on her son's face as he had patted her cheek, and she knew that in her husband's gaze there was more love for her than all the money in the world could buy for Margot Jenner. "But I will *feel* beautiful," she finished happily, "all the days of my life."

—SHEILA SIBLEY

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"There was the chatter of machine gun . . ."

A Soldier Relives

When Audie Murphy went before the cameras to fight again the battles that made him a hero, he felt the old fears returning . . .

This summer Audie Murphy, World War II's most decorated hero and now a successful film star, had the unprecedented experience of repeating before the cameras his own battle actions as described in his book, To Hell and Back. On movie location in the countryside near Yakima, Washington, Murphy relived his baptism of fire on a rocky ledge in Sicily; the bloody struggle for a farmhouse at Easter Junction on the Anzio beachhead; his one-man defense of a vital sector in the huge Colmar pocket in eastern France against 200 Germans and six tanks; and the death of his friend Sergeant Brandon, on a French hillside. Here are his notes on what he felt.

LOOKING down at the make-believe Anzio battlefield on the Yakima Firing Range, I began to feel uneasy for the first time. Back at the Universal-International Studio, months earlier, I'd felt inwardly reluctant to make a movie based on To Hell and Back. How else could I feel when most of the men who'd fought beside me never came back, never saw the posthumous medals or the parades, never tasted the bittersweet taste of victory? Still, I'd agreed to fight back through the old battles in front of a camera—the first time, I suppose, a man has fought an honest war, then come back and played himself doing it.

But what I felt now was a different uneasiness—the kind you feel when your mind plays back something that you don't want to hear or see or feel again. Down below me was the usual clutter of movie location apparatus, the production crew moving about in the same efficient prebattle confusion that always used to surprise me during the real war in Europe. Off to one side some Fort Lewis GIs, dressed as World War II infantrymen, smoked and joked with other Fort Lewis GIs dressed in German uniforms. At Anzio, when an American and a German got that close to each other, one of them was going to be abruptly dead.

Out front lay the re-created battleground of Easter Junction. True, the hills at Anzio had been farther away and steeper. True, the distance between the jump-off positions and the farmhouse objective at Anzio had been 1,700 yards instead of 300 yards—and a lot of good men had died in that missing 1,400 yards. Something else was missing, too—the smell of ground long fought over, the stale musky odor of abandoned German equipment, the smell of death. But the sea of man-made mud was the same, and in it stood the white plaster sides of the building we'd once needed so desperately for a lookout, the farmhouse we'd stormed six times in three days. Carefully copied by studio carpenters, it seemed as tall and mocking as ever—like a billboard with DIE FOR ME written all over it. The battlefield looked close to the real one—too close.

Twelve years stood between Yakima and Anzio, between this powder-puff battle and the real war, between the lucky and the dead. And time, I'd learned, can be a good thing. It stretches quietly between the present and the past, like a membrane. But I was beginning to discover that the membrane can be broken, and suddenly you are back at the beginning, in the real war. The charges going off in the make-believe battle are blanks, but the shrapnel goes off in your mind. You are back walking a razor's edge between fear and your control of it, your stomach contracts into a tight hard ball, and in the hot sun you feel a cold that comes from nowhere. Suddenly I knew that 12 years isn't long enough, maybe 1,200 years isn't long enough. All I knew was that I didn't want to go back into that battle, even if it was make-believe and death wore grease paint. I wanted to get away from there.

"Hey, Murph—front and center. We're ready." It was Jesse Hibbs, the director. A wardrobe man appeared to apply a second coat of fresh mud to my uniform, a make-up man dabbed at my face with a sponge, and two prop men started to saddle me with my pack, belt, grenades, helmet, bayonet, rifle. I staggered off into position with the other actor GIs and slumped into the mud.

Jump-off time was set at 0700. In the muddy ditches and foxholes we waited. I found myself counting the minutes. Then, at exactly 0700, hell moved between us and the farmhouse. There was the chatter and crack of machine gun and rifle, the terrible swooshing sound of the bazookas as the bloody doughfeet dragged themselves up from the earth. We went forward on belly and on foot, crawling, running, ducking—already the house was looming above us only a few yards away. Then a voice boomed across the battlefield over the public-address system: "Hold it, Murph. Bring the company back. We'll have to do it again—there was so much smoke we couldn't photograph the action."

That shook me. I blinked back in the direction of the cameras, feeling a little foolish that for a few minutes I'd forgotten this war was being run not by the U.S. Army, but by Universal-International. I moved into the shade of a wardrobe truck to get off my trembling legs.

Jesse Hibbs ambled over. "This is going to be a terrific shot, Murph," he said, grinning as usual. "Even from my position behind the camera I can see what General Sherman meant. How did it feel to you?"

"Fine," I said.

There didn't seem to be much else I could say just then, or even later, to explain this strange jerking back and forth between make-believe and reality, between fighting for your life and the discovery that it's only a game and you have to do a retake because a tourist's dog ran across the field in the middle of the battle.

It was hard to mention, and it didn't seem important to anybody but

"The charges going off are blanks, but the shrapnel goes off in your mind . . ."

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ANZIO

By AUDIE MURPHY

me, that a couple of times earlier—during the shooting of the Sicily landings—I'd wanted to shout to one of the other actors, "Don't go there, you fool—you'll get killed!" because I knew what had happened in the real battle. It was in Sicily that I'd first seen men fall and tumble all around me as if they had been suddenly pushed by an invisible hand. I thought about it afterward—why some soldiers had gotten killed and others hadn't. It seemed as if all the cubic space between the beach and the ridge where the Germans were was divided into other little cubes of space, each the size of a man, each holding a different answer. Take a step this way—and a bullet will meet you. A foot, even an inch, the other way, and you may live to have grandchildren. Trouble was you never knew; and sometimes there weren't any choices.

Hardest of all, how could you explain that the actors who played the characters of Johnson, Kerrigan, Novak, Beltsky, the "Chief" or Brandon suddenly twisted your memory and you found yourself watching them, looking for the real people you once knew? Especially Brandon, who is played by my good friend, Charles Drake. I guess I was as close to Brandon as to anyone in the real war, with a friendship that you usually tried to avoid because most likely it was going to be temporary. Drake is a hefty, good-looking man. But Brandon was skinny, long-necked and homely, with a Tennessee ring in his speech.

Anyway, I found myself backing away from shooting the scene where Brandon gets killed. I made so many excuses and little criticisms that Hibbs quietly called off the scene and postponed it a day. It finally was shot much as it had happened while we were storming a hill in France.

In the real war, we had worked our way up the hill while I kept telling Brandon to stay low. But Brandon would look at me and say: "Come on—they can kill us but they can't eat us. It's against the law." Then he stood up, and I remember the hurt, surprised look on his face when the machine-gun burst hit him. He fell back on top of me. I rolled him over gently and held him. He choked back the froth from his lips for a moment and managed a strange little smile. "I goofed, Murphy," he had said. Then he was dead. When we shot the scene, we changed the part where Brandon died in my arms. That was the way it had really happened, but it looked too corny, they said. I guess it did.

But finally, the picture came to an end. The uniforms went back to the wardrobe department, the actors went home. Leaving Yakima on the last day of production, I looked back at the "battleground." Already the production crew was clearing the field of tanks and props, the earth was drying back into its original hardness. I could walk away from it, and when I came back again there would be no scars, nothing to show that the battle of Anzio had been refought here. But what you can't walk away from is what you remember.

Above: "We went forward on belly and on foot . . ." Right: "All I knew was that I didn't want to go back into that battle, even if death wore grease paint. I wanted to get away from there . . ."

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A Home For His Wife

By JOHN CUNNINGHAM

The cattlemen had done everything they could to break this silent man's spirit. What was it that made him cling so stubbornly to his land?

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

UPRIVER to the northwest a pale column of smoke rose against the sky, bending under a high north wind. Choteau, sitting beneath the willow pergola of his small sod house, watched it and chewed a wheat straw.

Tall and powerful, in faded gray moleskin pants and chambray shirt, he seemed to weight his creaking wicker chair like a granite boulder. He was less than thirty, but sun and wind had leathered his skin. His shrewd gray eyes moved from the smoke far off across the river, across the plain, to a long dust trail moving slowly toward him.

He drew a deep breath and sighed heavily, shutting his eyes for a moment, the closed lids showing oddly pale in his sunburned face. In his own France he had had no mortal enemies—only a heritage of poverty, an acid soil and increasing death taxes. There had been no freedom either from provincial village spite or an unsympathetic bureaucracy. Here in his new country, he had gained both freedom and enemies, the latter now approaching under their yellow cloud.

Down on the river road, a wagon with a canvas cover came around the bend of the stream, moving at a fast trot. Two milch cows ambled with difficulty behind the wagon. A man rode before it.

The man looked up the long slope from the river, saw Choteau and stopped. He motioned for the woman who was driving to keep going, and he loped up Choteau's road, two ruts through a wide field of white wheat.

The stranger stopped his horse and said, "What you doing sitting here? Ain't you heard? The cattlemen's burning all us farmers out."

Choteau said nothing.

The stranger's face reddened and his voice shook slightly. "We wired the government. We're going down to Ogallala and plan what to do. Come on. We need men."

Choteau looked across the river at the plains beyond. He pointed to the high, long dust trail coming toward them from the south.

The stranger twisted in his saddle. "Cattle? Coming here?" he asked.

Choteau nodded.

"They drove cattle onto our farms up the river," the stranger said. "Son of a gun. You better come with us, friend. Right now."

Choteau shook his head. "This land, it is mine," he said quietly. "Why should I go? It was free government land, I took it under the homestead law in eighteen eighty-four. I have plowed it and sowed it and reaped for three years. I have proved it, according to the law. In five years the snow don't drive me away, nor sun, nor drought, nor fires in the grass. I don't go now, either."

The stranger looked at him first with curiosity and then with slow suspicion. "Frenchy?"

Choteau said, "I am a citizen of the United States. I was born in France, in the department of Indre-et-Loire. Near Tours. You know it?"

"A furriner," the other said. "A lousy furriner. Well, the hell with you, then." Turning his horse, he loped off down the road.

Choteau sighed. He got up and went into the house. He came back out with an old Ballard Pacific rifle, a bottle of whale oil and a turkey feather.

A WAGON was coming out of the cottonwoods to his left. A woman was driving, heading along the edge of the wheat toward him.

He dipped the turkey feather into the oil and began oiling the lock of his rifle.

The woman pulled up before him, slung the lines around the stick of willow in the whipsocket and climbed down. He stood up, laying the rifle on the chair and, smiling, touched the edge of his big hat.

She glanced at the rifle. "You ain't changed your mind, Henry?" Her eyes, gray and thoughtful, ran over him quickly. "Everybody else down the river has gone. I'm waiting for Ben—the fool. He's out with Timmy, scouting Williams' men." She laughed harshly. "Scouting, he says. Him."

Choteau shrugged, smiled, and pulled a rawhide-seated chair from against the house.

"No time, Henry. You'd better come with us."

Choteau turned and went into the house. He filled the pockets of his shirt with .45-70 cartridges.

She stood in the door, heavy and substantial in

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Suddenly Williams cried, "You've got to quit!" And then he shouted, "Quirt him!" The short whip rose and lashed down

her gray dress. "They beat old man Cooper yesterday," she said. "He died last night."

Choteau shook his head, his gray eyes narrowing. He got a wine bottle from a cupboard and poured her a glass. She sighed and took it, and as he put a chair at the table for her, she sat down and leaned her head on one hand.

"Five years of hell," she said, "and now this. Them damn' cattlemen. Williams'll be driving them cattle into our wheat in just about an hour. Don't be stubborn, Henry."

"I cannot go," he said. "Annette is coming. I must be here."

"She won't mind. If she's any kind of woman, she'll understand."

He went to his bed—a massive, handsome piece of furniture resting with its brass casters half buried in the dirt floor. He took a bundle of letters and a picture from under the pillow, brought them over to the table and laid the picture in front of the woman. She glanced at the large, round writing and at the French postmark on the letters.

His forefinger, as brown and tough as a stick of wood, pointed at the picture. The woman looked: the girl was about nineteen, and she looked back out of the picture with clear, innocent eyes. There was trust and confidence in every aspect of the young face.

"She is coming since two months from France," he said. "I have described the wheat to her. The trees. The river. How different from Tours! We were children together there, you see." He looked with disdain at the house. "I described this earth house. Also the earth floor." He shrugged.

"She has written in return—" He started to pick up the top letter, and then his hand fell back. "She said she does not care about the dirt, the wheat, the river. She said: 'It is you I love. It is you, yourself, who will always be my home.' " He looked through the doorway at the rifle and said again quietly, " 'It is you, yourself, who will always be my home.' "

"Look here," the woman said, exasperated, "what if you do have to run? Hell, a woman can understand— Everybody has to run sometime."

He said nothing.

"Henry, everybody's got to grow up sometime—a man ain't perfect, as any woman knows. And as for ideals, why, every girl's had ideals once."

He looked down and shook his head. "She is very simple."

"Simple! I should think!"

HE SHOOK his head sharply and went to the shelves. He opened a dictionary and read it, frowning. He closed it and half threw it onto the shelf. "Simple. One. Of a unity. Not changing. If I go away, how could I, myself, be her home? A home is always there, it never moves. It is safe." He looked at the woman. "You understand?"

They looked at each other, with the repose of friends of long solitude, concluding what they had concluded before. In the silence the sound of hoofs came up the slope.

"Would you say Ben ain't"—she paused—"ain't safe?"

He looked down at the table.

"You think Ben ought to stay too and fight for his place? Is that it?"

He said nothing.

Her hard, bold eyes, gray and determined, had a sheen of anger. "You think he ought to stay here and get killed and leave me without a husband? Would that make me any happier? Any safer?" Her voice, harsh and coarse, trembled.

He said nothing.

"Here he comes now, the noble warrior, back from trying to get himself shot, from playing hide-and-seek with Williams. And he takes a twelve-year-old boy with him! Do I have to be a mother to them both?" She looked at her glass, with half an inch of wine left. He reached for the bottle to refill the glass, but she stopped him, standing up.

The two horses came to the front of the house. "At least saddle a horse and keep it ready," she said. "A dead husband's no damned good at all."

She went out and climbed up onto the wagon seat. Choteau saw the ends of the lines rise and fall like a flail, and the wagon wrenched forward,

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following the man and boy who rode on down the slope.

He looked down across his wheat to the river, and on the brown plain beyond it he saw a new dust cloud, thin and narrow, burning rapidly across the grass toward him like a fuse. Then he made out the figures of men riding, far away but closing down fast.

CHOTEAU walked out onto his dirt porch and picked up his rifle. He slipped a cartridge into the chamber and closed the breech. The riders were about a thousand yards from the river.

He walked back into the house and across to the back window. In the fenced lot behind the house there was a fresh haystack, and in the corner a shed built of willow poles and thatch. Four pigs grunted in a pole pen, and a small flock of chickens pecked around the stack. In a side corral two work horses were slobbering at a water tank. Choteau went back to the door.

Five horsemen were at the river, urging their horses into the water. They came wet and shining onto the near bank. As they rode up to the single strand of barbed wire that stood between them and the wheat, Choteau raised his rifle and, aiming high, he squeezed off a shot. The boom of the old gun rolled across the fields. He heard the chickens cackling in alarm.

The five riders sat their horses like statues. He saw one of them yank a carbine out of a saddle scabbard, and another ride over to him and stop him. Choteau lowered his gun.

The one who had stopped the rifleman turned his horse and waved his hat at Choteau.

There was a Missouri gate in the one-strand fence, but instead of opening this, one of the cow hands roped a post and yanked the whole line flat. The man who had waved rode across the wire and galloped his horse up the gentle slope, not by the road, but straight through the ripe wheat.

Choteau, holding his rifle level at his hip, watched him come. When the man stopped in front of the porch, he said, "I told you last night to be gone, Choteau." He was a big man with gray hair and a lined, purposeful face.

Choteau said, "Yes, Mr. Williams?"

A second man rode over the fence line and came up through the wheat.

"We don't want any trouble, Choteau," Williams said.

The second man rode up then. He had black eyes and curly hair. "Put down that gun," he said to Choteau.

"Be quiet, Burton," Williams said, and then went on: "Choteau, I told you our position last night. When we found forty dead steers in a quarter of a mile along the river, it was the last straw. I'm not saying you did it. But the time has come—" He broke off suddenly, his face flushed.

"Choteau," he said, finally controlling himself, "two farmers were killed up toward Cheyenne. I had nothing to do with that, but you people are safer out of this country. In any case, my cattle are coming onto your land. I'm simply taking back what was free, open range before the Homestead Act opened it to you farmers, and you'll either have to leave or starve."

"When I filed my claim on this land five years ago, Mr. Williams," Choteau said slowly, "the first winter you gave me two calves to keep me from starving. You were kind."

"You were alone. I thought you'd fold up. Now you people are fencing me off from the water. Choteau, I've always liked you. I wish you no harm. I wish you could stay. But if one stays, the others stay. If I leave you here, the others will get the guts to come back. I have got to put an end to this damn' fencing or I'm lost. And now farmers are coming in by droves: every day in Ogallala they fall off the train like ticks off a dead mule."

Choteau said nothing.

"Will you go?"

Choteau shook his head.

"I admit your rights, then. I'll give you one thousand dollars, cash, now, for your interests here."

Choteau shook his head.

"Two thousand."

Choteau shook his head.

Taking the Wrap

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—RICHARD ARMOUR

Williams' face grew flushed. "Three thousand."

Choteau shook his head.

Williams looked almost wildly at the wheat spreading on all sides. "How much is the damn' stuff worth?"

Choteau said, "There is no price. This is my home."

Burton's black eyes sparkled. "Boss, let me shoot him."

Choteau's rifle came up easily.

"Shut up," Williams said. "I won't have any killing. The county law is all on the farmers' side—with the votes." He laughed shortly. "Choteau, take my offer and go."

Choteau shook his head. "I could keep you here as hostages. I will let you go back across my fence. Please put it up again."

The two riders turned and galloped halfway back to the river, and then they stopped, in the middle of the wheat, and Williams waved the others up the slope. They came across the fence in a bunch, and Choteau, raising his rifle quickly, fired twice, reloading from his shirt pocket.

A horse went down and its rider rolled into the wheat. The man got up and began firing wildly with a pistol. Choteau drew a careful bead and shot him in the leg. The man fell, and then got up and hobbled toward the river.

Williams swung his horse around in the wheat, shouting to his men. Two of them swung off under Choteau's fire, and then circled back. Burton came head on, riding hard and low, and Choteau swung his rifle on him. He fired and missed and loaded again. He got in one more shot, hitting the horse, and Burton dashed into the cottonwoods.

A bullet from one of the others hit Choteau in the right forearm, passing between the bones.

He moved out of fire behind the door and leaned against the wall. He could not move his right fingers, but he managed to hook the gun open with his thumb. By the time he had a cartridge in, the riders were at the porch, firing through the door.

"Don't kill him!" Williams kept shouting. "Damn it, don't kill him!"

Choteau got the rifle up just as they came through the door. They knocked the rifle away, out of his weak hold, and fell on him, driving him back against the wall. His arms were pinned down, and heavy fists battered his face. He fought and kicked, heaving his body, and then he fell and lay helpless. One of the men knelt on him, panting hard, waiting for a move.

"Is he dead? Is he dead?" Williams cried, running in.

"No, he ain't dead," the man holding Choteau down said. "He's tougher than a badger."

"He damn' near killed Harvey," one of them said.

"Forget Harvey," Williams said. "Cow hands are two bits a dozen since we got outpopulated." He stood wiping his face, looking down at Choteau as though he were some kind of wild animal they had caught.

"Let him up," Williams said, and the men stood back.

Choteau got up slowly. His stomach and his arm hurt so much he had to concentrate to think at all.

One of the hands said, "Let's hang him and bury him. Nobody'd know."

"For the last time get this straight," Williams said. "The sheriffs all follow the votes, and the juries is all farmers. There ain't a lawyer in Nebraska that would take our case in a killing. But damn it to hell," he said, turning on Choteau, "you're going to leave or be sorry. Have you had enough?"

Choteau said nothing.

"Go saddle one of his plugs for him," Williams said to a hand. "He'll go in a minute. Won't you?" he asked Choteau.

Choteau shook his head.

"Hit him, Charlie," Williams said.

BEFORE Choteau could get his arm up, a fist caught him on the nose. His eyes flooded with tears.

"Will you go, Choteau?"

Choteau felt the blood running over his lips. He tried to blink the tears out of his eyes.

"Hit him again, Charlie," Williams ordered.

Choteau tried to dodge. Fists hit him in the face. He lashed out with his good arm and a dozen fists hammered him, knocking him back against the wall and driving him down. He lay in a half stupor.

"Will you go?" Williams asked.

They stood him up. He saw his horse, ready.

"Hit him, Charlie," Williams said.

"Somebody hold him up!" Charlie cried in exasperation.

"Will you go?"

They threw water on him.

"Will you go?"

He shook his head.

"You want me to keep on with this, boss?" Charlie asked miserably.

Williams looked sick. "Choteau, give up."

Choteau shook his head.

"Leave him alone," Williams said, breathing slowly and deeply. "I don't want to kill him. But damn him, he's going. Drag this junk out of here and burn it. Get the ropes and pull down this house. Kill those pigs out there. Kill the cows. Kill the chickens. Kill every damn' thing on the place. Then he'll go—or starve." . . .

Choteau watched them through a

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fog. They tore the bed down and dragged it out the doorway. He saw the letters and the picture fall onto the dirt. His books went, the table and the chairs. He heard shooting in the back, and the pigs squealing, and the furious cackling of the chickens.

A fire flared up and as they threw on the bed and the books, ropes sailed and they began dragging the log rafters off the sod walls. The walls came down in a cloud of dust.

The work of five years was gone in fifteen minutes. The sod walls were a mound of earth. The shed was burning.

One of the hands had found his shovel and was smothering the flames of the shed with dust to keep the fire from spreading to the range grass.

"Will you go now?" Williams asked. "You have no place to live and nothing to eat."

EVERYTHING was destroyed, animals, fences, pens, house, all. A gust of north wind, freshening, blew the ashes of his belongings into his face, picked up charred leaves of his books and whirled them out over the wheat.

He stood, his head bowed, his eyes closed, swaying slightly.

Williams waited. The fire crackled.

Choteau's face was gray under the blood. His jaw shook. He tried to speak, his mouth twisting. He groaned then, and said: "No."

Williams cursed him, slowly and savagely, his voice full of desperate hate. He grabbed a gun out of a holster and stood facing Choteau, fighting with himself, locked in fury and desperation. Suddenly he cried, "You've got to quit!" He threw the pistol on the ground and shouted, "Quirt him, Charlie! Damn it, quirt him!"

The short whip rose and lashed down. After a while Choteau fell into the dust and cried.

Williams stood over him and said, his own voice almost crying, "Choteau, will you go now?"

Choteau moaned as he opened his mouth to speak. Again he said, "No."

They stood in a circle, silent, looking at him.

"Leave him alone," Williams said, all the anger gone out of his voice. "Don't hurt him any more."

"The cattle are at the river, boss," somebody said. "What'll we do? He'll stampede 'em."

"Lift him up," Williams said, "and tie him on that horse and drive the horse away from here."

They threw him into the saddle and held him up. They slung a rope under the horse's belly and tied Choteau's feet together, tore the bridle off the horse and, turning it north, slashed it with the quirt. Then they all mounted and, in one bunch, charged off down the slope toward the river. . . .

Choteau's horse, galloping at first, slowed to a trot, to a walk, and then stood still in the wheat. Choteau swayed back and forth, trying to hold himself up by the saddle horn.

The horse wandered back to the water tank, across the fallen fences, and drank, sucking greedily. Choteau heard the water slopping and thirst swelled his throat.

He saw his scythe leaning against the haystack. He twisted his heels into the horse's sides and painfully maneuvered it over to the stack.

He got the scythe in his left hand and with difficulty forced the point of the long, awkward blade between his boot and the rope. The rope parted, and he slid heavily out of the saddle. He stumbled and fell into the embers of the fire, burning his hands.

He staggered up, holding his hands in front of him, and moved with a slow, halting walk over to the stock tank. He fell on his knees beside it and drank.

He put his burned hands into the water and washed the blood out of his eyes. After a while he felt a little stronger and walked back to the heap of dust and rafters that had been his house. He walked around the debris and found the letters and picture where he had seen them fall. The wicker chair lay on its side, the only piece of furniture left unburned.

Down at the river, the riders were guiding the lead cattle into the water. He watched the animals cross and head for the wheat.

Choteau set the chair upright in the middle of the ruins and put the picture and her letters on it.

He went back to the fire, moving with intense pain from his striped back, and found his shovel. He carried a shovelful of coals to the edge of the wheat, and threw the coals in a wide sweeping arc out across the dry grain.

The fire started in the wheat in a wide semicircle. The wind picked it up and raced it down the slope toward the cattle.

From below, the riders saw him and shot, but a wall of smoke rose up and hid him.

He sat down in the wicker chair, keeping his raw back erect, and held the picture and the letters in his lap, the shovel leaning against his knees, and waited for their last attack.

Beyond the smoke he heard the bawling of the cattle rise to panic. He heard the sudden hammer of hoofs as the animals turned before the flames and stampeded back into the river. He watched his wheat field, all his wealth, depart, racing away in flame.

The fire and the smoke died along the river, and Choteau watched the cattlemen struggling in the water, where the cattle were tangled and drowning. Then some of the cows began to straggle up onto the other bank and stampede across the plain, the cow hands after them, trying to stop them.

Williams came up across the blackened wheat field alone, walking his horse slowly. Choteau waited, holding the shovel. Williams rode up and stopped. His face was black with smoke, his eyebrows were scorched.

He looked down at Choteau sitting in his wicker chair and said in an exhausted voice, "As long as you are here, the farmers will come back. If they do, the cattlemen are finished."

Choteau looked at him, his gray eyes remote and steady in his battered face.

"I will give you five thousand dollars to go," Williams said.

Choteau slowly shook his head.

Williams put his hands up to his face. "Where will we go from here?" he said, as if to himself. "From every side they are pushing us out. First in Kansas and now here. Where will we go? Where will we go?"

His hands fell. He looked at Choteau for a long time where he sat big and solid in his wicker chair, immovable as a boulder, alone on the plain.

"I wish I could kill you," Williams said at last. "But I can't. I've done everything else, but I can't do that. I guess it's me that will have to go."

He turned his horse and rode down the charred field toward the river, and followed his men back across the plain.

CHOTEAU let the shovel fall to the ground. Left alone, he moaned with pain. The sun went down and in the cool dusk he looked at the picture. The girl looked back at him, smiling, her eyes, innocent, full of trust and faith; her expression was pure, serene and full of love.

It will be her house, he thought, upon this plain. He smiled and closed his eyes, and let sleep take him.

And so they found him, when—having heard from a stranger that he was still there, and that their enemies had been defeated—his neighbors came back to their wagons, cautiously returning from Ogallala. He was still sitting, sound asleep, alone on the plain under the stars, in his wicker chair, all that he had left; and he was smiling, with the picture of the woman who loved him in his hand.

—JOHN CUNNINGHAM

In the Next Issue

FRANCIS WALLACE'S

16TH FOOTBALL PREVIEW

Ohio State's Cassady

Top teams . . . top players . . . the most promising sophomores . . . even an unsung heroes list. The country's foremost pigskin prophet makes his 1956 nominations in a picture-packed feature which is traditional must reading for all fans

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Recent picture shows Sokolovsky in Moscow with American World War II vets, observing the anniversary of 1945 junction between U.S. and Soviet armies

Mystery

Harrison E. Salisbury is a reporter on The New York Times and winner of a 1955 Pulitzer prize for a series of articles about Russia, where he was a correspondent from 1949 to 1954. He also covered the Russian front during World War II

WHEN Soviet Marshal Georgi Zhukov suddenly emerged from obscurity some months ago to be named a deputy defense minister of the U.S.S.R., it surprised a lot of people who hadn't heard of him for a long time. They were even more surprised when, not long afterward, he went up a rung to become Russia's top defense official (in which capacity he started corresponding with "my old friend, General Eisenhower," and, later, turned up at the Big Four meeting in Geneva). But one man in Russia was not surprised; to him, the swift rise of Zhukov toward the top of the Soviet pyramid is merely—in the language of his communiqués—"according to plan." That man is Zhukov's long-time chief of staff, Marshal Vassily Danilovich Sokolovsky.

You could pick up a lot of money on the quiz programs stumping the experts with Sokolovsky's name. Yet he is one of the half-dozen key men in Russia today. Tomorrow he may be much more important. And only a few years ago he carried out one of the most dangerous Soviet maneuvers of the whole postwar period, the Berlin blockade. But he's almost never made the headlines.

This is not entirely accidental. Good chiefs of staff stay in the background. The Dwight D. Eisenhowers will always be more famous than the Walter Bedell Smiths or the Alfred Gruenthers who are their right hands.

There has been talk lately that Zhukov looks a little like a "Soviet Eisenhower." That may or

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Sokolovsky, left, with General Eisenhower in Berlin a few weeks after the end of European war. Ike reportedly was impressed by Sokolovsky's ability

Moscow General Staff Headquarters in 1941. From left to right, Sokolovsky, Bulganin and Zhukov—still top-ranking Soviet team

Man of the Red Army

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

may not be true. But if you called Sokolovsky a "Soviet Gruenther" you would come pretty close to the mark. Gruenther, present SHAPE commander who for years was General Eisenhower's planning chief, is a cool, soft-spoken, steel-nerved military man, gifted with the ability to look a good distance ahead. So is Sokolovsky. In fact, the Soviet marshal gave an extraordinary demonstration of these qualities the first time he ever came to the notice of the Western World.

It was in the critical days of late September, 1941. The Germans were plowing forward on the direct route to Moscow and the world was full of rumors that Russia was about to collapse. For the first time since the Nazi-Soviet war began, a group of American correspondents was taken up to headquarters, somewhere east of Smolensk. They were received by a grave but solidly confident lieutenant general named Sokolovsky, then completely unknown to the outside world.

"He looked us directly in the eye," one of the correspondents recalls. "He talked very quietly but he seemed entirely sure of himself. He seemed very competent."

As Sokolovsky outlined the situation, none of the reporters got any feeling of stress or strain. Yet at that very moment Stalin was about to shift command of the front and send in Zhukov for a desperate do-or-die stand. No one knew whether the Nazis could be stopped, or whether Moscow itself might fall. Everything was uncertain, and the war was at its darkest moment.

None of that got into the picture Sokolovsky sketched.

The blitz, he said coolly, had been halted. It was now just a matter of grinding up German divisions and armor. The process had started at Smolensk: it was continuing. The war was turning into a modern Verdun—but 10 to 100 times more destructive. True, the Germans were still inching forward—but at desolating cost. Ahead of them, he said, lay only ruin and defeat . . . more grinding down . . . winter . . . mud . . . disaster.

Every single statement Sokolovsky made came true—almost precisely as he predicted, standing with a pointer at the maps in his field headquarters, a little like a schoolmaster in uniform. From that time on it became apparent, in retrospect, that when Sokolovsky talks he is worth listening to.

A man who can foresee the future and help to make it come true is a very useful individual to have around, especially for a general with a war on his hands. In Russia such a man has always been equally useful in peacetime, for then a general (at least in the Stalin days) has sometimes had a harder time surviving than on the battlefield. It is not yet possible to say whether Zhukov will reach the absolute top in Russia. But if he does, he will owe a lot to Sokolovsky—perhaps even his life.

No one will ever know the whole story of what happened in Moscow in the winter of 1953; too many facts have been concealed. But there is good reason to suspect that one of the most mysterious melodramas of our time was played out behind the Kremlin walls during those grim months.

Kremlin poker has always been the highest-stake game in the world: if you lose the game, you lose your head. The game that was being played in Moscow in that winter of 1953 had one of the biggest jack pots since Stalin and Trotsky cut cards in a crooked deck in the mid-twenties, with the fate of Russia riding on the high card. Only a brilliant mind (like Sokolovsky's) could follow all the moves in this new struggle. But the importance of some of them was obvious, even if the precise meaning was not. One of the most important became known on the morning of February 21, 1953, when the foreign military attachés in Moscow took a good look at the invitations they had received the night before, to the annual Red Army reception on the 23d.

One look was enough to start the wires humming. Soon the coded cables were going back to war offices all over the world: the invitations had been sent by Marshal Vassily Sokolovsky—who signed himself as Chief of Staff, Soviet Armed Forces. There had been a change in the Red Army's high command.

This may have been the most momentous shift in the Red Army since Stalin carried out his wholesale purge of Tukhachevsky and other Red marshals on the eve of World War II—and now Sokolovsky's promotion may have saved Marshal Zhukov, among others, from a similar dire fate. A bloody new purge was certainly being concocted in Moscow at the moment Sokolovsky, like the hero of a Western thriller, stepped forward to save the day. And there is no doubt whatever that, if the purge had come off, Zhukov was likely to wind up standing against the wall in one of the cellar execution chambers of the MVD.

In fact, there are those who believe that the Sokolovsky appointment had more than an accidental connection with an event which immediately followed it: only nine days from the time the Sokolovsky invitations were taken around to the Moscow embassies Stalin himself, according to the official version, was stricken with his brief and fatal illness. Of course, that could have been a coincidence, but with Sokolovsky's way of planning things and then seeing to it that his plans come true it is no wonder that this juxtaposition of events has caused a certain amount of head wagging.

Whether fate or plan put Sokolovsky into the chief of staff's office, there is no question about the consequences. The key to the Red Army was now in the hands of Marshal Zhukov's man. That fact loomed large in March, 1953. It has got bigger and bigger since, as time has left Stalin farther behind, as Beria has vanished and Malenkov slipped down the ladder, as Khrushchev has shouldered forward

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Did Sokolovsky, Zhukov and other marshals team up to "get" MVD boss Beria?

and Bulganin taken up a leading public role—as, one after another, the Soviet politicians have made their bids for power and slipped back.

As the politicians slip, Zhukov takes another step up—with Sokolovsky at his side.

It has not been an easy climb. Few men, indeed, were hidden deeper in Russian obscurity during that strange winter of 1953 than Zhukov, who had fallen out of favor with the Kremlin. This man, who commanded the Soviet grand armies in World War II, victor at Berlin, the greatest military hero Russia has had in modern times, seemed simply to have vanished from the face of the earth. There wasn't a single foreigner, inside of Russia or out, who could even say whether Zhukov was dead or alive, whether he was still commanding a dusty provincial garrison (his last known post, in 1946, was Odessa) or whether he was serving out the weary years in prison (like his wartime associate, Air Marshal Novikov, who was released only later from the Vorkuta camps).

But Sokolovsky must have known. On the very day Stalin died the Soviet leaders assembled beside the funeral bier in the Hall of Columns so photographers could take the ritual picture which was to symbolize the new regime. Standing with them was Zhukov.

Beside the returned marshal stood Sokolovsky. Of the 12 men standing beside Stalin's waxen corpse, six were uniformed marshals of the Soviet Union. The other six were civilians. Forty years of Bolshevism have schooled the ordinary Russian so that the meaning of such a tableau does not have to be spelled out. Stalin was dead and Zhukov was back. Clear enough. The new regime was advertising itself as half military, half civilian. Equally plain.

Zhukov and Sokolovsky looked like a good entry to a betting man that day. They looked even better the next, when Zhukov went back into the Defense Ministry as First Deputy.

It had taken 14 days precisely, from the Sokolovsky appointment to the Zhukov return. Zhukov may not have been as far away as Elba but someone had certainly set things up for a fast comeback. Since March, 1953, there have been a good many ups and downs in the Soviet leadership, but none to contradict the original impression given by that first symbolic picture in Pravda.

The Beginning of a Famous Friendship

Americans first encountered the team of Zhukov and Sokolovsky in Berlin at the end of the war. Those were the days when the friendship of Ike and Zhukov was founded. The general and the marshal got along famously. They seldom had any serious disagreements.

Sokolovsky, then as now Zhukov's chief of staff, talked a different language. One of the first issues to come up among the victorious allies was the question of food for the Germans. The U.S. wanted to bring in supplies, but Sokolovsky put up one obstacle after another. He lost the papers. He asked for more time to study the matter. He questioned our figures. Anything to delay the shipments.

Finally he brought in what he described as a "solution."

"Let the Germans plant potatoes," he said, speaking in his customary serious fashion. Then he went on to pronounce a small homily on the virtues of the potato. A very nourishing vegetable. In Russia, he said, many potatoes are eaten. If the Germans were permitted to plant sufficient potatoes it would not be necessary to issue permits for bringing in food.

The food crisis was settled one afternoon in five minutes by Eisenhower and Zhukov—and not on a basis of potato planting.

The great potato crisis was followed by the great coal crisis. It took the same form. Papers were lost. Statistics were juggled. Delay followed delay. We wanted to bring in coal. Sokolovsky didn't. Finally, he produced a solution. "There are hundreds of thousands of Germans without work," he said. "Give them shovels. Send them into the mines. Soon they will dig enough coal and the crisis will be solved."

In vain did we point out that the German mines were wrecked, that they lacked machinery (often because the Russians had carted it off), that there was no hope of the Germans providing coal for themselves in the first postwar winter. Sokolovsky was not moved. Let the Germans plant potatoes. Let them dig coal. Those were his prescriptions for Germany.

This crisis, too, was settled by Eisenhower and Zhukov—in a brief meeting at a cocktail party.

It would be dangerous to deduce from these experiences that Zhukov and Sokolovsky work at cross-purposes. One of the most useful functions of a chief of staff is to say "no." Then any ill will is directed at him, not his superior. It also gives the boss a chance to show his generosity by revoking the harsh orders of his deputy. It is an old gag —and not a peculiarly Russian one.

There aren't many angles Zhukov and Sokolovsky have missed; they have been working together for 16 or 17 years—and quite possibly longer. As a team they originally were the creation of a tall, eggbald Soviet military man named Semyon Timoshenko.

Back in 1938, when Stalin got through shooting all the men at the head of the Red Army, Timoshenko was picked to try to develop new top leadership for the shattered military command. He did a good deal better than Stalin had any right to expect. An undeclared and almost unremembered war with the Japanese in 1939 gave him a chance to test out some young commanders. One was Zhukov. Another was Sokolovsky. Zhukov quickly showed his skill by crushing the Japanese Sixth Army in what was up to that time the world's biggest armored engagement, the little known battle of Khalka River.

In less than two years Zhukov had become chief of staff of the Red Army. He brought in Sokolovsky as his deputy. Together they worked like demons trying to reorganize the army to meet the Nazi attack which Zhukov was sure would come. Even during the heyday of the Nazi-Soviet pact, Zhukov publicly warned against the Germans.

Perhaps if Stalin had paid more heed to Zhukov, the early stage of the war would not have been so disastrous. Timoshenko, on the key central front, was unable to halt the Germans and, as they approached Moscow, Zhukov took over the command with Sokolovsky as his chief of staff.

It is curious how events, unnoticed at the time, sometimes cast long shadows ahead into the future. Here is the command setup on Russia's western front after Zhukov was placed in charge in mid-October, 1941:

In general command, Zhukov; chief of staff, Sokolovsky; representative of Supreme War Council (assigned by the Politburo), Bulganin. Commanding the right flank, General (now Marshal) Ivan C. Konev. Commanding the left flank, Timoshenko; representative of the Supreme War Council, Khrushchev. Except for Timoshenko, who is now military chief in Byelorussia, this group, virtually unchanged, provides the top Soviet leadership of 1955.

Is it a team?

It looks remarkably like one and, if it is, the Zhukov-Sokolovsky combination may well be its axis. What may we expect if the two marshals transfer their collaboration from the battlefield to the conference table?

It has become a diplomatic cliché to insist that all Russian questions are such enigmas that they cannot be answered. But the cliché doesn't hold for Zhukov and Sokolovsky. Too many high Americans, from President Eisenhower down, have dealt with them at firsthand; have drunk vodka with Zhukov and white wine (his favorite) with Sokolovsky.

The President has made no secret of his admiration for Marshal Zhukov as a military leader and his respect for him as a wartime comrade at arms, irrespective of political and ideological differences. The President was impressed by Sokolovsky, too, although he saw less of him.

The President is not alone in his impressions. I have met no one who was not taken by Zhukov and few who weren't impressed by Sokolovsky. Neither one reminds you of the cast-iron image of the stage-type commissar. There are, however, differences between them.

Sokolovsky Gives Newsman a Brush-Off

An American newspaperman went up to Zhukov recently in Moscow and slapped him on the back.

"Remember me from Berlin, General?" he said.

"Sure," said Zhukov with a grin.

The man did the same thing with Sokolovsky.

"Remember me, General?" he asked.

"I don't understand English," said Sokolovsky, politely but firmly.

The fact was, the newspaperman had never seen Zhukov before in his life. But he had interviewed Sokolovsky several times.

People usually like Zhukov. They are more apt to respect Sokolovsky. As one of our most astute military men puts it: "Zhukov has the inspirational quality which makes a great battle commander. He has something of the showman about him. Sokolovsky is a colder person but a man with a fine, quick mind—and perhaps greater organizational and analytic ability."

I've met Zhukov and have felt an instinctive sense of confidence in him. He has an open face and a solid body, but he is not one of those beef-on-the-hoof Russian generals. He is light on his feet, as you might expect a first-class swordsman (which he is) to be. His manner is easy. At cocktail parties you usually find him standing not far from the refreshment table, casually munching an apple or perhaps a leg of turkey. He talks with the comfortable air of a man who has learned to be patient and who knows that he no longer has to raise his voice to get his point across.

Sokolovsky, dark and handsome, laughs less. You do not feel so free in his company. Probably other Russian chiefs of staff have read Clausewitz and Caesar's Commentaries, but Sokolovsky is the first who calls Jane Austen his favorite author and quotes freely from the Bible and John Milton.

Both men come from peasant backgrounds. Sokolovsky is about a year younger, and better educated. Zhukov's family was so poor that at eleven he became a furrier's apprentice. Later he joined the czar's army. In those years Sokolovsky was going to normal school and preparing to be a teacher. Zhukov became a Communist after he joined the Red Army, Sokolovsky a couple of years before he joined. Neither gives the impression of being a doctrinaire Communist. Zhukov became a full member of the Communist Party Central Committee only after Beria's arrest. Sokolovsky, however, has been a full member since the end of the war and probably is quite at home in the byways of party intrigue.

The difference in candor between the two men has been cited by General Lucius Clay as a fundamental distinction between them. Both Clay and Sokolovsky were commanders in Berlin after the war. Clay respects the marshal and in those early days in Germany the two families visited back and forth and exchanged small gifts.

Yet when the Berlin blockade developed, Sokolovsky suddenly acted as if he'd never seen Clay before. Once some American MPs stopped the marshal and arrested him for speeding. There was no doubt that Sokolovsky was at fault, but the incident came at a very tense moment and Clay wanted to ease the tensions. He made a personal, informal call on Sokolovsky to say that he was sorry and that no offense had been intended. The gesture had no effect whatever. Sokolovsky was stiff as a Prussian

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Soviet troops march through Red Square in May Day celebration. Red Army is in powerful position in Russian politics now

guardsman. He insisted that Clay's men deliberately sought to humiliate him.

"I don't believe Zhukov would—or could—have acted that way," says Clay.

That may be one reason why Zhukov vanished into obscurity after turning the Berlin command over to Sokolovsky. President Eisenhower thinks that he, personally, may bear some responsibility for what happened to Zhukov. He frequently encouraged Zhukov to show his independence—by demonstrating that an American commander did not have to refer every decision back to the White House. Before Ike got through with him Zhukov was making spot decisions in Berlin. Sokolovsky never would have shown such initiative.

General Walter Bedell Smith, who served in Germany with Ike, detected a hard, cynical strain in Sokolovsky. Smith tells of criticizing the harshness of Soviet methods in Eastern Europe. Sokolovsky looked at him in surprise and said: "I don't see what you have to criticize. We are treating these people as well as we do our own."

What does the present high position of Zhukov and Sokolovsky indicate for the future?

Both marshals for many years have been close to Khrushchev and Bulganin; nevertheless, an ultimate showdown between army and party would be no surprise.

Men who have seen a good deal of Zhukov and Sokolovsky feel that a personal desire for security has played a considerable role in the way these high Soviet commanders have intervened in the political situation since Stalin's death. All of the marshals who led Russia to victory in World War II remember vividly the great purge of 1937. Many of them lost their closest friends in the blood bath. Some narrowly escaped themselves. All the marshals know what it is like to have NKVD and MVD "generals" constantly intervening in their commands. No military man alive wants a police agent second-guessing him. One of our most astute analysts puts it thus: "All you have to do is look at what happened to Beria, the boss of the secret police, to see what the number one objective of the generals was. Within three months of Stalin's death they had swept him out, and the whole crew of high MVD 'generals' along with him."

If there were any lingering doubts of the army's attitude Zhukov himself dispelled them with his famous "toast to justice"—a toast delivered at a Soviet reception which could be interpreted only as a public prod to the Politburo to finish the job with Beria. Sokolovsky stood by and listened to him deliver that blunt reminder. In a few weeks a court headed by an army man, Marshal Konev, ordered Beria and his henchmen shot.

In plain English, what Zhukov and Sokolovsky and their friends want first of all is to make certain of their own necks. No big new police boss has risen to take Beria's place. Nor will one, so long as the army generals have a say.

And there is more and more evidence that it was and is the army group which has insisted on the shift from Stalin aggression to Khrushchev joviality.

Zhukov's Real Function at Geneva

Zhukov didn't go to Geneva just to share a glass of vodka with his old American comrade, General Eisenhower. He went to take a hand in the discussions—and, not unlikely, to keep an eye on Khrushchev and Bulganin and Molotov.

"Zhukov is no fool," one of our high military people said the other day. "Anyone who heard him and Eisenhower discuss their military experiences knows that Pravda can't kid old Georgi Zhukov into thinking that the United States and NATO are a pushover. Not with our nuclear weapons and our bases."

Zhukov has emphasized many times his respect for American military power. He said in 1945 that Eisenhower was the greatest military genius in the world—and he meant it.

In this high U.S. military man's opinion, Sokolovsky may be even more realistic.

"Remember this," he said. "Sokolovsky was in Berlin. He saw the Berlin airlift. That was one of the most amazing examples of logistics ever carried out. You can be dead sure that Sokolovsky's keen mind understood precisely what this added up to in terms of long-range U.S. striking power."

In his opinion the Red Army marshals may simply have laid it on the line with the party bosses. They may have said, very frankly, that Russia is not in a position to risk war with the West and that the politicians will have to get the Soviet out of the blind alley Stalin led them into.

"Zhukov is sixty years old. So is Konev, the deputy defense minister. Sokolovsky is a year younger," pointed out a diplomat who recently came back from Moscow. "You don't find sixty-year-old generals who are eager for new wars. All a war can do for him is to cost him his life or lose his reputation to a younger man."

No one yet knows whether this analysis will hold good. It will take more than Geneva to show if Russia's new look is just a daub of pink rouge on those old Communist cheeks—or even whether the military will be able to hold its own in the power struggle with the party leaders. So long as the marshals stick together, the weight of their guns is decisive. The game of the party, of course, is to try to split them.

However, if it was Sokolovsky who set the stage for Zhukov's return at the time of Stalin's death and if, as seems likely, it was he who did the staff work in that most delicate of all operations—the arrest of Beria & Company—the power of the military would seem to rest on capable shoulders.

This past summer the Russians have been on public display as never before. At function after function Khrushchev has raised his glass in a toast and his voice in a speech. Guests have noticed that Zhukov and Sokolovsky usually do not join in the speaking. Zhukov looks on with a faintly quizzical smile, and Sokolovsky rather seriously.

To some, Zhukov looks a little like a general who has entrusted his battle plans to a capable staff, confident that they will carry them out successfully. And Sokolovsky resembles a careful chief of staff, constantly watching to see that everything goes according to schedule—with no surprises. ▲▲▲

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CARL TURK

On an Iowa farm, Alexander Tulipnikov and other Russian farm delegates get a taste of American hospitality and home-cooked beans

The Common Coin of Peace

IN ALL THE ASSESSMENT that has followed the summit conference none of the political bookkeepers has found any of those hard accomplishments that look so encouraging in a ledger. Not one of the great dividing issues between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers was resolved or altered. Yet, by almost general consent, the conference was a success. It rekindled an old hope—and hope is not the kind of item you can put in a ledger. The mere fact that the meeting closed without a final communiqué underscored its essential meaning: the conference was not an end, but a beginning. It was an opportunity for both sides to assess the good will and good faith which each would bring to future meetings such as the gathering of the Foreign Ministers in October. As one Communist correspondent from Warsaw Radio remarked to American newsmen: "The most important thing about this conference is that there *was* a conference."

Before his flight to Geneva, President Eisenhower stated the crucial test by which the success of the summit meeting should be judged: "If we can change the spirit in which these conferences are conducted, we will have taken the greatest step toward peace. . . that has ever been taken in all the history of mankind."

Clearly there was a marked difference between the Geneva conference and all the other frustrating, stalemated discussions we have had with the Russians. For the first time since World War II there seemed to be a common recognition that peace is not only necessary, but that it is possible. Collie Small, Collier's chief European correspondent, reports there was "a genuine searching for a way of living together, a recognition that each side has legitimate fears which must be allayed." On his return, the President himself brought the word that "there is evidence of a new friendliness in the world."

While the leaders of the Big Four powers faced one another across the council tables of the Palace of Nations in Geneva, a lower-level exchange of views between Americans and Russians was taking place in the pigsties and haymows of Iowa and other Midwestern states. The American conferees were overalled farmers. The Russian delegation was composed of 12 farm experts on a five-week tour of the United States to study our agricultural methods, while a similar group of American farmers toured the Soviet Union.

The Russian delegation arrived in Des Moines for a bang-up welcome from 5,000 waving citizens. The Russians smiled as though they meant it, and waved back as though they meant it. Then they rushed off to a businesslike inspection of Midwestern farms. At Dick Alleman's 160-acre farm near Slater, Iowa, they first encountered the profit system, by which Alleman bought his Hereford cattle at 17 cents a pound when they weighed 320 pounds apiece and expects to sell them at 21 cents a pound when fattened up to 900 pounds. At George Hora's place they found a farm so well mechanized that with only the help of his fifteen-year-old son, Hora last year had produced 168,100 pounds of pork, 5,615 dozens of eggs, 7,000 bushels of corn, 1,500 bushels of oats and 21 tons of hay.

From a first, excited youngster's cry of, "Oh, boy, real Russians!" the delegation was the object of close and friendly scrutiny by plain Americans. On Alleman's farm, Vladimir V. Matskevich, Russian First Deputy Minister of Agriculture and leader of the visiting group, was seen testing oats for quality, pulling off a few kernels and grinding them between his palms. A watching Iowa farmer said quietly: "Look at him. That's the same way I do it." The Russians, too, were discovering things other than farming techniques. In Iowa City, some ate hot dogs and played football with the sons of their hosts. In Jefferson, several tried their hand at golf, though candid observers reported their grip was more appropriate to a hoe. On Sunday, six of the Russians astonished the citizens of Jefferson by attending services at the First Presbyterian Church.

It would be foolish to assume that the folksy rapprochement in Iowa will greatly affect the hard issues left unsettled at Geneva. The question of German reunification is not likely to be resolved by a toast over a highball, nor can Communist expansion be dismissed by swapping grins. But such friendly exchanges as that of the Russian and American farm delegations can have a profound and cumulative meaning. They can be a continuing reminder that beneath the high questions of national policies lie simple human goals; that on either side of the iron curtain millions of plain folks share an overwhelming bond of humanness—of hope for a more tranquil world. The friendly talk among ordinary people about ordinary problems, the American delegate playing with Russian children, the Russian expert rubbing oat kernels in his palm on an Iowa farm—all these can help create the climate of good will for the patient, difficult negotiation yet to come. They are the images of the aspirations of all men, the small coin that passes from hand to hand, from nation to nation. They are the pennies of peace, and pennies can add up fast sometimes.

* * *

Another small, but significant, step toward peace was taken on July 18th at 2:57 P.M., when, in West Milton, New York, Lewis Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, threw a switch releasing the first surge of atomic-generated electric current over commercial power lines. The 10,000 kilowatts—enough to power a city of 20,000—immediately went to work on a variety of chores. The largest light bulb in the world, made for the occasion, glowed with the strength of 3,000 60-watt bulbs. An electric typewriter went into action. A radio station was given the power to make the announcement that atomic-created electricity had finally arrived, and in Ballston Spa, New York, Mrs. John Thomas cooked a hamburger with the first atomic-generated electric power to be used in a private home.

We are happy that the use of peacetime atomic energy came in such a modest, small-scale way. It has introduced a new perspective on the atom, less dramatic than a bomb but much cozier. It leads us to believe that perhaps we may be able to live with the atom after all. We like to think that after the $13 billion spent by the American people to develop atomic fission, we have at last put it to work on the simplest human uses, that it has cooked Mrs. Thomas's hamburger—rare, medium or well done.

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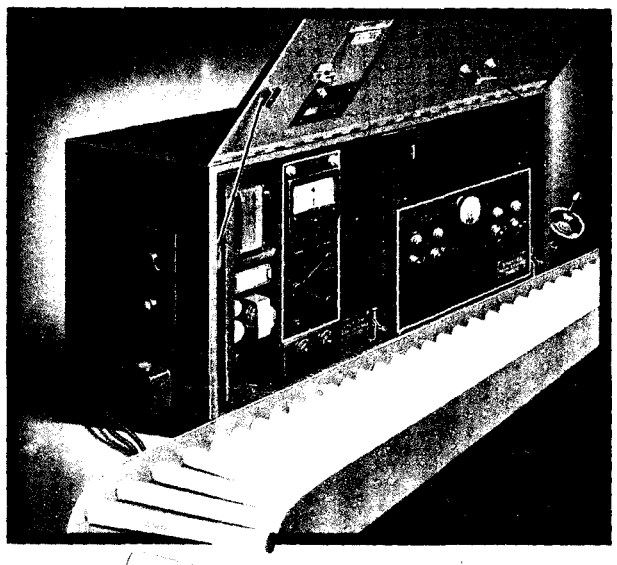

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